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SCOTTISH MINSTREL
A SELECTION
from the
VOCAL MELODIES OF SCOTLAND
ANCIENT & MODERN
ARRANGED FOR THE
PIANO FORTE
— BY —
R. A. SMITH.
VOL. 4



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Haldene Lodge

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THY CHEEK IS O' THE ROSES HUE.

(Thy cheek is o' the roses hue, My only jo and
dearie, O; Thy neck is like the sil - ter dew Up - on the
bank sac brier - ie, O: Thy teeth are o' the i - vory; O,
sweet's the twin - kie o' thine e'e! Nae joy, nae pleas - ure,
blinks on me, My on - ly jo and dea - ric, O.)

The birdie sings upon the thorn
Its sang o' joy, fu' cheerie, O;
Rejoicing in the simmer morn,
Nae care to mak' it erie, O;
But little kens the sangster sweet,
Aught o' the care I ha'e to meet,
That gars my restless bosom beat,
My only jo and dearie, O.

Whan we war bairnies on yon brae,
An' youth was blinkin' bonnyO,
Aft we wad daff the lee-lang day,
Our joys fu' sweet and monie, O;

Aft I wad chase thee o'er the lea,
And round about the thornie tree;
Or pu' the wild-flowers at for thee,
My only jo and dearie, O.

I ha'e a wish I canna fine,
'Mang a' the cares that grieve me, O;
I wish that thou wert ever mine,
And never mair to leave me, O:
Then I wad daunt thee night and day,
Nor ither warly care wad ha'e,
Till life's warm stream forgat, to play,
My only jo and dearie, O.

AN THOU WERE MY AIN THING.

An thou were my ain thing, O! I would love thee,
 I would love thee, An thou were my ain thing, how dearly
 would I love thee. Then thy de-fence should be my arms; Then
 I'd se-eure thee from all harms; For 'bove all mor-tals
 thou hast charms; How dear-ly do I love thee.

Of race divine thou needs must be,
 Since nothing earthly equals thee;
 With angel pity look on me,
 Wha only lives to love thee.

An thou were, &c.

To merit I no claim can make,
 But that I love, and for thy sake,
 What man can do I'll undertake;
 So dearly do I love thee.

An thou were, &c.

SAW YE NAE MY PEGGY.

Saw ye nae my Peg-gy? Saw ye nae my Peg- gy?

Saw ye Peg-gy, com-in by Til-li-bel-ton's broom? I'm frae A-ber-daa-gie,

Owre the craths o' Craigie; For aught I ken o' Peg-gy, She's a-yont the moon.

'Twas but at the daw-in, Clear the cock was craw-in, I saw Peg-gy craw-in

Haw-ky by the brier. Ear-ly bells were ring-ing, Blythest birds were singing,

Sweet- est flow'rs were spring-ing, A' her heart to cheer.

Now the tempest's blowin,
Almond water's flowin,
Deep and ford unknownin,
She maun cross the day.
Almond water, spare her,
Safe to Lyndoch bear her,
Its braes ne'er saw a fairer,
Bess Bell nor Mary Gray.

O, now to be wif her!
Or but ance to see her
Skaithless, far or near,
I'd gie Scotland's crown.
Bye-word blinds a lover—
Wha's yon I discover? —
Just yere am fair rover,
Stately stappin down.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Air - Crochallan.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here; My heart's in the
 Highlands, a-chasing the deer; A-chasing the wild deer, and following the
 roe, My heart's in the Highlands where ever I go.

Farewell to the Highlands! farewell to the north!
 The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;
 Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
 The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high-cover'd with snow!
 Farewell to the straths and green valleys below!
 Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods!
 Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods!

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
 My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;
 A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

THE EXILE OF ULDOONAN.*

Air - Cia mar a Surra sinn fuirach.

Slowly

A-dieu to rock and to wa-ter-fall, Whose ee-hoes start a-mong

This Air, lately introduced as Irish under the name of "The Legacy," has been current in the north of Scotland for Sixty Years as the composition of John M^o Murdo of Kintail. "Capl. Fraser's Melodies."

Albyn's hills, A long adieu, Ul-doona-n! And all thy wild-wood steeps, and thy
 sparkling rills. From the dreams of my childhood and youth I a-wa-ken, And
 all the sweet vi-sions that tan-ey wove; A-dieu! ye lone glens, and ye
 braes of green bracken, End-deard by friend-ship, and hope, and love.

The stranger came, and adver-sity's wind
 Blew cold and chill on my father's hearth;
 I strove, but vainly, some shelter to find
 Among the fields of my father's birth:
 But my desolate spirit shall never be severed
 From the home where a sister and mother once smiled,
 Though within its bare walls lies the roof-tree all shivered,
 And mouldering rubbish is spread and piled.

I hear before me the waters roar;
 I see the galley in yon-der bay,
 All ready and trim, she beckons the shore,
 And seems to chide my longer stay.
 Ul-doona-n! when linger-ing afar from thy valley,
 At my pil-grim-age close o'er the billowy brine,
 Harps long will be strung, and new voices will hail thee,
 Without devotion and love like mine.

THE SUN RISES BRIGHT IN FRANCE.

Jacobite.

Slow

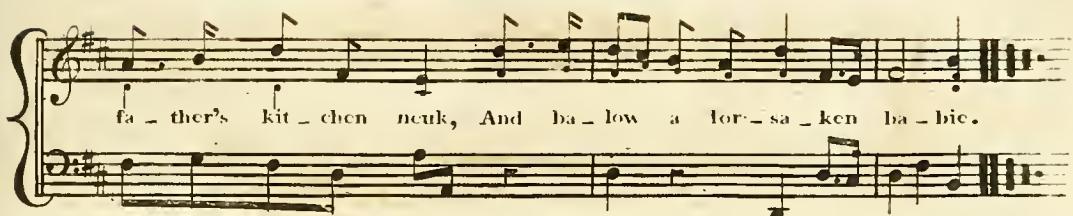
The sun rises bright in France, And fair sets he; But he has tint the
 blink he had In my ain country. It's nae my ain ruin That weets aye my
 e'e, But the dear Marie I left a - hin Wi' sweet bairnies three.

Fu' beinly low'd my ain hearth,
 And smil'd my ain Marie;
 O I've left a' my heart behind,
 In my ain countrie!
 O I'm leal to high heaven,
 Which aye was leal to me!
 And it's there I'll meet you a' soon,
 Frae my ain countrie.

LORD ABOYNE.

Old Ballad.

At ten ba' I play'd at the ring and the ba', And lang was a
 lit - tle ran - tin las - sic; But now I maun sit in my



For my father he will not me own,
And my mother she neglects me;
And a' my friends ha'e lightlied me,
And their servants they do slight me.

But had I a servant at my command,
As aft times I've had many,
That wad rin wi' a letter to bonny Glenswood,
Wi' a letter to my rantin laddie.

O! is he either a laird, or a lord?
Or is he but a cadio?
That ye do him ea' sac after by name
Your bonny, bonny, rantin laddie.

Indeed he is baith a laird and a lord;
Think ye I married a cadio?
But he is the Earl o' bonny Aboyne,
And he is my rantin laddie.

O yes get a servant at your command,
As aft times ye've had many,
That soll rin wi' a letter to bonny Glenswood,
A letter to your rantin laddie.

When Lord Aboyne did the letter get,
O but he blinket bonie;
But, or he had read three lines of it,
I think his heart was sorry.

His face it reddened like a flame,
And grasping his sword sae massy,
O wha is this that daur be sae bauld,
Sae cruelly to use my lassie?

For her father he will not her know,
And her mother she does slight her,
And a' her friends ha'e lightlied her,
And their servants they neglect her.

Go raise to me my live hundred men;
Make haste and make them ready,
With a milk-white steed under every ane,
For to bring home my lady.

As they came in thro' Buchan-shire,
They were a company bonny,
With a gude claymore in every hand,
And O but they shin'd bonny.

CRAIL TOUNE.

Old.

And was ye ere in Craile touned? I-go and a-go; And

saw ye there Clerk Dishington? Sing, i-rom i-gon a-go.

His wig was like a drouket hen,
Igo and ago;
The tail o't like a goose pen,
Sing, irom igon ago.

And dinna ye ken Sir John Malcom,
Igo and ago;
Gin he be wise enough I mistak him,
Sing, irom igon ago.

And had ye weel frae Sandy Don,
Igo and ago;
He's muckle dafter nor Sir John,
Sing, irom igon ago.

To hear them o' their travels talk,
Igo and ago;
To gae to London's but a walk,
Sing, irom igon ago.

To see the wonders o' the deep,
Igo and ago;
Would gar a man baith wail and weep,
Sing, irom igon ago.

To see the Leviathan skip,
Igo and ago;
An' wi' his tail ding owre a ship,
Sing, irom igon ago.

BOATMAN, HASTE.

The Cow Boy.

2d Voice part ad lib:

"Boatman, haste, launch your skiff; Row me quick o'er the ferry."

"Boatman, haste, launch your skiff; Row me quick o'er the ferry."

From his haunt on the cliff Screams the gull, wild and eerie.

From his haunt on the cliff, Screams the gull, wild and eerie.

Boatman, hasten, man your wherry; Row me quickly o'er the ferry.

Boatman, hasten, man your wherry; Row me quickly o'er the ferry.

Snow-white surges oft' ten rearing, Warn the dreaded storm is nearing."

Snow-white surges oft' ten rearing, Warn the dreaded storm is nearing."

Sail and oar swiftly bore

Him afar from the mooring;

But before he was a'er,

Winds and waves loud were roaring,

Soon, alas! the weltering billow,

Is his cold and restless pillow,

Where he sleeps without commotion,

Sheeted with the foam of ocean.

CHARLIE, YE ARE WELCOME.

Jacobite.

Lively

Charlie, ye are wel - come, wel - come, wel - come; Charlie, ye are
 wel - come to Scot - land, and to me. There's some fo'k in yon town, yon town,
 yon town; There's some fo'k in yon town, I trow, that should na be.

Charlie, we'll no name them, name them, name them;
 Charlie we'll no name them, we ken wha they be.
 The swords they are ready, ready, ready;
 The swords they are ready, I trow, to mak them ilee.

Charlie, ye'll get backing, backing, backing;
 Charlie ye'll get backing, baith here and owre the sea:
 The elans they are gathering, gathering, gathering;
 The elans they are gathering, to set their kintra free.

Charlie it's the warning, warning, warning;
 Charlie it's the warning we hear, owre hill and lea:
 The colours they are flying, flying, flying;
 The colours they are flying, will lead to victorie.

THERE'S THREE GOOD FELLOWS AYONT YON GLEN.

Jacobite.

There's three true good fel - lows, Three brave loy - al fel - lows, There's
 three true good fel - lows Down a - yont yon glen. It's now the day is

daw-ling; But, ere the night is fall-ing, Whase cock's best at craw-ing,

Wil-lie, thou shalt ken, There's three true good fel-lows, Three brave loyal
fel-lows, There's three true good fel-lows Down a-yont yon glen.

There is Graham, and Gordon, And Lind-say brave is com-ing;
Ken ye wha is running Wi' his Highlandmen? There's three true good fel-lows, &c.

'Tis he that's ay the foremost,
When the battle is warmest,
The bravest and the kindest
Of all Highlandmen.

There's three true good fellows, &c.

There's Sky's noble chieftain,
Hector and bold Evan,
Reoch, Bane Macrabach
And the true Maclean.

There's three true good fellows, &c.

There's now no retreating,
The clans are a' waiting,
And ilk heart is beating
For honour and fame.
There's three true good fellows,
Whate'er they may tell us,
Thrice three good fellows
Down a-yont yon glen.,

SING ON, THOU LITTLE BIRD.

Sing on thou lit-tle bird, Thy wild notes sae loud, O
sing, sweet-ly sing trae the tree. Alt, be-neath thy bir-ken bow'r, I have
met, at e'en-ing hour, My young Jamie, that's far o'er the sea.

On yon bonnie heather knowes :
We pledged our mutual vows,
And dear is the spot unto me;
Tho' pleasure I hae nae,
While I wander alone,
And my Jamie is far o'er the sea.

But why should I mourn,
The seasons will return,
And verdure again clothe the lea;
The flow'rets shall spring,
And the salt breeze shall bring
My dear Laddie again back to me.

Thou star! give thy light,
Guide my lover aright,
Frae rocks and frae shoals keep him free;
Now gold I hae in store,
He shall wander no more,
No, no more shall be sail o'er the sea.

CASTELL GLOOM.*

Slowly

Oh, Castell Gloom! thy strength is gone, The green grass o'er theegrowin'

D

* Castell Gloom belonging to the family of Argyle, was burned down in the civil wars by Montrose about 1643.

On hill of care thou art a lone, The sorrow round thee flow-in' Oh
 Cas-tell Gloom! on thy fair wa's Nae ban-ners now are stream-in'; The
 hou-lit blis a-mang thy ha's, And wild birds there are scream-in'.
Chorus.
 Oh! mourn the woe, oh mourn the crime, From civil war that flows; Oh!
 mourn Ar-gyle, thy fallen line, And mourn the great Mon-trose.

Here ladies bright were often seen,
 Here valient warriors trod;
 And here great Knox has often been,
 Who fear'd nought but his God!
 But a' are gane! the guid, the great,
 And naething now remains,
 But ruin sittin on thy wa's,
 And crumblin doone the stanes!

Oh! mourn the woe, &c.

It is worthy of remark that the name of the hill on which the picturesque ruins of the Castle stand, signifies in Gaelic the hill of Care.—the burn of Sorrow murmurs around it; and the village D of Dollar lies at the foot of the glen.

The lofty Oehills bright did glow,
 Tho' sleepin' was the sun;
 But mornin's light did sadly show
 What ragin' flames had done!
 Oh mirk, mirk, was the misty cloud,
 That hangs o'er thy wild wood;
 Thou wert like beauty in a shroud,—
 And all was solitude.

Oh! mourn the woe, &c.

LADY MARY ANN.

Old Ballad.

O La_dy Ma_ry Ann looks o'er the eas_tle wa'_; She saw three
 bonie boys play-ing at the ba'_; The young-est he was the
 flow'r a_mang them a'; My bonie lad_die's young, but he's grow_in yet.

O Father! O Father! an ye think it fit,
 We'll send him a year to the College yet;
 We'll sew a green ribban round about his hat,
 And that will let them ken he's to marry yet.

Lady Mary Ann was a flower in the dew,
 Sweet was its smell, and bonie was its hue,
 And the langer it blossom'd the fairer it grew,
 For the lily in the bud will be bonier yet.

Young Charlie Cochran was the sprout of an aik,
 Bonie and bloomin, and straight was its make,
 The sun took delight to shine for its sake,
 And it will be the brag o' the forest yet.

The simmer is gane when the leaves they were green,
 And the days are awa that we hae seen;
 But far better days, I trust will come again,
 For my bonie laddie's young, but he's growin yet.

MY AIN KIND DEARIE O.

Will ye gang o'er the lea-rig, My ain kind dea_rie O? Will

ye gang o'er the lea-rig, My ain kind dearie O? Gin
 ye'll tak heart, and gang wi' me, Mis-hap will ne-ver steer ye
 O; Gude luck lies owre the lea-rig My ain kind dearie O.

There's wealth owre yon green lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie O;
 There's wealth owre yon green lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie O.
 It's neither land,nor gowd,nor braws,
 Let them gang tapsey teerie O;
 It's walth o' peace o' love, and truth,
 My ain kind dearie O.

WHEN O'ER THE MUIR THE TWILIGHT GREY.

Same Air.

When o'er the muir the twilight grey
 Spreads o'er the lawn sae eerie O,
 And frae the hill the weary hind
 Comes hame baith douf and weary O;
 Out o'er the sward I tak my road,
 Nae bog or hag can fear me, Jo,
 To meet thee on the lea-rig
 My ain kind dearie O.

When labour's o'er, at close of day,
 How blythsome is the ingle en';
 The joke, the laugh, the langsyne crack,
 Gaes roun'and roun', baith but and ben.
 But frae their mirth I steal awa,
 Altho' I'm wet an' weary O,
 To meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie O.

Tis sweet, in yonder lonely glen,
 At gloamin when the moon shines hie,
 To see the burnie trotting down
 Out-o'er the lin beneath the tree;
 When at thy side upon the brae,
 My heart grows light and cheery O,
 Upon the trysting lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie O.

At morning sun the lavrock sings,
 And in the air he tunes his lay,
 And frae the scented dewy woods
 The blackbird chaunts at close of day;
 But at the gloamin, happy hour!
 When a' is dull and dreary O,
 O meet me on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie O.

STRATHEARN.

Air—Miss Carmichael.

Strathearn Oh! how shall I quit thy sweet groves? How bid thee a'

long, Oh! an end-less a-dieu? Sad mem-o-ry o-ver such

hap-pi-ness roves, As not hope's own ma-gic can ev-er re-new.

Sweet scene of my childhood, delight of my youth!

Thy far-winding waters, no more I must see;

Thy high-waving bowers, thy gay woodland flowers,

They wave now, they bloom now, no longer for me!

A HEAVENLY MUSE.

Same Air.

A heavenly muse in green Erin is singing,

His strains all seraphic ascend to the skies!

Fair blossoms of Eden, around him all springing,

The soft balmy ether perfume as they rise.

Sweet poet be true to thy lofty aspiring,

While bound by thy magic, the skies half unfurl'd,

Youth, beauty, and taste, are with rapture admiring;

Oh! spread not around them the fumes of this world!

COLONEL GARDINER.*

Slow

Twas at the solemn midnight hour, Before the first cock's

D * This brave & good man was killed at the battle of Prestonpans 1745—See Simpsons Hist.

crow-ing, When west-land winds shook Stir- ling tow'r, With
 hollow mur-murs blow-ing. When Fan-ny fair, all woe-be-
 gone, Sad on her bed was ly-ing, And from the ruind
 tow'r she heard The bod-ing screech-owl cry-ing!

"O dismal night!" she said, and wept;
 "O night presaging sorrow!
 O dismal night! she said, and wept;
 "But more I dread to-morrow.
 For now the bloody hour draws nigh,
 Each host to Preston bending;
 At morn shall sons their fathers slay,
 With deadly hate contending.

"Even in the visions of the night,
 I saw fell death wide sweeping,
 And all the matrons of the land,
 And all the virgins, weeping?"
 And now she heard the massy gates
 Harsh on their hinges turning;
 And now through all the castle heard
 The woeful voice of mourning.

Aghast, she started from her bed,
 The fatal tidings dreading.
 "O speak!" she cry'd, "my fathers slain!
 I see, I see him bleeding!"

"A pale corpse on the sullen shore,
 At morn, fair maid, I left him;
 Even at the thresh-hold of his gate,
 The foe of life bereft him."

"Bold, in the battle's front, he fell,
 With many a wound deformed;
 A braver knight, nor better man,
 This fair Isle ne'er adorned?
 While thus he spoke, the grief-struck maid
 A deadly swoon invaded;
 Lost was the luster of her eyes,
 And all her beauty faded.

Sad was the sight, and sad the news,
 And sad was our complaining;
 But oh! for thee, my native land,
 What woes are still remaining.
 But, why complain, the hero's soul
 Is high in heaven shining?
 May providence defend our isle
 From all our foes designing.

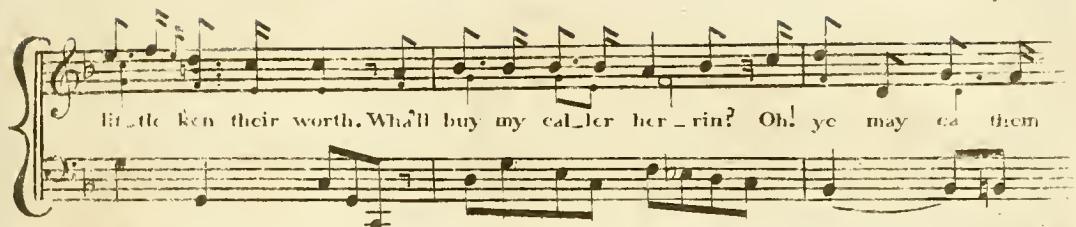
CALLER HERRIN.*

Music by Nath. Gow.

The sheet music consists of eight staves of music in common time, treble clef, and B-flat key signature. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal line, appearing below the notes. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth-note patterns, with some bassoon-like chords in the lower octave.

Whall buy caller herrin? They're bonnie fish, and hale-som fair-ing;
 Whall buy caller her-rin, New drawn frae the Forth? When ye were sleepin'
 on your pil-lows, Dream'd ye ought o' our puir fel-lows, Dark-ling, as they
 faced the bil-lowes, A' to fill the woven wil-lowes. Buy my cal-ler
 her-rin, They're bon-nie fish and hale-som fair-ing; Buy my cal-ler
 her-rin, New drawn frae the Forth. Whall buy my cal-ler herrin? They're
 no brought here with-out brave dar-ing; Buy my cal-ler her-rin, Ye

* The common cry of the Edinburgh Fish Women during the Herring season.



Wha'll buy caller herrin?
 Bonnie fish and balesome fairin';
 Wha'll buy caller herrin?
 Hauled thro' wind and rain?
 A' our lads at herrin' fishin',
 Costly vampum, dinner dressin',
 Sole nor Turbot, how distressin',
 Fine folks scorn shoals o' blessin'.
 Wha'll buy caller herrin?
 Ye may ea' them vulgar fairin';
 Buy my caller herrin,
 Hauled thro' wind and rain.
 Wha'll buy my caller herrin?
 What they've cost y're little carin';
 Buy my caller herrin,
 Ay'e the puir man's friend.
 Wha'll buy my caller herrin?
 What they've cost y're little carin';
 Siller canna pay
 For the lives o' honest men.

Wha'll buy caller herrin? &c.
 When the creel o' herrin passes,
 Ladies, clad in silks and laces,
 Gather in their braw pelisses,
 Cast their heads, & screw their faces.
 Wha'll buy caller herrin? &c.

Wha'll buy caller herrin? &c.
 Caller herrin's no to lightlie,
 Ye can trip the spring lu' tightlie,
 Spite o'tauntin', flauntin', flingin',
 Gow has set you a' a singin',
 Wha'll buy caller herrin? &c.

Wha'll buy caller herrin? &c.
 Neibour wives, now tent my tellin',
 When the bonny fish y're sellin'
 At a word ay'e be your dealin',
 Truth will stand when a' things failin',
 Wha'll buy caller herrin? &c.

HELEN OF KIRKCONNELL.

I wish I were where Helen lies, For night and day on
me she cries, For night and day on me she cries; And like an Angel
to the skies, Still seems to beckon me! For me she liv'd, for
me she sigh'd, For me she wish'd to be a bride, For me she wish'd to
be a bride; For me, in life's sweet morn, she died On fair Kirkconnel lea.

Where Hirtle waters gently wind,
As Helen on my arm reel'd,
A rival, with a ruthless mind,
Took deadly aim at me;
My love, to disappoint the foe,
Rush'd in between me and the blow;
And now her corse is lying low,
On fair Kirkconnel lea.

O! when I'm sleepin' in my grave,
And o'er my head the rank weeds wave,
May he who life and spirit gave
Unite my love and me!
Then from this world of doubts and sighs,
My soul on wings of peace shall rise,
And joining Helen in the skies,
Forget Kirkconnel lea.

O Bes-sy Bell, and Ma-ry Gray, They are twa bon-ny
lass-es; They bigg'd a bower on yon burn brae, And
theek'd it der-wi' rash-es. Fair Bes-sy Bell I
lo-ed ye-streen, And thought I ne'er could al-ter; But
Ma-ry Gray's twa paw-ky een Gard a' my fan-ey fal-ter.

Now Bessy's hair's like a lint tap,
She smiles like a May morning,
When Phœbus starts frae Thetis' lap,
The hills with rays adorning.
White is her neck, soft is her hand,
Her waist and feet fu' genty;
With ilk a grace she can command;
O wow! but she is dainty.

And Mary's locks are like a crows,
Her een like diamonds glances;
She's ay sae clean, redd up, and braw.
She kills whene'er she dances;

Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
She blooming, tight, and tall is;
And guides her air sae gracefu' still,
O Jovel! she's like thy Pallas.

Dear Bessy Bell, and Mary Gray,
Ye unco sair oppress us,
Our fancies jee between ye twa,
Ye are sic bonny lasses.
Wae's me! for baith I canna get;
To aye by law we're stentred,
Then I'll draw cuts, and tak my fat,
And be with aye contented.

HEY JENNY COME DOWN TO JOCK.

Jocky he came here to woo, Wi' tar - tan plaid and
bon - net blue. And Jen - ny pat on her best ar -
ray, When she heard that Joe - ky was come that way.

Jenny she gaed up the stair,
Sac privity, to change her smock;
And ay sac loud as her mither did rair,
Hey, Jenny, come down to Jock.

Jenny she came down the stair,
And she eame bobbin andbeckin ben;
Her stays they were laid, & her waist itwas jinup,
And a braw new-made maneo gown.

Jocky took her by the hand;
O, Jenny, ean ye fancy me?
My father is dead & has left me some land,
And braw houses twa or three:

And I will gie them a' to thee.
A haith, quo' Jenny, I fear you mock:
Then, soul fa' me, gin I scorn thee;
If ye'll be my Jenny, I'll be your Jock.

Jenny lookit, and sync she leugh;
Ye first maun get my mither's consent:
A weel, guidwife, and what say ye?
Quo' she, Jock, I'm weel content.

Jenny to her mither did say,
O mither, fetch us some gude meat;
A piece of the butter was kirn'd the day,
That Jocky and I thegither may eat.

Jocky unto Jenny did say,
Jenny, my dear, I want nae meat;
It was nae for meat that I came here,
But a' for the love of you, Jenny, my dear.

Jenny she gaed up the gait,
Wi' a green gown as side as her smock;
And ay sac loud as her mither did rair,
Vow, sirs! has nae Jenny got Jock.

HUGHIE GRAHAM.

Old Ballad.

Slow Our Lords are to the moun - tains ; gane, A hunt - ing

The musical score consists of two staves of music in common time. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes in a cursive hand.

o' the fal - low deer, And they haе grip - et Hugh - ie
 Graham, For steal - ing o' the Bish - op's mare.
 And they haе tied him hand and foot,
 And led him up thro' Stirling town;
 The lads and lasses met him there,
 Cried, Hughie Graham, thou art a loon.

O lowse my right hand free, he says,
 And put my braid sword in the same;
 He's no in Stirling town this day,
 Daur tell the tale to Hughie Graham,

Up then bespeak the brave Whitefoord,
 As he sat by the bishop's knee,
 Five hundred white stots I'll gie you,
 If ye'll let Hughie Graham gae free.

O haud your tongue, the bishop says,
 And wi' your pleading let me be;
 For, tho' ten Grahams were in his coat,
 Hughie Graham this day shall die.

Up then bespeak the fair Whitefoord,
 As she sat by the bishop's knee,
 Five hundred white pence I'll gie you,
 If ye'll gie Hughie Graham to me.

O haud your tongue now lady, fair,
 And wi' your pleading let it be,
 Altho' ten Grahams were in his coat,
 It's for my honor he maun die.

They've taen him to the gallows-knowe,
 He looked to the gallows-tree;
 Yet never colour left his cheek,
 Nor ever did he blin' his ee.

At length he looked round about,
 To see whatever he could spy;
 And there he saw his auld Father,
 And he was weeping bitterly.

O haud your tongue, my Father dear,
 And wi' your weeping let it be;
 Thy weeping's sairer on my heart,
 Than a' that they can do to me

And ye may gie my brother John,
 My sword that's bent in the middle clear,
 And let him come at twelve o'clock,
 And see me pay the bishop's mare.

And ye may gie my brother James
 My sword that's bent in the middle brown,
 And bid him come at four o'clock,
 And see his brother Hugh cut down.

And ye may tell my kith and kin,
 I never did disgrace their blood;
 And when they meet the bishop's cloak,
 To mak it shorter by the hood.

Moderately
Slow.

Nine times bleak winter's cranreuch snell, Despoil'd o'bloom the dasied lea;

nine times has the prim-rose pale, Spread round the dells of Coir-in-shiee, Since,

where Mount-stuaris dus-ky groves Wave o'er yon foaming dis-tant sea, I

blushin' own'd my youth-fu' love, And blue-eyed Ann re-prov'd na me,

Wha then could think our joys wad fade?

Love's dearest pleasure's a' we knew;

And not a cloud was seen to shade

The blissful scenes young fancy drew,

But ah! misfortune overcasts

Our fairest hopes full oft we see,

Alas! I've borne her rudest blasts,

Yet blue-eyed Ann still smiles on me.

Now safe retir'd, no more I'll stray

Ambition's faithless path alang;

But calmly spend the careless day

Dunoon's green winding vales amang:

And oft I'll climb the hoary pile,

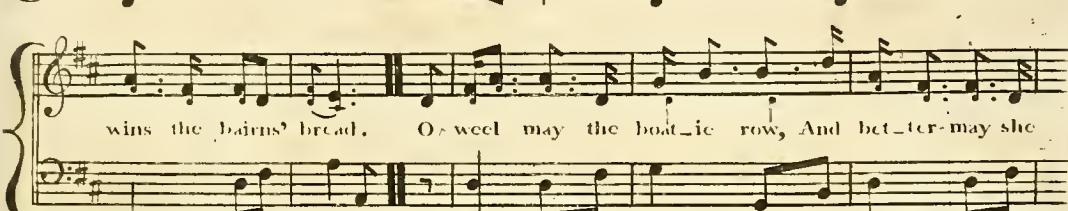
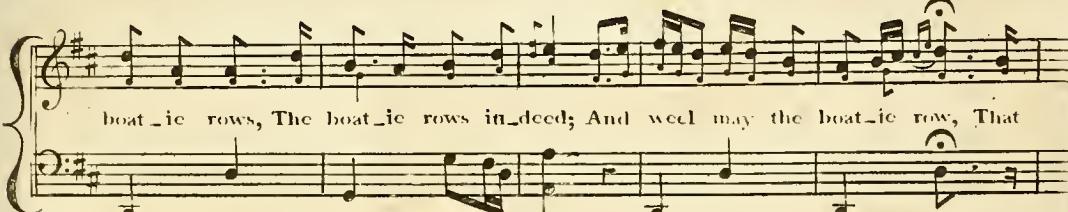
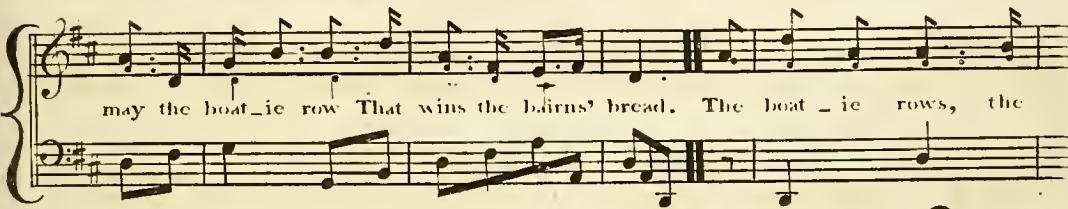
When spring revives each flower and tree,

To view yon sweet-sequesterd isle,

Where blue-eyed Ann first smiled on me.

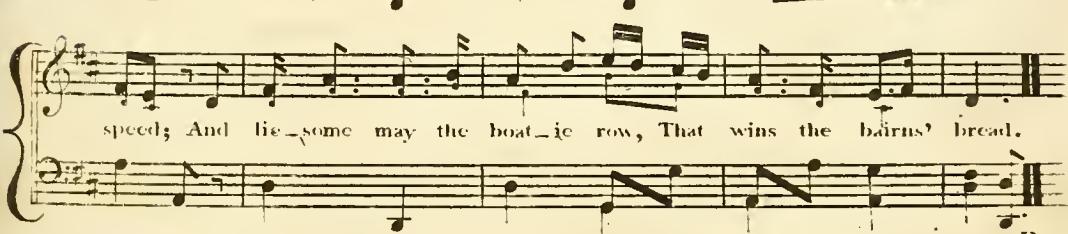
THE BOATIE ROWS.

1st Set. 25



THE BOATIE ROWS.

2d Set.



The boat - ie rows, the boat - ie rows, the boat - ie rows ful - week;

Mic - kie buck at - tend the boat, the mur - lain; and the cred. O!

wec may the boat - ie row, That fills a hea - vy cred, And

deeds us a' frae tap to tac, And buys our par - ritch meal.

Chorus.

1st Treble. > >

The boat - ie rows, the boat - ie rows, The boat - ie rows in - deed; And

2^d Treble. > >

Tenor. > >

The boat - ie rows, the boat - ie rows, The boat - ie rows in - deed; And

Bass. > >

hap - py be the lot of a' That wish the boat - ie speed.

hap - py be the lot of a' That wish the boat - ie speed.

When Jamie vow'd he wad be mine,
And wan frae me my heart,
O mickle lighter grew my creel;
He swore we'd never part.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel;
And mickle lighter is the load,
When love bears up the creel.

My kurtch I put upo' my head,
And dress'd mysel' fu' braw;
But, dowie, dowie was my heart
When Jamie gaed awa.
But weel may the boatie row,
And lucky be her part;
And lightsome be the lassie's care,
That yields an honest heart.

When Sandy, Jock, an' Janetic,
Are up an' gotten leär,
They'll help to gar the boatie row,
And lighten a' our care.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel;
And lightsome be her heart, that bears
The murlain an' the creel.

When we are auld, and sair bow'd down,
And hirplin' at the door,
They'll row, to keep us dry an' warm,
As we did them before.
Then weel may the boatie row,
And better may it speed;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boatie speed.

Motive

Oh wae to us was Flodden's plain,
Twas there the royal James was slain! Fu'

oft we've wept the bental day,
That fill'd our Scottish hearts wi' wae. To

many a high-born lass and dame,
Their Sires and Lords nae mair came home; But

wae fu' in their ha's a-lane,
They heard the sad Coronach's mane!

Coronachs, that not heavy now,
Are left to sing o'er thousands low;
Aye, rais'd o'er chiefs of noble name,
That with their King to battle came.
That round him there remain'd to die,
Fighting till death, right royally,
How many, that fought at morn so brave,
Before even-tide had found their grave!

Oh! there amongst fu' many a name,
Still dear to Scotland and to lame,
Brave Hume,* that led the right hand wing,
Sank down in death beside his King.
And with him fell his daughter's spouse,
The noble laird of Cockburn's house;
Two Sons, and twice four knights beside,
Of Cockburn's chieftain bravely died.

*Earl of Home. The chief of Cockburn (Son in law to Earl of Home) with his two sons, and eight knights of his name and kindred, died with their King. In Berwick and Lothian the Humes and Cockburns were chiefly settled. The two principal seats of the Cockburns, in Berwickshire, remains of which still exist, Cockburn (now Cockburn's both Tower) had been in the family since the days of Macbeth.

Raise, raise the loud Coronach's cry,
Let every Highland glen reply,
And sadly let each lowland plain
Return the waelit sound again!
Our King is dead! let true hearts mourn;
Sad Scotland's choicest flow'r's are shorn,
Let Berwick's tow'r's be rold in gloom!
Let Lothian's sons lament their doom!

On Cockburn's and on Langton's tow'r's
The cloud of desolation low'r!
Their widows wail their perish'd lords,
Whilst oft their bairns, in lisping words,
Demand their Sire, whose face no more
Shall bless with smiles, which once it wore,
Those ha's shall neer be gay again,
Their chiefs are in the battle slain!

THE TAYLOR.

The Taylor busily at his seam, Ay tuik a tuik at son-sy Jean, Wha,

red-ding up, made a' things clean, As she gaed but and ben. The

Tay-lor thought: I'd lay my life, She'd mak a thrifty work in wife; No

like that i-dle tau-py Nell, She'll aye help on the seam. Sa,

while the thread gaed quickly thro', Jeanie he began to woo; And

tho' she made a great a-do, At length she gied consent.

OUR AIN COUNTRY.

Jacobite.

O far, far frae hame, frae hame, I wad he; It's far, far frae
hame, to a strange coun - tric; To tar - ry but a wee, and re -
turn speed-i-lic, And bring back the bon-ny lad to his ain coun-trie.

O donkit be the Dutch in their ain sleepy sea,
— Cadogan and all such, wherever they may be;
Wae worth the volunteers, and shame to them be,
That wad fight against their Prince in his ain country.

Blest be our royal King, from danger keep him free,
When he conquers all his foes that oppose his majesty;
And bless the duke of Mar, and all his cavalry,
Wha first began the war for the King and our country.

THE QUAKER'S WIFE.

Merrilie danc'd the Quaker's Wife, And merrilie danc'd the Quaker;
Merrilie danc'd the Quaker's Wife, And merrilie danc'd the Quaker. The

Quaker he sat down to bake, Wi' a' his bairns a--bout him;
Ilk o' them did steal a scone, The Quaker he was neu - ter.

When ben then came the Quakers Wife,
And O she was in a passion;
Bairns, says she, ye plague my life,
To steal is a very bad fashion:
Nae sooner can my back be turned,
But what the cakes are eat or burned;
O'a' that I left there's nae to be seen,
Ye've eaten the cakes and licket the cream.

BLYTHE HAE I BEEN ON YON HILL.

Blythe hae I been on yon hill,
As the lambs before me;
Careless ilka thought, and free,
As the breeze flew o'er me.
Now nae langer sport and play,
Mirth or sang can please me;
Lesley is sae fair and coy;
Care and anguish seize me.

Same Air.
Heavy, heavy is the task,
Hopeless love declaring;
Trembling, I dow nougat but glowr,
Sighing, dumb, despairing.
If she winna ease the thraws
In my bosom swelling,
Underneath the grass green-sod
Soön maun be my dwelling.

THE REGALIA.

We haue the Crown without a head,
The Sceptre but a hand O;
The ancient warlike royal blade
Might be a willow wand O.
Gin they had tongues to tell the wrangs,
That laid them useless by a';
Fu' weel I wot, there's ne'er a Scot
Could boast his cheek was dry a'.

Same Air.
The thistle ance it flourish'd fair,
An' grew maist like a tree a';
They've stunted down its stately tap,
That roses might luik lie a'.
But tho' its head lie in the dust;
The stump is stout and steady;
The thistle is the warrior yet;
The rose its tocher'd lady.

O for a touch o' Warlock's wand,
The bye-gane back to bring a',
And gie us ae lang' simmer'd day,
O' a true born Scottish King a'.
We'll put the Crown upon his head,
The Sceptre in his hand a',
We'll rend the welkin wi' the shout,
Bruce and his native land a'.

Then flourish, thistle, flourish fair,
Tho' ye've the crown nae langer,
They'll haue the skaith that cross ye yet;
Your jags grow aye the stranger,
The rose it blooms in safter soil,
And strangers up could root it;
Aboon the grund was ne'er a hand,
That pu'd the thistle out yet.

O CAN YE SEW CUSHIONS.

Old Ballad.

Slow



can ye sing bal_i_u_loo, when the bairn greets? And hee and baw,

bir_die, and hee and baw, lamb; and hee and baw, bir_die, my

Lively.

bon_nie wee lamb. Hee O wee! O what woud I do wi' you?

blacks the life that I lead wi' you? Mo_ny o' you, lit_tle for to

Slow.

gie you; Hee O wee! O! what woud I do wi' you?

I biggit the cradle on the tree top,

And the wind it did blaw, and the cradle did rock.

And hee and baw, birdie, &c.

A lady look'd out at a cas-tle wa', Fine flowers in the val-ley; She
 saw twa bonnie babes play-ing at the ba', And the green leaves they grow rarely.

O my bonnie babes, an' ye were mine,
 Fine flowers in the valley;
 I would cleed ye if the scarlet sae fine,
 And the green leaves they grow rarely.

I'd lay ye salt in beds o' down,
 Fine flowers in the valley;
 And watch ye morning, night, and noon,
 And the green leaves they grow rarely.

O mither dear, when we were thine,
 Fine flowers in the valley;
 Ye didna cleed us if the scarlet sae fine,
 And the green leaves they grow rarely.

But ye took out yere little pen knife,
 Fine flowers in the valley;
 And parted us frae our sweet life,
 And the green leaves they grow rarely.

Ye howkit a hole aneath the moon,
 Fine flowers in the valley;
 And there ye laid our bodies down,
 And the green leaves they grow rarely.

Ye hoppit the hole wi' mossy stanes,
 Fine flowers in the valley;
 And there ye left our wee bit banes,
 And the green leaves they grow rarely.

But ye ken weel, O mither dear,
 Fine flowers in the valley;
 Ye never cam that gate for fear,
 And the green leaves they grow rarely.

Seven lang years ye'll ring the bell,
 Fine flowers in the valley,
 And see sic sights as ye darna tell,
 And the green leaves they grow rarely.

I'M O'ER YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

Lively

The sheet music consists of four staves of music in common time, key signature of one flat. The vocal line starts with a melodic line above a harmonic bass line. The lyrics are integrated into the musical phrases. The first two staves begin with a treble clef, while the last two staves switch to an alto clef. The vocal line includes eighth and sixteenth note patterns, with the harmonic bass providing a steady harmonic foundation.

I am my Mammy's ae bairn, Wi' un-co folk I weary Sir, And
 liv-ing in a house my lane, I'm fley'd it mak me ee-rie Sir. I'm
 o'er young, I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young to mar-ry yet; I'm
 o'er young itwad be a sin To tak me frae my Mam-my yet.

For I've aye had my ain will,
 Nane dar'd to contradict me, Sir,
 And now to say I wad obey,
 In troth, I dar na venture, Sir.
 I'm o'er young, &c.

Fu' loud and shill the frosty wind
 Blaws thro' the leafless timmers, Sir;
 But if ye come this gate again,
 I'll aulder be gin Simmer, Sir.
 I'm o'er young, &c.

JOHN HAY'S BOONY LASSIE.

Andante

The sheet music for 'John Hay's Boony Lassie' is in common time, key signature of one sharp. It features a single melodic line in a treble clef. The lyrics describe a swain reclining by a smooth winding bay. The musical style is more lyrical than the previous piece, with sustained notes and a flowing harmonic progression.

By smooth wind-ing Tay a swain sat re-clin-ing, Aft

cried he, oh hey! maun I still live pin-ing My-self thus a-way, and
dar-na dis-co-ver To my hon-nie Lass that I am her lo-ver. Nae
mair it will hide, the flame wax-es strong-er, If she's not my bride my
days are nae long-er; Then I'll tak a heart and try at a
ven-ture; May be e'er we part, my vows may con-tent her.

She's fresh as the spring, and sweet as Aurora,
When birds mount and sing, bidding day a goodmorrow:
The swart of the mead, enamell'd with daisies,
Look wither'd and dead, when twin'd of her graces.

But if she appear where verdures invite her,
The fountains run clear, and flo'wrs smell the sweeter:
'Tis heaven to be by when her wit is a flowing,
Her smiles and bright eye set my spirits a glowing.

THE BATTLE OF HARLAW.*

Frac Dunidier as I cam through Doun by the hill of Ba_noch_ie, A_

Langst the lands of Ga_rri_och, Grit pi_tie 'twas to hear and see, The

nays and dule sum har_mon_ic, That e'er that dreary day did daw, Cry,

and the Co_ry_noch on hic, A_las! a_las! for the Har_law.

I marlit quhat the matter meint,
All folks war in a fiery fairy;
I wist nocht qua was fae or friend,
Zit quietly I did me carrie.
But sen the days of auld king Hairie,
Sic slaughter was not herde nor sene;
And thair I had nae tyme to tairy,
For bissiness in Aberdene.

Thus as I walkit, on the way
To Inverury as I went,
I met a man, and bad him stay,
Requeisiting him to mak me quaint
Of the beginning, and the event,
That happenit thair at the Harlaw.
Then he entreated me tak tent
And he the truth should to me shaw.

Grit Donald of the Isles did claim
Unto the lands of Ross some right,
And to the Governor† he came,
Thaim for to haif gif that he micht;
Quha saw his interest was but slight,
And thairfore answerit wi' disdain;
He hastit hame baith day and nicht,
And sent nae bodward back again.

But Donald, richt impatient
Of that answer Duke Robert gait,
He vowed to God omnipotent,
All the hale lands of Ross to haif;
Or ells be graithed in his graif;
He wald not quat his richt for nocht,
Nor be abusit like a scat,
That bargain sould be deirly bocht.

* Fought upon Friday July 24th 1411 against Donald of the Isles.

† Robert, Duke of Albany, uncle to king James I. The account of this famous battle may be seen in our Scots histories.

THE RINAWA BRIDE.

A laddie and a lassie Dwelt in the south coun_trie, And
they hae cas_sen their clraiths the_gi_ther, and mar_ried they wad be.
On Tyse_day was the bri_dal day Ap_point_ed for to be; Then,
hey, play up the rin_awa bride, For she has taen the gee.

She had nae run a mile or twa,
When she began to consider
The angering of her father dear,
The displeasing of her mither,
The slighting o' the silly bridegroom,
The weel warst o' the three;
Then, hey, play up the rin_awa bride,
For she has taen the gee.

Her father and her mother
Ran after her wi' speed,
And ay they ran until they cam
Unto the water of Tweed;
And when they came to Kelso town,
They gart the clap gae thro';
Then, hey, play up the rin_awa bride,
For she has taen the gee.

Saw ye a lass wi' a hood and a mantle,
The face o't lind up wi' blue;
The face o't lind up wi' blue;
And the tail lind round wi' green
Saw ye a lass, wi' a hood and a mantle
Sud been married on Tysday 'tween,
Then, hey, play up the rin_awa bride,
For she has taen the gee.

Now wally fu' fa' the silly bridegroom,
He was as salt as butter;
For, had she play'd the like to me,
I'd ne'er made sic a sputter;
I'd taen a tune o' my hobby,
And set my fancy free;
And, sync, play'd up the rin_awa bride,
And lutten her tak the gee.

TURN AGAIN, THOU FAIR ELIZA.

Air—The bonny bracket lassie.

Turn again, thou fair E-li-za, Ae kind blink be-fore we
part, Rue on thy des-pair-ing lo-ver, Canst thou break his faith-fu'
heart? Turn a-gain thou, fair E-li-za, If to love thy heart de-nies, For
pi-ty hide the cruel sen-tence, Un-der friend-ship's kind dis-guise.

Thee, dear maid, have I offend-ed?
The offence is loving thee;
Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,
Wha for thine wad gladly die?
While the life beats in my bosom,
Thou shalt mix in ilka throe;
Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,
In the pride of sunny noon;
Not the little sporting fairy,
All beneath the summer moon;
Not the Poet, in the moment,
Fancy lightens in his ee,
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
That thy presence gies to me.

JOHNNY'S GRAY BREEKS.

When I was in my nineteen-th year, I was baith blyth and bonny, O; The

lads lo'ed me baith far and near, But I lo'ed nane but Johnny, O... He
 gain'd my heart in twa three weeks, He spak' sae blythe and kindly, O; And
 he wore then his new gray breeks, And coat that fit_ted finely, O.
 gain'd my heart in twa three weeks, He spak' sae blythe and kindly, O; And
 he wore then his new gray breeks, And coat that fit_ted finely, O.

His coat was blue, his waistcoat red,
 His bannet just a thought a jee;
 His bonny hair sae yellow,
 Like goud it glittered in my ee;
 His dimpled chin and rosy cheeks,
 And face sae fair and ruddy, O,
 I think ye canna wonder now,
 That I lo'ed weel my Johnny, O.

He waited for a year and mair,
 Till Faither his consent wad gie;
 His coat was tashed and thread-bare,
 His breeks were clouted on the knee,
 But gin I had a simmer's day,
 As I had right mony, O,
 I'll spin a wab o' new gray,
 And mak claes to my Johnny, O.

THE AULD MAN'S MEAR'S DEAD.

Chor:

The auld man's mear's dead! The puir man's mear's dead, The
 auld man's mear's dead, A mile a - boon 'Dun - dee! She was
 cut - lug - git, painef' lip - pit, Steel - wai - met, stain - cher fit - tet,
 Chanter - chaft - it, lang - neck - it, Yet the brute did die! Repeat
 the Chor:

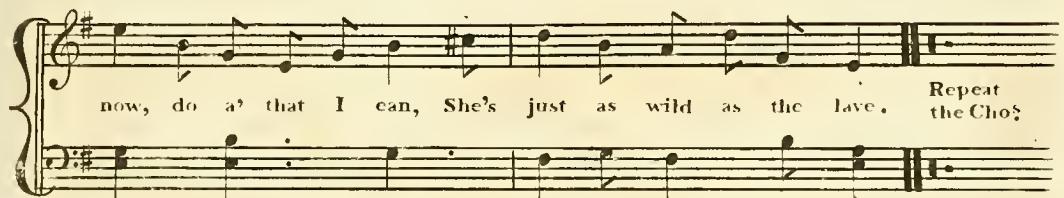
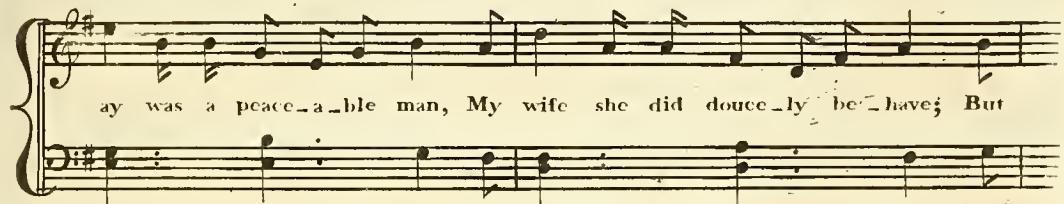
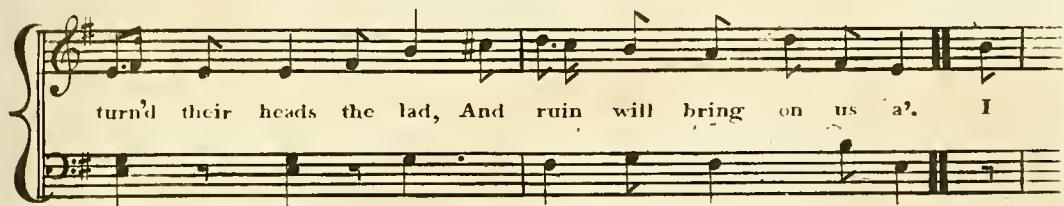
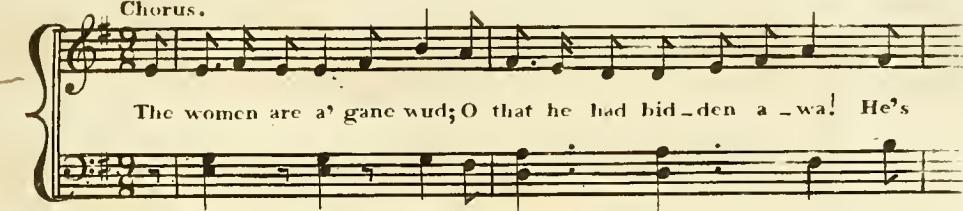


The auld man's mear's dead!
 The puir man's mear's dead!
 The peats, and neeps, and a' to lead,
 And she is gane — waes me!
 The auld, &c.

The puir man's head's sair,
 Wi' greetin for his grey mear;
 He's like to die himsel wi' care,
 Aside the green kirk-yard.
 The auld, &c.

He's thinkin on the bygane days,
 And a' her douce and canny ways;
 And how his ain guidewife, auld Meg,
 Micht maist as weel been spared.
 The auld, &c.

Chorus.



My wife she wears the cockaarde,
Tho' she kens'tis the thing that I hate;
There's aye too prined on her maid,
An' baith will tak their ain gate.

The women, &c.

I've liev'd a' my days in the strath;
Now Tories infest me at hame;
An' tho' I tak nae part at a',
Baith sides do gie me the blame.

The women, &c.

The senseless creatures ne'er think,
What ill the lad would bring back;
We'd ha'e the Pope and the Deil,
An' a' the rest o' his pack.

The women, &c.

The wild Hieland Lads they did pass,
The yetts wide open did flee;
They eat the very house bare,
And spiered nae leave o' me.

The women, &c.

But when the red coats gaed bye,
D'ye think they'd let them alone;
They aye the louder did cry,
Prince Charlie will soon get his ain.

The women, &c.

Lively.

Jock_y said to Jen_ny, Jen_ny wilt thou wed? Ne'er a fit, quo
 Jen_ny, for my to_cher good; For my to_cher good, I
 win_na mar_ty thee; E'en's ye like, quo' Jock_y, ye may let me be.

I hae gowd and gear, I hae land enough;
 I hae sax good owsen ganging in a pleugh;
 Ganging in a pleugh, and linking o'er the lee;
 And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

I hae a good ha'house, a barn, and a byre,
 A stack afore the door; I'll make a rantin fire,
 I'll make a rantin fire, and merry shall we be;
 And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

Jenny said to Jocky, gin ye winna tell,
 Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass myself;
 Yere a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free,
 Yere welcomer to tak me than to let me be.

OER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.

Andante.

Jock_y met with Jen_ny fair, Aft by the dawning of the day; But,
 Jock_y now is fu' of care, Since Jen_ny staw his heart awa'.

tho' she pro_mis'd to be true, She pro_ven has, a_lake! un_kind; Which
 gars poor Jock_y of_ten rue, That e'er he lov'd a fickle mind. And its
 o_ver the hills and far a-way, O_ver the hills and far a-way,
 O_ver the hills and far a-way, The wind has blown my plaid a-way.

Now Jocky was a bonny lad
 As e'er was born in Scotland fair;
 But now, poor man! he's e'en gane wud,
 Since Jenny has gart him despair.
 Young Jocky was a piper's son,
 And fell in love when he was young;
 But at the springs that he could play,
 Was o'er the hills, and far away.
 And it's o'er the hills, &c.

He sung: When first my Jenny's face
 I saw, she seem'd sae fu' of grace,
 With meikle joy my heart was fill'd,
 That's now, alas! with sorrow kill'd.
 Oh! was she but as true as fair,
 'Twad put an end to my despair;
 Instead of that she is unkind,
 And wavers like the winter wind.
 And its o'er the hills, &c.

Ah! could she find the dismal wae,
 That for her sake I undergoe,
 She could nae chuse but grant relief,
 And put an end to a' my grief.

But, oh! she is as fause as fair,
 Which causes a' my sighs and care;
 But she triumphs in proud disdain,
 And takes a pleasure in my pain.
 And its o'er the hills, &c.

Hard was my hap to fa' in love
 With ane that does sae faithless prove;
 Hard was my fate to court a maid,
 That has my constant heart betray'd.
 A thousand times to me she swore,
 She wad be true for evermore;
 But, to my grief, a_lake! I say,
 She staw my heart and ran away.
 And its o'er the hills, &c.

Since that she will nae pity take,
 I maun gae wander for her sake,
 And, in ilk wood and gloomy grove,
 I'll sighing sing, Adieu to love.
 Since she is fause whom I adore,
 I'll never trust a woman more;
 Frae a' their charms I'll flee away,
 And on my pipe I'll sweetly play.
 And its o'er the hills, &c.

A friend o' mine came here yes-treen, And he wad ha'e me
down, To drink a pot of ale wi' him In the neist bor-rows town. But
oh! a - lake! it was the waur, And sair the waur for me; For,
lang or'der that I came hame, My wife had tae'n the gee.

We sat sae late, and drank sae stout,
The truth I tell to you,
That lang or ever midnight came
We were a' roaring foul.
My wife sits at the fire-side,
And the tear blinds ay her ee;
The ne'er a bed will she gae to,
But sit and tak the gee.

In the morning soon when I came down,
The ne'er a word she spake;
But mony a sad and sour look,
And ay her head shiel'd shake:
My dear, quoth I, what aileth thee,
To look sae sour on me;
I'll never do the like again,
If you'll ne'er tak the gee.

When that she heard, she ran, she flang
Her arms about my neck,
And twenty kisses, in a crack,
And poor wee thing she grat:
If you'll ne'er do the like again,
But bide at hame wi' me,
I'll lay my life I'se be the wile,
That's never tak the gee.

I HAE A GREEN PURSE.

45

Air — Lothian Lass.

I hae a green purse and a wee pickle gowd, A bonnie picke
land, and a plant-ing on't; It fat-tens my flocks, and my Barns it has
stow'd, But the best thing o' as yet wan-ting on't. It fat-tens my flocks, and my
Barns it has stow'd, But the best thing o' as yet wan-ting on't.

There's a but and a ben, a stable, a byre,
A gude kail yard, and a weel sneeket yet,
Wi' plenty o' peats to throw i' the fire;
But the best thing o' as a-wanting yet.

I thought o' a wife for ten years and mair,
But nane will answer that stops here about,
And I hae nae time to gang here and there;
A wanter I am, and I'll bide sae, I doublt.

A bonny tame patrick I wared upon Bell,
A sweet singing mavis to Jeanie I geed,
To Betty I plainly did offer my sel';
She saw the green purse, but I didna succeed.

So I've done my duty; farewell to all folly!
I tak up my buik, and I sit in my chair,
Wi' my red night-cap, my cat, and my colly,
Contented and cheerfu', tho' sixty and mair.

TO DAUNTON ME.

The blude red rose at Yule may blaw,
The simmer lillies bloom in
snow,
The frost may freeze the deepest sea,
But an auld man shall ne'er daunton me.

To daunton me, and me sae young, Wi' his fause heart and flatt'ring tongue; That is the
thing you ne'er shall see, For an auld man shall ne'er daunton me.

For a' his meat and a' his maut,
For a' his fresh beef and his saut,
For a' his gold and white monie,
An auld man shall never daunton me.
To daunton me.

His gear may buy him kye & yowes,
His gear may buy him glens & knowes;
But me he shall not buy nor fee,
For an auld man shall never daunton me.
To daunton me.

FROM THEE, ELIZA, I MUST GO.

Air—Donald.

From thee, E - li - za, I must go, And from my

native shore; The cru - el fates be - tween us throw A
bound-less O - cean's roar, E - li - za; But bound - less O - ceans,
roar-ing wide, Be-tween my love and me, They ne - ver, ne - ver
can di - vide My heart and soul from thee, E - li - za.

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
The maid that I adore!
A boding voice is in my ear,
We part to meet no more, Eliza!
But the last throb that leaves my heart,
While death stands victor by,
That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh, Eliza.

DONALD.

When first you courted me, I own,
I fondly favour'd you;
Apparent worth and high renown,
Made me believe you true, Donald.
Each virtue then seem'd to adorn,
The man esteem'd by me,
But now the masks thrown off, I scorn
To waste one thought on thee, Donald.

O, then, forever haste away,
Away from love and me;
Go seek a heart that's like your own,
And come no more to me, Donald.
For I'll reserve myself alone,
For one that's more like me;
If such a one I cannot find,
I'll fly from love and thee, Donald.

My dear and on _ ly love, I pray This lit _ tle world of
thee, Be go _ vern'd by no o _ ther sway, But pur _ est mon _ archy. For
if con _ fu _ sion have a part, Which vir _ tuous souls ab _ hor, I'll
call a sy _ nod in my heart, And ne _ ver love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone;
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his late too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign and govern still,
And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in awe;
But 'gainst my bat'ries, if I find
Thou storm or vex me sore,
And if thou set me as a blind,
I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thy heart,
Where I should solely be,
If others do pretend a part,
Or dare to share with me;
Or committees if thou erect,
Or go on such a score,
I'll smiling mock at the neglect,
And never love the more.

But if no faithless action stain
Thy love and constant word,
I'll make thee famous by my pen,
And glorious by my sword:
I'll serve thee in such noble ways,
As ne'er was known before;
I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
And love the more and more.

Air—M^g Gregor a Ruara.

From the chase on the moun - tains as I was re -
turn - ing, By the side of a foun - tain Mid - vi - na sat
mourn - ing; To the winds that loud whist - led she told her sad
sto - ry, And the val - lies re - eeh - ood, Mac - gre - gor a Ru - a - ra.

Like a flash of red light'nning o'er the heath came Macara,
More fleet than the roe-buck on the lofty Beinn-lara;
Oh! where is Maegregor? Say where does he hover?
Thou son of bold Calmar, why tarries my lover?

Then the voice of soft sorrow from his bosom thus sounded:
Low lies your Maegregor, pale, mangled, and wounded!
Overcome with deep slumber, to the rock I convey'd him,
Where the sons of black malice to his foes have betray'd him!

As the blast from the mountain soon nips the fresh blossom,
So died the fair bud of fond hope in her bosom;
Maegregor, Maegregor, loud echo resounded,
And the hills rung in pity, Maegregor is wounded!

Near the brook in the valley the green turf did hide her,
And they laid down Maegregor sound sleeping beside her;
Secure is their dwelling from foes and black slander,
Near the roaring-loud waters their spirits oft wander.

ST. ANDREW'S TOUNE.



And o' the bludy Cardinal,
Ye surely ha'e heard tell?
And the persecutin Bishop Sharpe,
And a' that them belov?

The licht that martyr'd Wishart saw,
Red-risin oure the sea;
I wat it soon cam to the land,
And brake on the castelle thie.

The death the wicked Bishop dee'd,*
Some folk will murder ea';
But, by a' it is agreed,
That he is weel awa'

* May 3^d 1679.

FAREWEELE EDINBURGH.

Air—MRS MC LEOD.

Slowly

A young bonnie bride, Farewell E - din - burgh, your trusty violin
 teers; Your Councill, a' sae cir - cum - spect, your Prov - vests without peers; Your
 state - ly Col - lege stuff'd wi' leal, Your ran - tin hie - schul yard; The
 gib, the kick, the roguish trick, The ghaists o' auld town - guard.

Farewell, Edinburgh, your philosophic men;
 Your Scribes, that set ye a' to rights, and wield the golden pen;
 The Session-court, your thrang resort, big wigs, and lang gowns a';
 And if ye dinna keep the peace, it's no for want o' Law.
 Farewell, Edinburgh, and a' your glittering wealth;
 Your Bernardswell your Calton hill whar every breath is health
 An', spite o' a' your fresh sea-gales, if ony chance to dee,
 It's no for want o' recipe, the doctor, and the fee.

Farewell, Edinburgh, your Hospitals, and Ha's,
 The rich man's friend, the Cross lang kend, auld Ports, and city wal';
 The Kirks that grace their honour'd place, and peacetu as they stand;
 Wharever they're fund on Scottish grund, the bulwarks o' the land.
 Farewell, Edinburgh, your sons o' genius fine,
 That send your name on wings o' fame beyond the burnin line;
 A name that's stood maist since the flood, and just whan its forgot,
 Your bard will be forgotten - too, your ain Sir Walter Scott.

Farewell, Edinburgh, and a' your daughters fair;
 Your palace in the shelter'd glen, your castelle in the air;
 Your rocky brows, your grassy knous, and eke your mountain bauld;
 Were I to tell your beauties a', my tale wad ne'er be tauld.
 Now, farewell, Edinburgh, whare happy we ha'e been;
 Farewell, Edinburgh, Caledonia's Queen!
 Prosperity to Edinburgh wi' every risin sun,
 And blessin's be on Edinburgh, till time his race has run!

CA' THE EWES TO THE KNOWES.

Ca' the ewes to the knowes, Ca' them whar the heath-er grows,
 Ca' them whar the bur-nie rows, My bon-nie dear-ie, 'Twas in the
 bon-nie month o' June, When the woods a-bout us hung; When a' the
 flow'rs were in their bloom, The night-ingale sung clearly.
 Will ye gang down the water-side,
 And see the waves so sweetly glide?
 Beneath the hazel's spreading wide,
 The moon it shines su' clearly.
 Ca' the ewes, &c.

While waters wimple to the sea;
 While day blinks in the lift sac hic;
 Till clay-cauld death shall blind my ee,
 Ye shall be my dearie.
 Ca' the ewes, &c.

THE SPINNING O'T.

Now, Sandy, the winter's cauld blasts are awa, And summer we've
 seen the begin-ning o't; I've lang, lang, been weari-ed o' frost and o' shaw, And

sair hae I tired o' the spinning o't. For when we were mar-ried our deed_in was
 thin, And poor_tith ye ken made me ei_dent to spin; 'Twas fain love o'
 you that first gart me be_gin, And blessings hae fol_low'd the spinning o't.

The mornings were cauld, and the keen frost and snow
 War blawin'; I mind the beginning o't,
 When ye gaed to wark, be it frost or be it thaw,
 My task was nae less at the spinning o't:
 But now we've a pantry, baith muckle and fur;
 O'ilka thing guid for to gang in the mu';
 A barrel o' ale, wi' some maut for to brew,
 To mak us forget the beginning o't.

And when winter comes back, wi' the snell hail and rain,
 Nae mair I sit down to the spinning o't,
 Nor you gang to toil in the cauld fields again,
 As little think on the beginning o't:
 O' sheep we hae scores, and o' kye twenty-five,
 Far less we hae seen wad made us fur_blythe;
 But thrift and industry maks poor folk to thrive,
 A clear proof o' that is the spinning o't.

Altho' at our marriage our stock was but sma',
 And heartless and hard the beginning o't,
 When ye was engaged the owscn to ea',
 And first my young skill tried the spinning o't;
 But now we can dress in our plaidies sae sma',
 Fu' neat and fu' clean, gae to kirk or to ha',
 And look ay as blythe as the best o' them a',
 Sic luck has been at the beginning o't.

THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

Hear me, ye nymphs, and ev - ry swain, I'll tell how Peggy grieves
me; Tho' thus I lan-guish and com-plain, A-las! she ne'er be-lieves me. My
vows and sighs, like si-lent air, Un-heed-ed ne - ver move her; The
bon - nie bush a - boon Tra - qua-ir, Was where I first did love her.

That day she smil'd, and made me glad;
No maid seem'd ever kinder;
I thought myself the luckiest lad,
So sweetly there to find her.
The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May,
It's sweets I'll ay remember;
But now her frowns make it decay,
It fades as in December.

Ye rural pow'r, who hear my strains,
Why thus should Peggy grieve me?
Oh! make her partner in my pains;
Then, let her smiles relieve me.
If not, my love will turn despair,
My passion no more tender;
I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

HAP AND ROW THE FEETY O'T.

Chorus.

We'll hap and row, we'll hap and row, we'll hap and row the feety

ot; It is a wee bit wea-ry thing, I down na hide the greet-y ot;

And we pat on the wee bit pan To boil the lick o' meat-y ot; A

cinder fell, and spoild the plan, And burn't a' the feety ot; The

hair-nie squall'd, the mith-er bawld, The nurse dang owre the cree-py ot, And

then she ran to scart the pan, And clap it to the feety ot.

Fu' sair it grat, the poor wee brat,
And ay it kickt the feety ot,
Till poor wee ells, it tir'd itselt,
And then began the sleepy ot,
The skirling brat nae parritch gat,
When it gaed to the sleepy ot;
Tis waesome true, instead ots mou,
They're round about the feety ot,
Well hap and row, &c.

Where are ye gaun, thou bluidy duke, At sic an hour sae early?
 Fear the road ye ha'e mis-took, Gin ye le' in wi' Charlie. For
 Charlie's up wi' a his clars, Awa they're marching rare-ly; There's
 no a heart but he tre-pans; They're a' in love wi' Charlie.

He's marching on' to Lon'don town,
 To kick you doited earlie;
 Wha but a king should wear a crown?
 An' wha is king but Charlie?
 Wha now dare say he was to blame?
 Or, wha dare cry a parley?
 Let him gae back the road he came,
 Nae coward hearts for Charlie.

Our Highland and our Lowland maids,
 O but they like him dearly!
 And weel they like the tartan plaids
 That's buckled on for Charlie.
 The brülzie now is weel begun,
 Then heart an' han' till fairly;
 Wi' Highland sword an' Highland gun,
 We'll mak' a road for Charlie.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

Bold Scots who ha'e wi' Wallace bled, Scots whom Bruce has alten led,

b c

Wel - come to your go - ry bed, Or to vic - to - rie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour; See the front of bat - tle four!

See ap - proach proud Ed - wards pow'r! Chains and slaver - ie!

Ad. lib:

Who will be a traitor knave?
Who can fill a cowards grave?
Who sac base as be a slave?
Coward, turn and flee!
Who for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw?
Free-man stand, or free-man lie,
Let him on' wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!
Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Forward! do, or die!

WATERLOO.

Same Air.

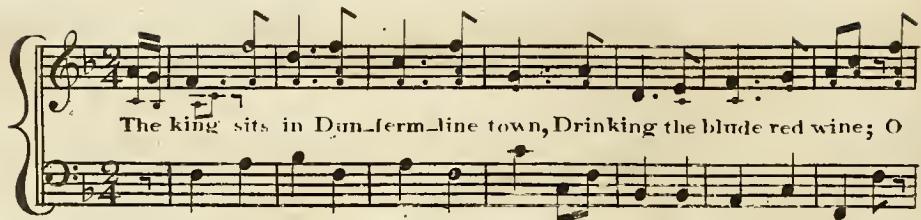
Revolving time has brought the day,
That beams with glory's brightest ray,
In hist'ry's page, or poets lay
The day of Waterloo!
Each British heart with ardour burns,
As this resplendent day returns,
While humbled France in secret mourns
The day of Waterloo.

Then lift the brimful goblet high,
While rapture beams in every eye!
Let shouts of triumph rend the sky,
The toast be Waterloo!
To all who can the honor claim,
From Wellington's immortal name
To the humblest son of martial fame,
Who fought at Waterloo!

Fill, fill the wine-cup yet again;
But altered be the joyous strain;
To those, the cup now silent drain,
Who fell at Waterloo!
Soft sighs, ye breezes, o'er the grave,
Where rests the relics of the brave!
And sweetest flowrets o'er them wave,
Who sleep on Waterloo!

From their ensanguin'd honour'd bed,
The olive bears its peaceful head,
Nurs'd by the sacred blood they shed
At glorious Waterloo.
In freedom's sacred cause to die!
In victory's embrace to lie!
Who would not breathe his latest sigh,
Like those at Waterloo!

SIR PATRICK SPENCE.



Up and spak an eldern knicht,
Sat at the king's richt knee,
Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailör,
That sails upon the sea.

The king has written a braid letter,
And sign'd it wi' his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,
Was walking on the sand.

The first line that Sir Patrick red,
A loud lauch lauched he;
The next line that Sir Patrick red,
The tear blinded his ee.

O quha is this has done this deid,
This ill deid done to me?
To send me out this time o' the zeir,
To sail upon the sea.

Mak haste, mak haste, my mirry men a',
Our guid schip sails the morne.
O say na sic, my master dear,
For I feir a deadlie storme.

Late late yestreen I saw the new moon,
Wi' the auld moon in her arme,
And I feir, I feir, my dear master,
That we wull come to harme.

O our Scotch nobles were richt faith,
To weet their cork heel'd shooone;
Bot, lang or a' the play was play'd,
They wat thair heads aboone.

O lang, lang, may thair ladies sit
Wi' thair fans into thair hand,
Or eir they see Sir Patrick Spence
Cum sailing to the land.

O lang, lang, may thair ladies stand
Wi' thair gold kems in thair hair,
Waiting for thair ain deir lordes,
For they'll see thame na mair.

Haff owre, haff owre to Aberdour,
It's fiftie fadom dep;
And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence
Wi' the Scotch lordes at his feit.

THE HAWS OF CROMDALE.

Slowly

As I came in by Achindown, A lit - tle wee bit frae the town, When

to the Highlands I was boun To view the haws of Crom-dale, I
met a man in tar-tan trews, I speir'd at him what was the news? Quo?
he, the Highland army rues That e'er they came to Crom-dale.

We were in bed, sir, every man,
When the English host upon us came;
A bloody battle then began
Upon the haws of Cromdale.
The English horse, they were so rude,
They bath'd their hoofs in Highland blood;
But our brave clans they boldly stood
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

But, alas! we could no longer stay,
For o'er the hills we came away,
And sure we do lament the day
That e'er we came to Cromdale.
Thus the great Montrose did say,
Can you direct the nearest way,
For I will o'er the hills this day,
And view the haws of Cromdale.

Alas! my lord, you're not so strong;
You scarcely have two thousand men,
And there's twenty thousand on the plain,
Stand rank and file on Cromdale.
Thus the great Montrose did say,
I say direct the nearest way,
For I will o'er the hills this day,
And see the haws of Cromdale.

The loyal Stewarts with Montrose,
So boldly set upon their foes,
And brought them down with Highland blows
Upon the haws of Cromdale.
Of twenty thousand Cromwell's men,
Five hundred fled to Aberdeen,
The rest of them lies on the plain
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

They were at dinner every man,
When great Montrose upon them came;
A second battle then began

Upon the haws of Cromdale,
The Grants, Mackenzies, and Mackays,
Soon as Montrose they did espie,
O' then they fought most vehemently
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

The Mac Donalds they return'd again,
The Camerons did their standard join,
Mac Intosh play'd a bonny game

Upon the haws of Cromdale,
The Mac Gregors fought like lions bold,
Mac Phersons none could them controul,
Mac Lauchlans fought like loyal souls
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

Mac Leans, Mac Dougals, and Mac Neals,
So boldly as they took the field,
And made their enemies to yield

Upon the haws of Cromdale,
The Gordons boldly did advance,
The Frazers fought wi' sword and lance,
The Grahams they made their heads to dance
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

Gloom-y winter's now awa,
Salt the west-lin bree-zes blow,

Mang the birk o' Stan-ley Shaw
The-ma-vis sings fu' cheer-ic O.

Sweet the craw-flow'r's ear-ly bell
Decks Glen-fitter's dew-y dell,

Bloom-ing like thy bonnie scl',
My young, my art-less dear-ie O.

Come, my las-sie, let us stray
O'er Glen-kil-loch's sun-ny brae,

Blyth-ly spend the gowd-en day
'Midst joys that ne-ver wea-rie O.

Towring o'er the Newton woods,
Lavrocks fan the snaw-white clouds,
Siller saughs, wi' downy buds,
Adorn the bank sic briery O:
Round the sylvan fairy nooks,
Feeble breekans bringie the rocks,
'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
And ilk a thing is cheery O.
Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
Flowers may bloom and verdure spring,
Joy to me they canna bring,
Unless wi' thee, my dearie O.

As I was a walking all alone Be-tween a wa-ter and a wa'- And
there I spied a wee, wee man, The wee-est man that e'er I saw. His
leg was scarce a shath⁺ mont's length, And thick and thimber was his thie; Be-
tween his brows there was a span, And between his shoulders there were three.

He took up a meikle stane,
And he flang't as far as I could see;
Tho' I had been a Wallace wight,
I couldna litlen't to my knee.
O wee, wee man, but thou be strong!
O tell me where thy dwelling be?
My dwelling's down at yon bonny bower,
O will you go with me and see?

On we lap, and awa we rade,
Till we came to yon bonny green;
We lighted down for to bait our horse,
And out there came a lady fine.
Four and twenty at her back,
And they were a' clad out in green;
Though the king of Scotland had been there,
The warst o' them might ha' been his queen.

On we lap, and awa we rade,
Till we came to yon bonny ha',
Where the roof was o' the bonny beaten gould,
And the floor was o' the crystal a';
When we came to the stair foot,
Ladies were dancing jimp and smae,
But, in the twinkling of an e'e,
My wee, wee man, was clean awa.

[†]Shathmont in old Scotch, means the fist closed with the thumb extended.

THE YELLOW HAIRD LADDIE.

In A-pril when prim-roses paint the sweet plain, And

sum-mer ap-proaching re-joice-eth the swain. In A-pril when prim-roses

paint the sweet plain, And sum-mer ap-proaching re-joiceth the swain, The

yellow-hair'd lad-die wou'd of-ten times go, To wilds and deep

glens, where the haw-thorn trees grow. The yellow-hair'd laddie wou'd

of-ten times go To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
 With freedom he sung his loves, ev'ning and morn;
 He sang with so soft and enchanting a sound,
 That sylvans and fairies, unseen, dane'd around.

The shepherd thus sung: tho' young Mary be fair,
 Her beauty is dash'd with a scornfu' proud air;
 But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing,
 Her breath like the breezes, perfum'd in the spring.

That Maddie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
 Like the moon was inconstant, and never spoke truth;
 But Susie was faithful, good humoured, and free,
 And fair as the goddess who sprung from the sea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r,
 Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour;
 Then sighing, he wish'd, would parents agree,
 The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.

THE YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE.

Same Air.

The yellow-hair'd laddie sat on yon burn brae,
 Cries, milk the ewes lassie, let nane of them gae;
 And ay as she milked, and ay as she sang,
 The yellow-hair'd laddie shall be my goodman.
 And ay-as she milked, &c.

The weather is cauld, and my claiting is thin;
 The ewes are new clipped they winna buught in;
 They winna buught in, altho' I shou'd die,
 O yellow-hair'd laddie, be kind and help me.
 They winna buught in, &c.

The good wife cries butt the house, Jenny come ben;
 The cheese is to mak, and the butter to kirk;
 Tho' butter, and cheese, and a shou'd be sour,
 I'll crack wi' my love for ae ha'f hour;
 It's ae ha'f hour, and we's e'en make it three;
 When the yellow-hair'd laddie my Guidman shall be.

Oh! lang the La - dy Grange did lieve U - pon S^t. Kil - da's
 rock; But surely sor - row win - na kill, Or else her heart had broke.
 Far far re - mov'd frac kith and kin, And a' that like en - dears, She
 aft look'd o'er the wat - ry waste, Whare ne'er a Schip ap - pears.

O! is it for my father's* erime
 That I'm thus banisht far?
 Or was it ony faut o' mine
 That kindled civil war?
 MC Leod and Lovat, weel I trow,
 Hae wrought this treacherie;
 But wherefore has their cruel spite
 E'en on helpless me?

And thus she murned; fair Ladye Grange
 Thus sped her life away;
 The mornin sun it brought nae joy,
 And night did close the day;
 And nougat was heard but sea-birds cry
 To cheer her solitude,
 Or the raging billow's roar
 That broke o'er rocks so rude.

At length a lav'ring wind did bring
 An auld and worthy pair,
 Whase kindest charitic
 Her sorrows a' did share.
 They taught her pridefu' heart to bend
 Aneath the chastening rod;
 And then she kent her prison walls
 Had been a blest abode.

* Cheisly of Dalry, who shot the Lord President, Sir George Lockhart about the 1706 for deciding a law suit against him.

Slow { Out over the Forth I look to the north; But what is the
north and its Highlands to me, The south nor the east gie ease to my
breast, The far Foreign land, or the wide rolling sea. But I
look to the west when I gae to my rest, That hap - py my
dreams and my slum - bers may be; For far in the west lives
he I loe best, The man that is dear to my bairie and me.

HAME CAM OUR GUDEMAN AT EEN.

Recit: In time Recit.

Hame cam oure gude-man at een, And hame cam he, And

In time

there he saw a - sad-dle horse, Where horse sud na be. Oh!

how's this? and what's this? And wha's may lie be? How cam this

horse here with - out the leave o' me? Ye sil - ly, blind,

In time

doit-ed carl, and blind-er may ye be; It's but a bon-nie

Recit:

milk-eow my min-ny sent to me. Milk eow! quo' he; Ay,

In time

milk cow, quo' she; O far hae I rid-den, and mie-kle hae I

Recit:

In time

gaen, But a sad-dle on a milk-cow saw' I ne-ver hane.

Hame cam oure gudeman at e'en,
And hame cam he,
And there he saw a siller gun,
Whar nae sic gun sud be.
How's this? and what's this?
And how cam this to be?
How cam this gun here
Without the leave o' me?
Ye stupid auld doited carl,
Ye're unco blind I see;
It's but a bonnie parritch-stick
My Minnie sent to me.
Parritch-stick! quo' he; ay, parritch-stick, quo' she;
Far hae I ridden, and mickle hae I seen,
But siller munted parritch-sticks
Saw I never hane.

Hame cam oure gudeman at e'en,
And hame cam he,
And there he saw a leather-cap,
Whar nae cap sud be.
How's this? and what's this?
And how cam this to be?
How cam this bannet here?
Without the leave o' me?
Ye're a silly auld donard bodie,
And unco blind I see;
It's but a tappit clocken hen
My minnie sent to me.
A clocken hen! quo' he; a clocken hen, quo' she;
Far hae I ridden, and farer hae I gaen,
But white cockauds on clocken hens
Saw I never hane.

Ben the house gaed the gudeman,
And ben gaed he,
And there he spied a Hieland plaid,
Whar nae plaid sud be.
How's this? and what's this?
And how cam this to be?
How cam the plaid here
Without the leave o' me?
Oh hooly, hooly, my gudeman,
And dinna angered be;
It cam wi' cousin M^cIntosh
Frae the north countrie.
Your cousin! quo' he; aye cousin, quo' she;
Blind as ye may jibe me, I've sight enough to see,
Ye're hidin' tories in the house
Without the leave o' me.

WHY WADNA FIGHT FOR CHARLIE.

Chorus.

Wha wad na fight for Charlie? Wha wad na draw the sword?

Wha wad na up and rally, At their royal Prince's word?

Think on Scotland's ancient heroes; Think on foreign foes repell'd;

Think on glorious Bruce and Wallace, Wha the proud usurpers quell'd, Repeat the Chor

Rouse, rouse, ye kilted warriors;

See the northern clans advancing!

Rouse ye heroes of the north;

See Glengary and Lochiel!

Rouse, and join your chieftain's banners,

See the brandish'd broad swords glancing,

Tis your Prince that leads you forth.

Highland hearts are true as steel!

Wha wadna fight, &c.

Wha wadna fight, &c.

Shall we basely crouch to tyrants?

Now our prince has rear'd his banner;

Shall we own a foreign sway?

Now triumphant is our cause;

Shall a royal Stuart be banish'd,

Now the Scottish lion rallies,

While a stranger rules the day.

Let us strike for prince and laws.

Wha wadna fight, &c.

Wha wadna fight, &c.

And a' that e'er my Jen_ny had, my Jen_ny had, my Jen_ny had; And



a' that e'er my Jen_ny had was ae baw_bie. There's your plack, and



my plack, and your plack, and my plack; and my plack, and your plack, and



Chorus.

Jenny's baw_bie. And a' that e'er my Jen_ny had, my Jen_ny had, my



Jen_ny had; And a' that e'er my Jen_ny had was ae baw_bie.



We'll pit it a' in the penny-pig,

The penny-pig, the penny-pig;

We'll pit it a' in the penny-pig,

And birlt a' three.

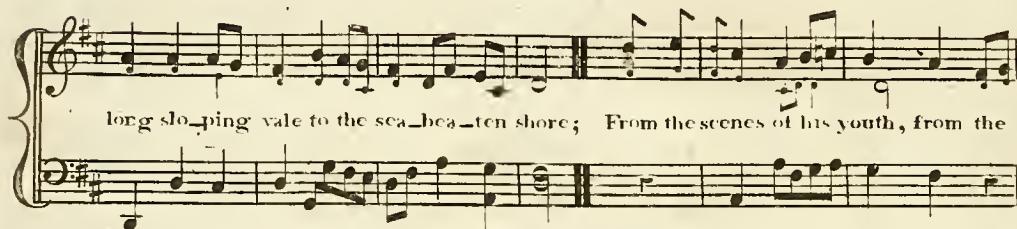
And a' that e'er, &c.

THE EMIGRANT.

Air, "Si do mholla?"



From his booth on the hill the sad sheep-herd re-tires, Down the



long slo-ping vale to the sea-beaten shore; From the scenes of his youth, from the



home of his sires, A new home to seek o'er the wild ocean's roar.

On his arm hung his partner of joy and of woe;

On her cheek the smile strove to oppose the big tear;

'Twas vain; for the past still return'd to her view,

And the future was darken'd with sorrow and care.

By their side the dear pledges of love cheerful smil'd,

For they knew not the cause why their fond father mourn'd;

And the old shepherd dog, as he follow'd, howl'd wild,

And oft to the dear lonely mansion return'd.

O hard, cruel Lordling, thy mandate's severe,

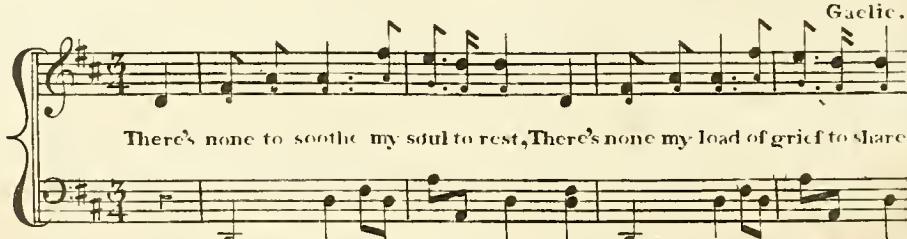
That sends you sad band o'er the wide western wave;

O'er thy bier weeping Pity shall ne'er shed a tear,

Nor love sadly sigh o'er thy dark narrow grave.

THERE'S NONE TO SOOTHE MY SOUL TO REST.

Gaelic.



There's none to soothe my soul to rest, There's none my load of grief to share,

Or wake to joy this lone-ly breast; Or light the gloom of dark des-pair.

Oft to the winds my grief I tell;
They bear along the mournful tale,
To dreary echo's rocky cell,
That heaves it back upon the gale.

The little wild bird's merry lay,
That wont my lightsome heart to cheer,
In murmuring echoes dies away,
And melts like sorrow on my ear.

The voice of joy no more can cheer,
The look of love no more can warm,
Since mute for aye's that voice so dear,
And clod's that eye alone could charm.

FAREWEE, O FAREWEE!

Very Old.

Fare-well, O fare-well! my heart it is

sair! Fare-well, O fare-well! I'll see him nae mair.

Lang, lang was he mine,
Lang, lang, but nae mair;
I maun-na repine,
But my heart it is sair.

But, O! he's at rest,
Why sul I compeen?
Gin my soul be blest,
I'll meet him again.

His staff's at the wa,
Toom, toom is his chair!
The bannet an' a'!
And I maun be here,

O! to meet him again.
Whar hearts ne'er were sair,
O! to meet him again,
To part never mair.

THE SOUTERS O' SELKIRK.

Its up wi' the Sout - ers o' Sel - kirk, And down wi' the
 Earl o' Hume; And here is to a' the braw lad - dies, That
 wear the sin - gle - soal'd shoon. Its up wi' the Sout - ers o'
 Sel - kirk, For they are baith trus - ty and leal; And up wi' the
 lads o' the Fo - rest, And down wi' the Merse to the deil.

Fye upon yellow and yellow,
 Fye upon yellow and green;
 But up wi' the true blue and scarlet,
 And up wi' the single soal'd sheen.
 Up wi' the Souters o' Selkirk,
 For they are baith trusty and leal;
 And up wi' the men o' the Forest,
 And down wi' the Merse to the deil.

O' might_y, na_tures han_dy_warks, The com_mon,

or un_com_mon, There's nocht' thro' a' her li_mits wide, Can

be com_pard to Wo_man. The Far_mer toils, the Mer_chant

trokes, Frae daw_in to the gloam_in, The bar_mer's pains, the

mer_chant's gains, Are baith to please a Wo_man.

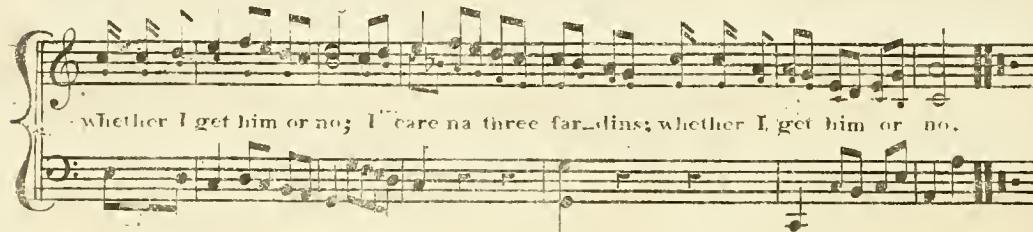
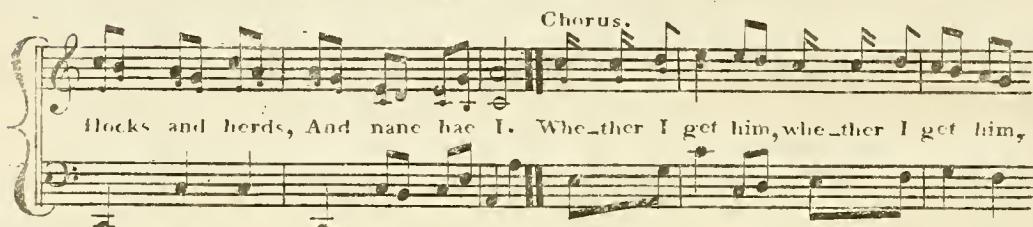
The Sailor spreads the daring sail,
Thro' angry seas a boanning;
The jewels, gems o' foreign shores,
He gies, to please a Woman.
The Solider fights o'er crimson fields,
In distant climates roaming;
Yet lays, wi' pride, his laurels down,
Before all-conquering Woman.

A Monarch leav's his golden throne,
Wi' other men in common,
He flings aside his crown, and knoots
A subject to a Woman.
Tho' I had a' o'er man posses'd,
Barbarian, Greek or Roman;
It wad nae a' be worth a straw,
Without my goddess, Woman.

MY LOVE HAS FORSAKEN ME.



Chorus:

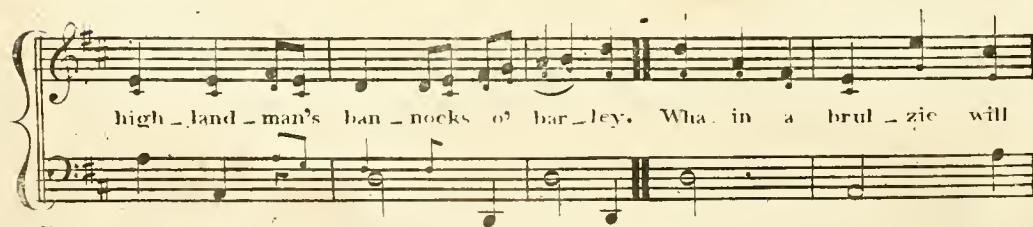
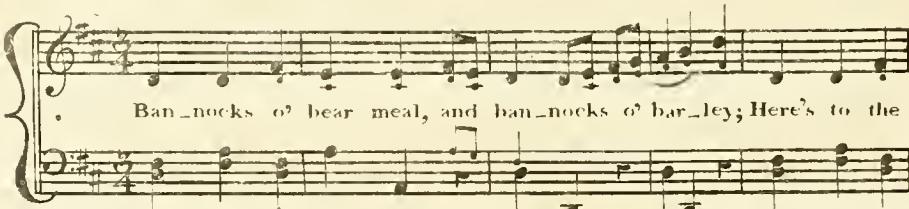


Alas! that e'er poortith
On leal hearts should fa;
For love it turns cauldrie,
And soon flies awa.
But whether I get him, &c.

The fairest o' maidens,
If poor they may be,
W^NI att sic fu' waefu'
Wi' the tear in their ee.
Whether I get him, &c.

He vowed, and he promisd,
And I did believe;
But, since that he's faithless,
'Tis folly to grieve.
Whether I get him, &c.

BANNOCKS O' BEAR MEAL.



first cry a par - ley? Ne - ver the lads wi' the bann - nocks o'

bar - ley. Bann - nocks o' bear meal, and bann - nocks o' bar - ley;

Here's to the High - land - man's bann - nocks o' bar - ley.

Wha, in his wat days, were loyal to Charlie?

Wha was it cowld the English loons rarely?

And claw'd their backs at Falkirk fairly?

Wha, but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley?

Bannocks o' bear meal, &c.

Wha was't, when hope was blasted fairly,

Stood in ruin wi' bonnie Prince Charlie?

And 'neath the Duke's bluidy paw dreed fu' sairly?

Wha, but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley?

Bannocks o' bear meal, &c.

Wha for auld Geordie, at Egypt and Maida,

Scotland's proud banner sac fearless display'd a?

Broke the Invincible ranks blade to blade a?

Wha, but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley?

Bannocks o' bear meal, &c.

Wha on the Waterloo-heights waukened early?

Wha, when the bullets rain'd on them right sairly,

Charged back the saemen, an' stude their grund fairly?

Wha but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley?

Bannocks o' bear meal, &c.

Wha, when the coward loons first gan to swither,

Poured like the breeze o' their ain mountain heather?

Wha frae the Eagles wing plucked its last feather?

Wha, but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley?

Bannocks o' bear meal, &c.

QUEEN MARY'S LAMENT.

Foolingly { I sigh and la - ment me in vain, These walls can but

c - cho my moan; A - las! it in - creas - es my pain, When I

think of the days that are gone, Thro' the grate of my pri - son I

see The birds as they wan - ton in air, My heart how it

pants to be free, My looks they are wild with des - pair,

Above the' opprest by my Fate,
I burn with contempt for my foes,
Tho' Fortune has alter'd my state,
She ne'er can subdue me to those,
False woman! in ages to come,
Thy malice detested shall be,
And when we are cold in the tomb,
Some heart still will sorrow for me.

Ye roofs where cold damps and dismay,
With silence and solitude dwell,
How comfortless passes the day,
How sad tolls the evening bell.
The owls from the battlements cry,
Hollow winds seem to murmur around,
O Mary! prepare thee to die,
My blood it runs cold at the sound.

The smiling morn, the breathing spring, In - vite the
 tune ful birds to sing, And while they war ble from each spray, Love
 melts the u ni ver sal lay. Let us, A man da, time ly
 wise, Like them, im prove the hour that flies, And sing as
 sweet and blythe as they A mang the Birks of In - ver may.

Behold the hills and vales around,
 With lowing herds and flocks abound;
 The wanton kids, and frisking lambs,
 Gambol and dance about their dams;
 The busy bees, with humming noise,
 And all the reptile-kind rejoice;
 Let us, like them, rejoicing, stray.
 About the Birks of Invermay.

Hark! how the waters, as they fall,
 Loudly my love to gladness call;
 The wanton waves, sport in the beams,
 And fishes play throughout the stream;

The circling sun does now advance,
 And all the planets round him dance:
 Let us as jovial be as they,
 Amang the Birks of Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
 And age, life's winter, will appear;
 At this thy living bloom will fade,
 As that will strip the verdant shade:
 Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
 The feather'd songsters are no more;
 And when they droop, and we decay,
 Adieu the Birks of Invermay. D

LOVELY POLLY STEWART.

Chorus.

O Lovely Polly Stewart! O charming Polly Stewart! There's
ne'er a flow'r that blooms in May, That's half so fair as thou art. The
flow'r it blows, it fades, it fa's, And art can ne'er renew it; But
worth and tru'th, e-ter-nal youth Will gie to Polly Stewart.

O lovely Polly Stewart!
O charming Polly Stewart!
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May,
That's half so sweet as thou art.
May he, whose arms shall faul'd thy charms,
Possess a leal and true heart;
To him be given, to ken the heaven,
He grasps in Polly Stewart.

GLENOGIE.

Old Ballad.

Three-score o' Nobles rade up the King's ha', But bonny Glen-

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is for the treble clef voice, and the bottom staff is for the bass clef voice. The music is in common time. The lyrics are written below the notes.

og-ie's the flow'r o' them a; Wi' his milk - white steed, and his
 bon-ny black ee, Glen-og-ie, dear Mi-ther, Glen-og-ie for me.

O had your tongue, dochter, ye'll get better than he;
 O say nae sac, mither, for that canna be;
 Tho' Drumlie is richer, and greater than he,
 Yet if I maun tak him, I'll certainly dee.

Where will I get a bonny boy, to win hose and shoon,
 Will gae to Glenogie, and cum shune again?
 O here am I, a bonny boy, to win hose and shoon,
 Will gae to Glenogie, and cum shune again.

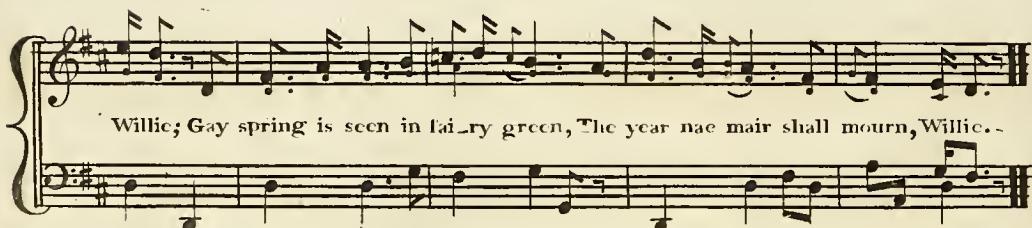
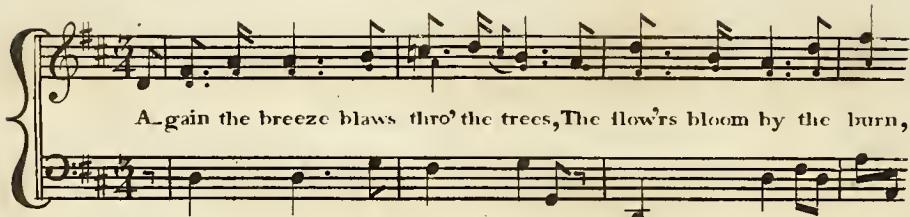
When he gaed to Glenogie, 'twas wash and go dine;
 'Twas wash ye, my pretty boy, wash and go dine;
 O 'twas ne'er my Faither's fashion, and it neer shall be mine,
 To gar a Lady's hasty errand wait till I dine:

But there is, Glenogie, a letter to thee;
 The first line that he read, a low smile gae he;
 The next line that he read, the tear blindit his ee;
 But the last line that he read, he gart the table flee.

Gar saddle the black horse, gae saddle the brown;
 Gar saddle the swiftest steed e'er rade frae a town;
 But lang ere the horse was drawn, and brought to the green,
 O bonny Glenogie was twa mile his lane.

When he cam to Glenfeldy's door, little mirth was there,
 Bonny Jean's Mother was tearing her hair;
 Ye're welcome, Glenogie, ye're welcome! said she;
 Ye're welcome, Glenogie, your Jeanie to see.

Pale and wan was she, when Glenogie gaed ben;
 But red and rosy grew she whene'er he sat down;
 She turned awa her head, but the smile was in her ee;
 O binna feared, Mither, I'll may be no dee.

O! WILT THOU THINK ON ME, WILLIE?

The tender buds hang on the woods,
An' lowly slaethorn tree, Willie;
Its blossom spreads, nor cauld blast dreads,
But may be nipt like me, Willie.

The frien'less hare is chas'd nae mair;
She whids along the lea, Willie,
Thro' dewy show'rs the lavrock tow'r,
An' sings, but not for me, Willie.

When far frae thee, a' nature's charms,
What pleasure can they gie, Willie?
My spring is past, my sky o'ercast;
It's sleepless nights wi' me, Willie.

Silent and shy, they now gae bye,
That us'd to speak wi' me, Willie;
Nae tale, nae sang, the hale day lang;
It's a' for loving thee, Willie.

Wi' wily art ye wan my heart,
That heart nae mair is free, Willie;
Then, O! be kind, sin' now its thine,
I had nae mair to gie, Willie.

But vain I've pled, for thou hast wed
A wealthier bride than me, Willie;
Now nought can heal the wound I feel,
But lay me down an' die, Willie.

Farewell ye braes and happier days!
By crystal-winding Cree, Willie;
When o'er my grave the green grass waves,
O wilt thou think on me, Willie.

The score consists of four staves of music in common time and G major. The top staff has a treble clef, the second and third staves have bass clefs, and the bottom staff has a bass clef. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines:

The craw's kill'd the poussie O, The craw's kill'd the poussie O; The
 mickle cat sat down and grat, In Wil-lie's wee bit hous - ie O .

The craw's kill'd the poussie O, The craw's kill'd the poussie O; And

aye, aye, the kit-tlen cried, Oh whall bring me a mou-sic O!

Comin' by the rockie O,
 Comin' by the rockie O;
 I ticket out the pickle meal,
 And play'd me wi' the pockie O.
 The Colly dog he sat and growld,
 But never stirr'd the poussie O;
 But, waur than a', the mickle craw
 Has taen and kill'd our poussie O.

THE BONNIE LAD THAT'S FAR AWAY.



brisk and braw; When the bonnie lad, that I lo'e best, Is

o'er the hills and far a - wa? When the bonnie lad, that

I lo'e best, Is o'er the hills and far a - wa?

A pair o' gloves he bought to me,
And silken snoods he gae me two;
And I will wear them for his sake,
The bonnie lad that's far awa.
And I will, &c.

GLOOMY DECEMBER.



hail thee wi' sor-row and care; Sad was the part-ing, thou
 mak'st me re-mem-ber; Part-ing wi' Nan-ey, oh! ne'er to meet mair.
 Fond lov-ers part-ing is sweet pain-ful pleas-ure, Hope beam-ing
 mild on the soft part-ing hour; But the dire feel-ing, O!
 fare-well, for e-ver, An-guish un-min-gled and a-go-ny pure.

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
 Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown;
 Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
 Till my last hope and last comfort is gone.
 Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December!
 Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
 For sad was the parting, thou makes me remember;
 Parting wi' Nancy; oh! ne'er to meet mair.

The auld gudeman cam hame at night, Sair wearied wi' the way; His
looks were like an eve_ning bright, His hair was sil_ler gray; He
spak o' days lang past an' gane, When life beat high in ev2ry vein, When
he was foremost on the plain On ev2ry blyth一些 day.

The life o' man's a winter day;
Look back, 'tis gane as soon;
But yet his pleasures halve the way,
An' fly before 'tis noon.
But conscious virtue still maintains
The honest heart thro' toils an' pains,
An' hope o' better days remains,
An' haunds the heart aboon.

Jacobite.

Lively { It's here a - wa, there a - wa, How they did rin, When they
 saw the clars march, and in ear - nest be - gin: It's here a - wa,
 there a - wa, how they did flee, When they heard that Prince Charlie was
 come owre the sea. It's loons ye maun gae hame.

They got to their feet, just as sure as a gun,
 When-er they heard Charlie to Scotland was come.
 "Haste, haste ye awa?" quo the auld wives wi' glee;
 "O joy to the day Charlie cam owre the sea."
 An' loons ye maun gae hame.

Whigs, fare ye a' weel, ye may scamper awa,
 For haith here nae langer ye'll whip an' ye'll ca';
 Nor mair look on Scotland wi' lightlifit' e'e,
 For Charlie at last has come over the sea.
 An' loons ye maun gae hame.

Our lang Scotch miles they will tire ye right sair,
 An' aiblins, in mosses an' bogs ye will lair;
 But, rest an' be thankfu' gin hame ye may see,
 I rede ye that Charlie has come owre the sea.

An' loons ye maun gae hame.

DUNCAN GRAY.

Lively

Duncan Gray cam here to woo, A' but the wordin' o't;

He cou'd scrape, and he cou'd bow; Mum was the burden o't.

Mo-ny hums and mo-ny lieys, Thumbs be twirld twenty ways;

But a sound he cou'd na raise; Mum was the burden o't.

Meg was blythe and Meg was bra,
Hech, hey, the wooin' o't;
She had scorned ane or twa,
And neer tuik the ruen fort—
"Dummy lad, now yell can spay,
Tell me wha for life I'll hae?"
He has written Duncan Gray;
Fair fa' the wordin' o't.

Meg bethought her it was time,
Hech, hey, the wooin' o't;
Dearth o' words it was nae crime;
Hech, hey, the wooin' o't;
Duncan yellow gow'd cou'd tell,
Walth had he o' maut an' meat,
She wad find the words hersell,
Hech, hey, the wooin' o't.

TAK YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

In winter when the rain rain'd cauld, And frost and snaw on ilka hill, And

Boreas wit his blasts sae bauld, Was threatening a' our ky to kill. Then
 Bell my wife, wha loves na strife, She said to me, right hastily, Get
 up, gudeman, save Cromie's life, And tak your auld cloak a-bout ye.

My Cromie is a usefu' cow,
 And she is come o' a good kyne;
 Olt has she wet the bairst' mous,
 And I am laith that she should tyne;
 Get up, gudeman, it is foul time,
 The sun shines in the lift sae hie;
 Sloth never made a gracious end,
 Gae tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was ance a good grey cloak,
 When it was fitting for my wear;
 But now its scantly worth a groat,
 For I have worn't this thirty year;
 Let's spend the gear that we have won,
 We little ken the day we'll die;
 Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn,
 To ha'e a new cloak about me.

In days when our King Robert rang,
 His trews they cost but half a crown;
 He said they were a groat o'er dear,
 And ca'd the taylor thief and loun.
 He was the king that wore a crown,
 And thou the man of laigh degree;
 'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
 Sae tak thy auld cloak about ye.

Every land has its ain laugh,
 Ilk kind of corn it has its tool,
 I think the world is a' run wrang,
 When ilka wife her man wad rule;
 Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hal,
 As' they are girded gallantly,
 While I sit hunkling in the ase?
 I'll ha'e a new cloak about me.

Goodman, I wat 'tis thirty years
 Since we did aye another ken;
 And we ha'e had, between us twa
 Of lads and bonny lasses ten;
 Now they are women grown and men,
 I wish and pray well may they be;
 And if you prove a good husband,
 E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

Bell my wife, she loves na strife,
 But she wad guide me, if she can,
 And to maintain an easy life,
 I alt maun yield, tho' I'm gudeman;
 Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
 Unless ye gie her a' the plea;
 Then I'll leave off where I began,
 And tak my auld cloak about me.

THE LAMENT OF WALLACE.

After the Battle of Falkirk. 1299.

Air—Maids of Arrochar.

The musical score consists of four systems of staves, each with a treble clef and a common time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves, corresponding to the music. The first system starts with "Thou dark-wind'ling Car-ron ance pleasing to see, To me thou canst". The second system continues with "ne-ver bring plea-sure a-gain; My brave Ca-le-don-i-ans lie low on the". The third system begins with "lea, And thy streams are deep-ting'd with the blood of the slain! Ah!". The fourth system starts with "base-heart-ed treach'-ry has doom'd our un-doing; My poor bleed-ing". The fifth system begins with "oun-try, what more can I do? Ev'n va-lour looks pale o'er the". The sixth system starts with "red field of ru-in, And free-dom be-holds her best warri-or laid low!".

Farewell, ye dear partners of peril, farewell!

Tho' buried ye lie in one wide bloody grave,
Your deeds shall enoble the place where you fell,

And your names be carroll'd with the sons of the brave!
But I, a poor outcast, in exile must wander;

Perhaps, like a traitor, ignobly must die:
On thy wrongs, O my Country, indignant I ponder;
Ah! woe to the hour when thy Wallace must fly.

THE BRAES O' BALQUHITHER.

89

2d Set.

Andante.

Let us go, Lassie, go To the braes o' Bal-quhi-ther, Where the bla-ber-ries grow? Mang the bon-nie high-land heather; Where the deer and the rae, Light-ly bound-ing to-ge-ther, Sport the lang sum-mer day on the braes o' Bal-quhi-ther. Where the deer and the rae, Light-ly bound-ing to-ge-ther, Sport the lang sum-mer day On the braes o' Bal-quhi-ther.

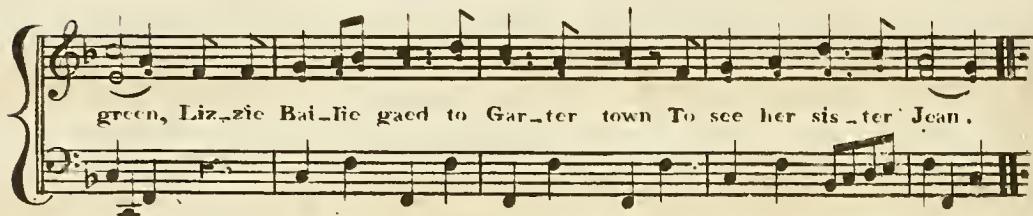
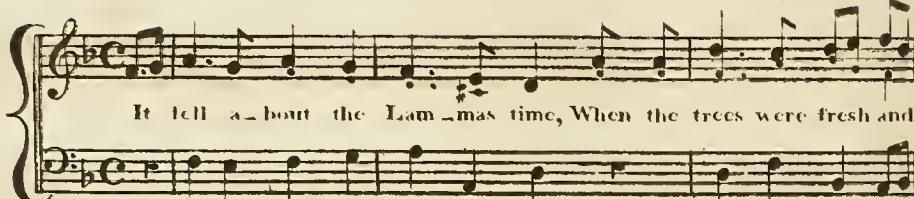
I will twine thee a bow'r
By the clear siller fountain,
And I'll cover it o'er
Wi' the flow'r's o' the mountain;
I will range thro' the wilds,
And the deep glens sae dreary,
And return wi' their spoils
To the bow'r o' my deary.

When the rude wintry win'
Idly raves round our dwelling,
And the roar of the lin
On the night breeze is swelling,
So merrily we'll sing,
As the storm rattles o'er us,
'Till the dear sheeling ring
Wi' the light lilting chorus.

Now the summer is in prime,
Wi' the flow'r's richly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
A' the moorlands perfuming;
To our dear native scenes
Let us journey together,
Where glad innocence reigns
'Mang the braes o' Balquhitther.

LIZZIE BAILIE.

Old Ballad.



She'd no been lang in Garter town
Till she met wi' Duncan Graham,
Wha kindly there saluted her,
And wad convey her hame.

My bonny Lizzie Bailie,
Ye's ha'e a tartan plaidie,
Gin ye will gang alang wi' me
And be a Highland Lady.

I'm sure they wad nae ca' me wise,
Gin I wad gang wi' you, Sir;
For I can neither card nor spin,
Nor yet milk ewe or cow, Sir.

My bonny Lizzie Bailie,
Let nane o' these things daunt ye;
Ye'll ha'e nae need to card or spin;
Your mither weel can want ye.

And she's cast aff her heigh-heeld shoon,
Made o' the morroco leather,
And she's put on the Hightland brogues,
To skip amang the heather.

And she's put off her lowland braws,
Made o' the silk and satin,
And she's put on the worset gown,
To skip amang the breckin.

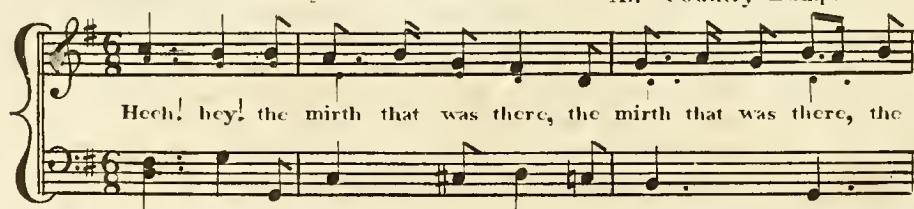
She wad nae ha'e a Lawland Laird,
Nor be an English lady,
But she wad gang wi' Duncan Graham,
And wear a tartan plaidie.

She was nae ten miles frae the town,
When she began to weary,
And ayeshelooked back and cried,
Farewell to Castlecarry!

Now, wae be to you, logger-heads,
That dwell near Castlecarry,
To let awa sic a bonny lass
Bauld Duncan' Graham to marry!

KITTY REID'S HOUSE ON THE GREEN, 30.

Air Country Bumkin.



mirth that was there; Heck! how! the mirth that was there, in Kit-ty Reid's
house on the green, Jo. There was laugh-in and sing-in, and dan-cin and
glee, In Kit-ty Reid's house, In Kit-ty Reid's house; There was laugh-in and
sing-in, and dan-cin and glee, In Kit-ty Reid's house on the green, Jo.

Hech! hey! the fright that was there,
The fright that was there,
The fright that was there;
Hech! how! the fright that was there,
In Kitty Reid's house on the green, Jo.
The light glimmer'd in thro' a crack i' the wa',
An' a' body thought the lit it wad fa',
An' lads an' lasses they soon ran awa';
Frae Kitty Reid's house on the green, Jo.

Hech! hey! the dule that was there,
The dule that was there,
The dule that was there;
The birds and beasts if wauken'd them a'
In Kitty Reid's house on the green, Jo.
The wa' gaed a hurly and scatter'd them a',
The Piper, the Fidler, auld Kitty, and a';
The Kye fell a routin, the cocks they did craw,
In Kitty Reid's house on the green, Jo.

Moderato

Saw ye Johnnie comin'? quo'she; Saw ye Johnnie comin'?
 O saw ye Johnnie com in'? quo' she; Saw ye Johnnie
 com in'? Wi' a blue bon net on his head, And' his doggie
 runnin'? quo' she; And his doggie runnin'?

Fee him, father, fee him, quo'she;

Fee him, father, fee him,

For he is a gallant lad,

And a weel doin'

And a' the wark about the house

Gae's wi' me when I see him, quo'she,

Wi' me when I see him.

What will I do wi' him, hussy?

What will I do wi' him?

He's ne'er a sark upon his back,

And I ha'e nae to gie him.

I ha'e twa sarks into my kist,

And aye o' them I'll gie him;

And for a merk of mair fee

Dinna stand wi' him, quo'she;

Dinna stand wi' him.

For weel do I lo'e him, quo'she;

Weel do I lo'e him;

O fee him, father, fee him, quo'she,

Fee him, father, fee him;

Hell haud the plough, thrash in the barn,

And crack wi' me at e'en, quo'she;

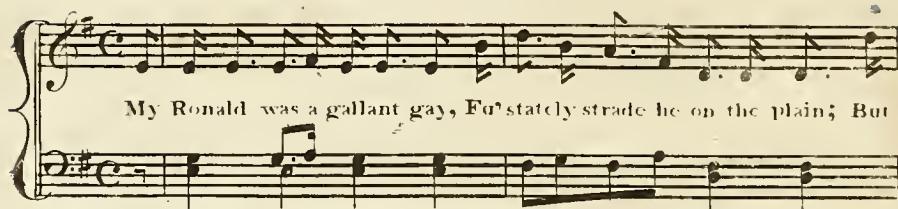
Crack wi' me at e'en.

A musical score for a voice and piano. The vocal part is in soprano C-clef, common time. The piano part is in bass F-clef, common time. The music consists of five staves of music with corresponding lyrics below each staff.

Adieu, dear stream, that smoothly glides Through woody vales and
 fer - tile plains, Where ro - sy health and peace re - sides, To
 bless the low - ly Cot - tage swains. There, oft be -neath the
 beech-en shade, Where wild flow'rs scent the pass-ing gale, I sat with
 Ma - ry, bloom-ing Maid, As Phoe - bus lin - ger'd in the dale.

No more along thy flowery side,
 I'll view the fishes eager spring
 To catch the fly, which on thy tide,
 Skims unconcern'd, with playful wing.
 Those scenes for ever I'll hold dear,
 Tho' hoary Ocean roll between,
 And oft at eve will shed the tear,
 And leave the bursting sigh unseen.

Jacobite.



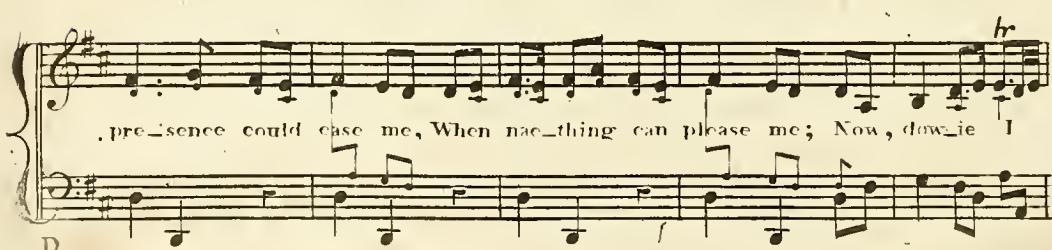
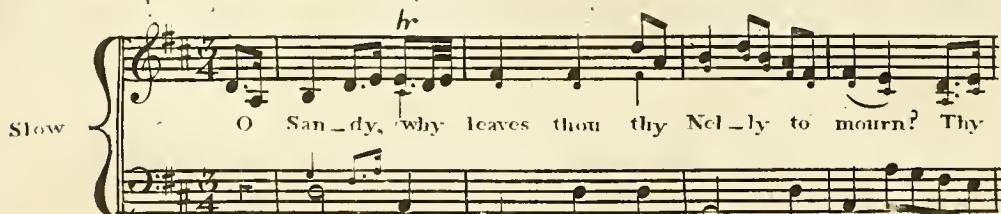
When a' the lave gae to their bed,
I wander dowie up the glen;
I set me down and greet my fill,
And ay I wish him back again.

O for him, &c.

O were some villains hangit high,
And ilka body had their ain!
Then I might see the joyfu' sight,
My Highland Ronald back again.

O for him, &c.

THRO' THE WOOD, LADDIE.



The sheet music consists of four staves of musical notation for voice and piano. The top two staves are for the voice, and the bottom two are for the piano. The key signature is G major (one sharp). The time signature varies between common time and 6/8. The vocal parts are in soprano range. The lyrics are as follows:

sigh on the banks of the burn; Or thro' the wood, lad_die, un_til thou re-
 turn. Tho' woods now are gay, and morning's so clear; While Larks are
 sing-ing, And prim_ros_es spring-ing; Yet none of them pleas-es my
 eye or my ear, When thro' the wood, lad_die, ye din-na ap-peар.
 That I am forsaken, some spare na to tell;
 I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,
 Baith evening and morning:
 Their jeering gaes ast to my heart wi' a knell,
 When thro' the wood laddie, I wander myself,
 Then stay, my dear Sandy, nie langer away,
 But quick as an arrow,
 Haste, haste here tomorrow;
 For I live in anguish, till that happy day,
 When thro' the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing and stray.

THE BRIDAL O'T.

Air—Lucy Campbell.

They say that Jockey'll speed weel o't, They say that Jockey'll
 speed weel o't; For he grows braw - er il - ka day, I hope we'll hae a
 bri - dal o't. For yes - ter - night, nae far - der gane, The
 back - house at the side wa' o't, He there wi' Meg was
 mir - den seen; I hope we'll hae a bri - dal o't.

An we had but a bridal o't,
 An we had but a bridal o't,
 Wed leave the rest unto guude luck,
 Altho' there should betide ill o't,
 For bridal days are merry times,
 And young folks like the comin o't,
 And Scribblers they bang up their rhymes,
 And Pipers they the hummin o't.

The lasses like a bridal o't,
 The lasses like a bridal o't;
 Their braws maun be in rank and file,
 Altho' that they should guide ill o't.
 The boddom o' the kist is then
 Turn'd up unto the inmost o't,
 The end that held the keeks sic clean
 Is now become the teenest o't.

The bangster at the threshing o't,
 The bangster at the threshing o't,
 Afore it comes is fiddgin fain,
 And ilka day's a clashin o't.
 The Pipers and the Fiddlers o't,
 The Pipers and the Fiddlers o't,
 Can smell a bridal unclo far,
 And like to be the middlers o't.

Andante

Gin I had a wee house an' a can-ty wee fire, A
bon-nie wee Wifie to praise an' ad-mire, A bon-nie wee
yar-die a-side a wee burn; Fare-well to the bo-dies that
you-mer an' mourn. Sae, bide ye yet, and bide ye yet, Ye
lit-tle ken what may be-tide ye yet, Some bon-nie wee bo-dy may
fa' to my lot, An' I'll aye be can-ty wi' think-in' o't.

Chorus.

||

When I gang afield and come hame at even,
I'll get my wee Wifie fu' neat an' fu' clean,
Wi'a bonny wee bairnie upon her knee,
That will cry Papa, or Daddy, to me.

Sae bide ye yet, &c.

An' if there should happen ever to be,
A diff'rence between my wee Wifie an' me,
In hearty good humour, altho' she be teaz'd,
I'll kiss her, an' clap her, until she be please'd.

Sae bide ye yet, &c.

THE DUKE OF GORDON HAS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Old Ballad.



They had not been in Aberdeen
A twelvemonth and a day,
Till Lady Jean fell in love with Capt Ogilvie,
And away with him she would gae.

Word came to the Duke of Gordon,
In the chamber where he lay,
Lady Jean has fell in love with Capt Ogilvie,
And away with him she would gae.

Go saddle me the black horse,
And you'll ride on the grey,
And I will ride to bonny Aberdeen,
Where I have been many a day.

They were not a mile from Aberdeen,
A mile but only aye,
Till he met with his two daughters walking,
But away was Lady Jean.

Where is your sister, maidens?
Where is your sister, now?
Where is your sister, maidens,
That she is not walking with you?

O pardon us, honoured father!
O pardon us! they did say,
Lady Jean is with Captain Ogilvie,
And away with him she will gae.

And when he came to Aberdeen,
And down upon the green,
There did he see Captain Ogilvie
Training up his men.

O wo to you, Captain Ogilvie,
And an ill death thou shalt die,
For taking awa my daughter Jean,
Hanged thou shalt be.

Duke Gordon has wrote a broad letter,
And sent it to the king,
To cause hang Captain Ogilvie,
If ever he hanged a man.

I will not hang Captain Ogilvie
For no lord that I see;
But I'll cause him to put off the lace and scarlet,
And put on the single livery.

Word came to Captain Ogilvie,
In the chamber where he lay,
To cast off the gold-lace and scarlet,
And put on the single livery.

If this be for bonny Jeany Gordon,
This penance I'll tak wi';
If this be for bonny Jeany Gordon
All this and mair I will dree.

Lady Jean had not been married
Not a year but only three,
Till she had a babe in ev'ry arm,
And a third upon her knee.

O, but I'm weary of wandering!
O, but my fortune is bad!
It sets not the Duke of Gordon's daughter
To follow a soldier lad.

What think ye o' the scorn - tu' quean, She'll no sit down by me? I'll
 see the day that she'll re - pine, Un - less she does a - gree. O
 she did hoot, and toot, and flout, Cause I bade her sit down; But
 the neist time that e'er I do't, I'll be whip - ped like a - loon. Wi' a
 tir - ry, whir - ry, tir - ry, whir - ry, tir - ry, whir - ry, tee; What
 think ye o' the scorn - tu' Quean, She'll no sit down by me?

I laid my head upo' my foot,
 I did na care a strac;
 I ken'd fu' weel, that in a joof
 Stand lang she wad na sae.
 At last a blythsome lass did cry,
 Come, Sandy, gir's a sang;
 O now, Meg Dorts, I'll fairly try,
 Your heart-strings for to twang.
 Wi' a tirry, &c.

TIBBIE FOWLER.

Slow

Tib-bie Fowler o' the glen, There's o'er mo-ny woo-in at her;

Tib-bie Fowler o' the glen, There's o'er mo-ny woo-in at her;

- Woo-in at her, pu-in at her, Court-in at her, can-na get her;

Sil-ly elf, it's for her pelt That a the lads are woo-in at her.

Ten came east, and ten came west,
Ten came rowin'-o'er the water,
Twa came down the lang dyke-side;
There's twa and thirty wooin at her.
Wooin at her, &c.

There's seven butt, and seven hen,
Seven in the pantry wi' her;
Twenty head about the door;
There's aye and forty wooin at her.
Wooin at her, &c.

She sits queen amang them a'

Like child expects to get her;
Gin she but let her thimble fa',
There's like to knock their heads thegither.
Wooin at her, &c.

She's got pendles in her lugs,
Cockle-shells wad set her better;
High-heel'd shoon and siller tags,
And a the lads are wooin at her.
Wooin at her, &c.

Be a lassie e'er sae black,
An' she hae the name o' siller,
Set her upon Tintock-tap,
The wind will blaw a man till her.
Wooin at her, &c.

Be a lassie e'er sae fair,
An' she want the penny siller,
A flic may tell her in the air,
Before a man be even till her.
Wooin at her, &c.

THE BONNIE EARL OF MORAY.

Ye Hi'lands and ye Lowlands, Oh! where have you been? They have
 slain the Earl of Mo-ray, And they laid him on the green! They have
 slain the Earl of Mo-ray, And they laid him on the green!

Now wae be to thee, Huntly!
 And wherefore did you sae?
 I bade you bring him wi' you,
 But forbade you him to slay.
 I bade, &c.

He was a braw gallant,
 And he rid at the ring—
 And the bonny Earl of Moray,
 Oh! he might have been a king.
 And the, &c.

He was a braw gallant,
 And he play'd at the ba'—
 And the bonny Earl of Moray,
 Was the flower amang them a'.
 And the, &c.

He was a braw gallant,
 And he play'd at the glove—
 And the bonny Earl of Moray
 Oh! he was the Queen's true love.
 And the, &c.

Oh! lang will his lady
 Look o'er the Castle Down,
 Ere she see the Earl of Moray
 Come sounding through the town.
 Ere she, &c.

The bonnie Earl of Moray, here celebrated the handsomest man of his time was
 slain by Huntly in 1592.



Robin is my ain' good-man, O! match him ear-lins, gin ye
can, For ilk an' whit-est thinks her swan,, But kind Robin loes me,
To mak my boast I'll e'en be bauld, For Robin's loed me young an' auld, In
sim-mer's heat and win-ter's cauld My kind Robin loes me.
Robin he comes hame at een,
Wi' pleasure glancin in his een:
He tells me a' he's heard an' seen,
And syne how he loes me.
There's some hae land, and some hae gowd,
And some wad hae them gin they cou'd,
But a' I wish 'e' world's guid
Is Robin aye' to 'lo'e me.

THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS.

Chorus.

Little wat ye wha's com-ing, Little wat ye wha's com-ing,

Little wat ye whas com-ing, Jock and Tam and a's com-ing.

Dun-can's com-ing, Don-al-d's coming, Co-lin's coming, Ron-al-d's com-ing,

Dougal'd's com-ing, Lauchlin's com-ing, A-lis-ter and a's coming. End with the Chor'

The Laird o' Mac-Intosh is comin,
M^r Crabie and M^r Leod is comin,
M^r Kenzie and M^r Pherson's comin,
And a' the wild M^r Crows comin.
Hark how the Clans are erying!
See how the plaids are flying!
There's Keppoch, and Clanronald,
Wi' a' the Sandies, and the Donalds.

Atholes men they are comin,
Perth's men they are comin,
Glengary's men they're comin,
And a' the noble Grants are comin.
The strang, the great, are comin on,
Lochiel, Lovat, Fergusson,
Appin, Cluny, and Maclean,
The big, the wee, the fat, the lean.

Nithsdale's comin, Kenmure's comin,
Derwentwater and Foster's comin,
Borland and Mac-Gregor's comin,
Mac-Gillavry and a's comin.
Mony a bonny Lord I see,
Cromarty and Ogilvie,
Lewie Gordon and Glenbucket,
The Whigs were never in sic a racket.

Wigton, Nairne, Withrington,
Earl Mar, depend upon,
There's Elcho, and Balmerino,
Kilmarnock's band we a' know;
Brave Kenmure he's comin,
Carnwarth he is runnin,
Primrose too o' Dunnypaice,
And mony mair will rin' the race.

Lords and Lairds, and a's comin,
Borland and his men's comin;
Blythe Cowhill he is comin,
And ilka Dunnystile's comin,
Hark, now, the clans are near!
Wi' Pipers playing loud and clear,
The Whigs will find its nae fun,
When they fa' in wi' Donald Gun.

O! bravely do the lads fight,
Whan they ken they're in the right;
And, oh! it is a bonny sight
To see the hieland Clans comin!
They glow, they glowr, they luik sae big,
At every stroke they fell a whig—
They maun rin, or they'll be dead,
For a' the hieland Clans are comin.

O, we're a' noddin, nid nid noddin; O, we're a' nod-din at

our house at hame. How's a' wit ye, kimmer? And how do ye thrive? And how

mony bairns ha'e ye now? — Bairns I ha'e five. And are they a' at hame wi' ye?

Na, na, na; For twa o' them's a-herdin aye, Sir Jamie gaed a-wa: And we're

a' noddin, nid nid noddin; O, we're a' noddin at our house at hame.

Granny nods at the neuk, and fends as she may,
And brags that well ne'er be what she's been in her day.
Vow! but she was bonnie, and vow! but she was braw,
And she had routh o' woos ance, I's warrant, great an' sma':
And we're a' noddin, &c.

Weary fa' Kate, that she winna nod too;
She sits it the corner suppin' at the broo;
And when the bit bairnies wad' een ha'e their share,
She gife's them the ladle, but ne'er a drap's there:
For she's aye noddin, &c.

Now, fareweel, kimmer, and weel may ye thrive;
They say th' French is rinnin' fort, and we'll ha'e peace belyve.*
The bear's it the brier, and the hay's it the stack,
And a' will be right wi's gin Jamie were cum back:
For we're a' noddin, &c.

THE
SCOTTISH MINSTREL
A SELECTION
from the
VOCAL MELODIES OF SCOTLAND
ANCIENT & MODERN
ARRANGED FOR THE
PIANO FORTÉ
— BY —
R. A. SMITH.

VOL. 5



Ent'd at Stat. Hall.

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Warehouse, No^o 70 Princes Street.*

ADVERTISEMENT TO VOLUME FIFTH.

IN undertaking the present work, the Editors did not anticipate that it would occupy more than Three Volumes; but, as they proceeded, the materials increased upon their hands, and, from their copiousness and value, they were induced so far to depart from their original design as to publish a Supplementary Volume. To a similar cause, joined with the flattering manner in which the previous Volumes have been received by the public, the Fifth Volume of the Scottish Minstrel now owes its appearance. They regret however to say, that even this addition, notwithstanding the pains they have taken in selection, does not embrace all they could wish to preserve of their collected materials. To fulfil their own wishes in this respect, and at the same time to give the public the most ample and best collection of Scottish Song Melodies yet extant, another Volume would still be necessary. Probably, at some future period, they may resume their labours, with the view of accomplishing this desirable object; and they have the most sanguine hopes of success, from the powerful co-operation and assistance they have been promised by Mr Smith and others of their best friends.

In this and the preceding Volumes will be found many little airs and fragments of song which have been collected with incredible industry in various parts of Scotland, and which are now, for the first time, given to the public in a shape less perishable than that of oral tradition.

With regard to their own opinion of the intrinsic merit of these genuine relics of ages long passed away, the Editors have nothing to add to what they have already expressed in the Preface to the First Volume. They flatter themselves, however, that many who cannot estimate the pains taken in recovering these pure effusions of nature, may yet relish the beautiful, simple, and unaffected pathos which pervades them. It would be unjust, were they in this place to omit mentioning how much they have been indebted to Mr Smith for his indefatigable exertions in collecting many of the airs and ballads in question; and they take the liberty of extracting a few sentences from one of his letters on the subject, which, more than any thing they themselves can say, will evince the share he has had in enriching the work, and the part he has uniformly taken in promoting its best interests.

“ With reference to many of the Jacobite songs I have occasionally sent you, I
“ formerly mentioned that the greater number was faithfully noted from the
“ singing and recitation of Alister M‘Alpine, a very old man who lived in the
“ neighbourhood of Kilbarchan. I am truly sorry to inform you, that death has
“ now deprived me of that almost exhaustless fund of song. Poor Alister died in
“ winter last. The retentiveness of his memory, for one of such advanced years,
“ was truly astonishing; and the enthusiasm and sincerity of feeling with which

“ he sung these old snatches in favour of the ‘ Rightful King,’ as he was wont to “ call the unfortunate Chevalier, seldom failed of awakening a sympathetic chord “ in the bosom of the hearer.—Several of the Highland melodies, which I believe “ have never been printed, were obtained from various sources ;—some are the “ fruits of my own peregrinations through different parts of the Western High- “ lands ;—and others have been sent to me by musical friends with whom I have “ been in habits of correspondence for some time past. Among those to whom I “ am indebted for some of the finest airs in the collection, I cannot help mention- “ ing Mr Alan Ker, jun. of Greenock, and Mr John Malcolm of Dunfermline. “ Both of these gentlemen have, by their industrious research and enthusiastic “ ardour, happily succeeded in rescuing many a perishable memorial of forgotten “ song.

“ Of the songs and melodies which will appear in the Fifth Volume, several “ were taken down literally from the singing, or crooning, of Janet Gillespie, an “ old woman yet living in the parish of Kilmalcolm. One of these I may parti- “ cularize, namely, ‘ The Covenanter’s Lament,’ as being, in my opinion, an ex- “ cellent song of its kind. The words to which the melody is allied do not seem “ of any antiquity, but they are as I received them :—the last stanza certainly “ contains a pretty sprinkling of real poetry :

‘ The martyrs’ hill’s forsaken,
‘ In simmer’s dusk sae calm,
‘ There’s nae gathering now, lassie,
‘ To sing the e’ening psalm ;
‘ But the martyr’s grave will rise, lassie,
‘ Aboon the warrior’s cairn,
‘ An’ the martyr soun’ will sleep, lassie,
‘ Aneath the waving fern.’

“ I have many other pieces yet in my possession, which, if ever the work should “ embrace a Sixth Volume, I have no hesitation in saying, you will find as inter- “ esting as any yet given.”

Thus far have we ventured to account for the number of little airs interspersed through this collection, which have been gleaned from many various sources with the greatest fidelity, and which are now published, for the first time, in the fond hope of thereby contributing no inconsiderable addition to the melody of Caledonia.

As to the standard airs in this collection, the Editors have invariably preferred the sets that appeared to them to be the most original and unmixed, and that in no instance have they ventured (*partly*) to compose them, as has been lately done by some, who have had the presumption to give their own garbled sets of well-known Scotch melodies, and thereby to rob the music of those strong traits of national character which constitute its principal charm.

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MY DADDY IS A CANKER'D CARLE.

1

Air. Low down in the broom.

My daddy is a canker'd carle, Hell'nae twine wi' his gear, My

minny she's a scolding wife Hands a' the house a-steer; But

let them do, or let them say, It's a' aye to me, For he's

low down, he's in the broom, that's waiting for me. Waiting on me my love, He's

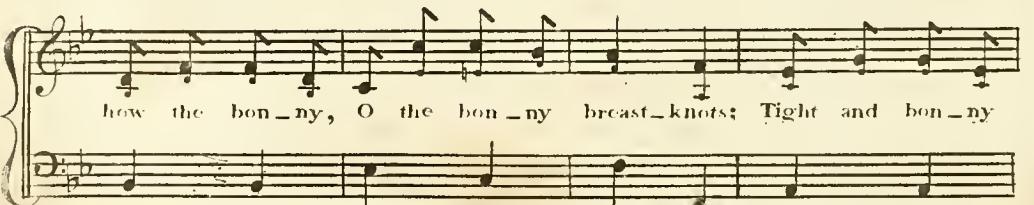
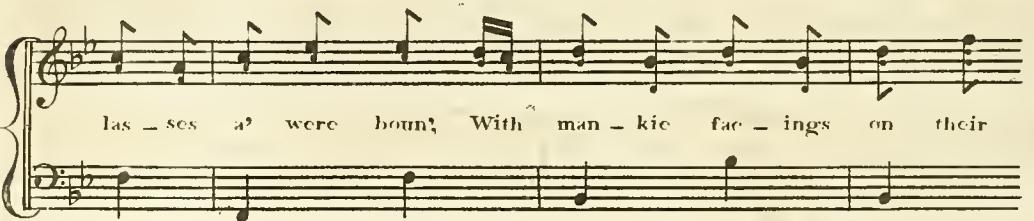
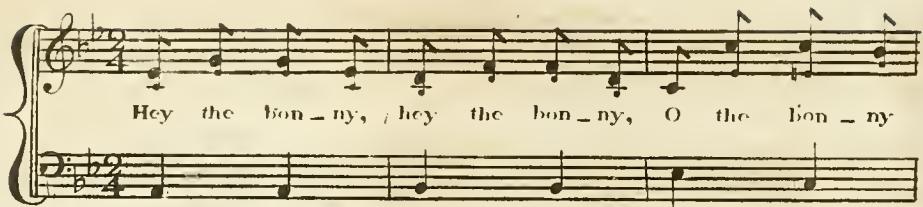
waiting on me; For he's low down, he's in the broom, That's waiting on me.

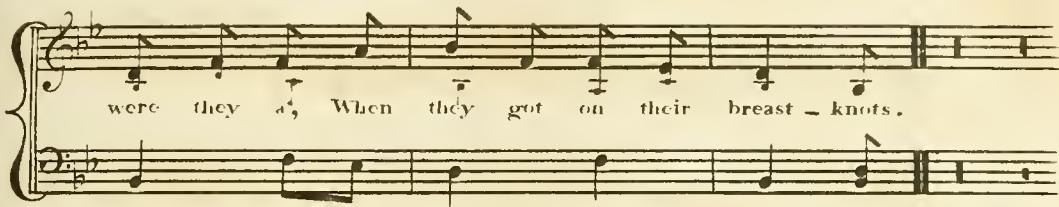
My auntie Kate sits at her wheel,
And sair she lighties me;
But weel ken I it's a envy,
For ne'er a jo has she.
But let them, &c.

My cousin Kate was sair beguiled
Wi' Johnny i' the glen;
And aye sinsyne, she cries "Beware
Of false deluding men."
But let them, &c.

Gleed Sandy he came west ae night,
And spier'd when I saw Pate;
And aye sinsyne the neighbours round,
They jeer me ear' and late.
But let them, &c.

THE BONNIE BREAST-KNOTS.





At nine o'clock the lads conveen,
Some clad in blue, some clad in green,
Wi' glancing buckles in their sheen,
And flowers upon their waistcoats.

Hey the bonny, &c.

Forth came the wives a' wi' a phrase,
And wish'd the lassie happy days,
And muckle thought they o' her claise,
And especially the breast-knots.

Hey the bonny, &c.

Next, down their breakfast it was set,
Some barley-dippies of milk-meat,
It leaped them, it was sae hot,
As soon as they did taste o't.

Hey the bonny, &c.

When ilka ane had claw'd their plate,
The piper lad he looked blate;
Altho' they said, that he should eat,
I trow, he lost the best o't.

Hey the bonny; &c.

Syne forth they got a' wi' a loup,
O'er creels, and deals and a'did coup,
Cry'd for a spring to raise their houp,
The bride she sought the breast-knot.

Hey the bonny, &c.

Fan they ty'd up their marriage band,
At the bridegroom's they neist did land,
Forth cam auld Madge wi' her split mawn,
And bread and cheese a hist o't.

Hey the bonny, &c.

She took a quarter and a third,
And on the bride's head gae a gird,
Till Earls flew athort the yird,
And parted round the rest o't.

Hey the bonny, &c.

The bride then by the hand they took,
Twice, thrice they led her round the crook;
Some said, goodwife, weel mat ye brook,
And some great count they cast not.

Hey the bonny, &c.

A' ran to kilns and barns in ranks,
Some sat on deals, and some on planks,
The piper lad stood on his shanks,
And dirled up the breast-knot.
Hey the bonny, &c.

POLWART ON THE GREEN.

'Twas summer tide, the Cus-hat sang His amorous round-de-lay, An-

dews, like clus-ter'd dia-monds, hung On flow'r and leaf-y spray. The

cov-er-let of gloam-in' grey On ev'-ry thing was seen, When

lads and lasses took their way To Pol-wart on the green.

The spirit-moving dance went on,
And harmless revelry
Of young hearts all in unison
Wi' love's soft witcherie;
Their ha' the open daisled lea,—
While, frae the welkin sheen,
The moon shone brightly in the glee
At Polwart on the green.

Dark een and raven curls were there,
And cheeks o' rosy hue,
And finer forms without compare
Than pencil ever drew;
But aye wi' een o' bonnie blue,
A' hearts contest the queen
And pride o' grace and beauty too,
At Polwart on the green.

The miser hoards his gouden store,
And kings dominion gain;
While others in the battle's roar
For honour's gewgaws strain.
Avant, such pleasures! false and vain—
Far dearer mine has been!
Among the lowly rural train
At Polwart on the green.

THERE WAS A LAD WAS BORN IN KYLIE.

Air. O gin ye were dead Gudeman.

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The first staff starts with a treble clef, common time, and a key signature of C major. The lyrics begin with "There was a lad was born in Kyle, But what-na day, or what-na". The second staff continues with a treble clef, common time, and a key signature of F# major. The lyrics continue with "style, I doubt its hardly worth the while To be sae nice wi' Ro-bin. For". The third staff begins with a treble clef, common time, and a key signature of C major. The lyrics continue with ". Ro-bin was a ro-vin boy, A ran-tin ro-vin, ran-tin ro-vin;". The fourth staff begins with a treble clef, common time, and a key signature of F# major. The lyrics continue with "Ro-bin was a ro-vin boy; O ran-tin ro-vin Ro-bin."

Our monarch's hindmaist year but aye
 Was five and twenty days begun;
 'Twas then a blast o' Janwar win'
 Blew hanSEL in on Robin.
 For Robin, &c.

The gossip keekit in his loof;
 Quo' scho, wha lieves will see the proof,
 This waly boy will be nae coo!,
 I think we'll ca' him Robin.
 For Robin, &c.

"He'll hae mistortunes great and sma',
 But ay a heart aboon them a';
 He'll be a credit till us a';
 We'll a' be proud o' Robin!"
 For Robin, &c.

RED IS THE ROSE AND BONNIE, O.

Air, Broom blooms bonnie.

How sweet the rose blows, it fades and it fä; Red is the rose and

bon-nie O: It brings to my mind what my dear John-nie

was; So bloom'd, so cut off was my John-nie, O.

Now peace is return'd, but nae joy brings to me;

Red is the rose and bonnie, O:
For cold is his cheek, and clos'd is his e'e,
And nae mair beats the heart o' my Johnnie, O.

Ah! why did he love me, and leave these sweet plains;
Red is the rose and bonnie, O:

Where smil'ng contentment and peace ever reigns,
But they'll ne'er bloom again for my Johnnie, O.

Nor to me will their beauties e'er pleasure impart;
Red is the rose and bonnie, O:

For sunk is my spirits, and broken my heart;
Soon I'll meet ne'er to part frae my Johnnie, O.

THE FLOWER OF LEVERN SIDE.

Ye sun-ny braes, that skirt the Clyde Wi' summer flow'r's saebraw, There's

ae sweet flow'r on Levern side, That's fairer than' them a'. Yet
 aye it droops its head in wae, REGARDLESS o' the sunny ray, And
 wastes its sweets, frae day to day, Beside the lanely shaw; WI
 leaves a' steep'd in sorrow's dew, Fause, cruel man, it seems to rue, Wha
 all the sweet-est flow'r will pu', Then rend its heart in twa.

Thou bonnie flow'r on Levern side,
 O gin thou'l be but mine!
 I'll tend thee wi' a lover's pride,
 WI' love that ne'er shall tire.
 I'll take thee to my shel'ring bow'r,
 And shield thee frae the heating shaw'r;
 Unharm'd by ought, thou'l bloom secure
 Frae a' the blasts that blaw.
 Thy charms surpass the crimson dye
 That streaks the glowing western sky;
 But here, unshaded, soon thou'l die,
 And tane will be thy fa'.

HARD IS THE FATE OF HIM WHO LOVES.



pain But to the sym-pa-thet-ic groves, But to the lonely list'ning plain. Oh!

when she blesses next your shade; Oh! when her footsteps next are seen, In

flow'ry tracts along the mead, In fresh'er maizes o'er the green.

Ye gentle spirits of the vale,
To whom the tears of love are dear,
From dying lilies walt a gale,
And sigh my sorrows in her ear.
Oh! tell her, what she cannot blame,
Tho' tear my tongue must ever bind;
Oh! tell her, that my virtuous flame
Is as her spotless soul refin'd.

Not her own guardian angel eyes
With chaster tenderness his care;
Not purer her own wishes rise;
Not holier her own sighs in pray'r.
But if, at first, her virgin tear
Should start at love's suspected name,
With that of friendship soothe her ear;
True love and friendship are the same.

FAREWELL TO GLEN-SHALLOCH.

Air, Bodhan an Eassain.

Farewell to Glen-shalloch, A farewell for ev-er! Farewell to my

wee cot, That stands by the riv-er. The fall is loud sounding In voices that

va-ry, And the ee-hoes sur-round-ing La-ment with my Ma-ry.

I saw her last night,
 'Mid the rocks that enclose them,
 With a babe at her knee
 And a babe at her bosom:
 I heard her sweet voice
 In the depth of my slumber,
 And the song that she sang
 Was of sorrow and cumber.

"Sleep sound, my sweet babe,
 There is nought to alarm thee;
 The sons of the valley
 No power have to harm thee.
 I'll sing thee to rest
 In the balloch untrodden,
 With a coronach sad
 For the slain of Culloden.

"The brave were betrayed,
 And the tyrant is daring
 To trample and waste us,
 Un pitying, unsparing.
 Thy mother no voice has,
 No feeling that changes,
 No word, sign, or song,
 But the lesson of vengeance."

"I'll tell thee, my son,
 How our laurels are withering;
 I'll gird on thy sword
 When the Clansmen are gathering;
 I'll bid them go forth
 In the cause of true honor,
 And never return
 Till thy country hath won her.

"Our tow'r of devotion
 Is the home of the reaver;
 The pride of the ocean
 Is fallen for ever:
 The pine of the forest,
 That time could not weaken,
 Is trod in the dust,
 And its honours are shaken."

"Rise spirits of yore,
 Ever dauntless in danger,
 For the land that was yours
 Is the land of the stranger.
 O come from your caverns,
 All bloodless and hoary!
 And these fiends of the valley
 Shall tremble before ye?"

BLUE BONNETS.

Air, Blue Bonnets over the border.

with
Spirit.

March, March, Et trick and Te vi ot date! Why, my lads,



din na ye march for ward in or der? March, March, Eskdale and Liddesdale!

all the blue bon nets are o ver the bor der. Ma ny a ban ner spread

flut ters a bove your head, Ma ny a crest that is fa mous in sto ry.

Mount and make ready then, Sons of the mountain glen, Fight for your Queen & the

2d Verse.

old Scot-ish bor der. Come from the hills where your hir-sels are graz ing;

Come from the glen of the buck and the roe; Come to the crag where the

beacon is blazing; Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.

Trumpets are sounding, War steeds are bounding, Stand to your arms, and

march in good order; Eng-land shall ma-ny a day Tell of the

blood-y tray, When the blue bon-nets came o-ver the bor-der.

SAFTLY THE GENTLE BREEZE. Same Air.

Saltly the gentle breeze, steals thro' the leafy trees,
 Down rins the burnie winding sae clearly;
 The linnet sings on the tree, the lark soaring up sae hie,
 When in the even' I meet wi' my dearie,
 Broadly the setting sun his daily race has run,
 Gilding the lofty hills, blooming sae cheerie;
 Ilka field yellow seen, meadows sae lovely green.
 When in the even' I meet wi' my dearie,

At the appointed hour I haste to the birken bow'r,
 Nature all gleaming, nature all cheerie;
 The eastern star appears, whilst spread the rosy briers,
 When in the even' I meet wi' my dearie,
 Can there be aught sae sweet, as when true lovers meet,
 Meet at the trysting spot happy and cheerie;
 Love dances in her ee, truth and sincerity,
 When in the even' I meet wi' my dearie.

THE HILL OF LOCHIEL.

Long have I pined for thee, Land of my in-fan-ty! Now will I
 kneel on thee, Hill of Lochiel! Hill of the sturdy steer,
 Hill of the roe and deer, Hill of the stream-let clear, I love thee well.

When in my youthful prime,
 Correi and crag to climb,
 Or towering cliff sublime,
 Was my delight.
 Sealing the eagle's nest,
 Wounding the raven's breast,
 Skimming the mountain's crest,
 Gladsome and light.

When, at the break of morn,
 Proud o'er thy temples borne,
 Kythed the red-deer's horn,
 How my heart beat!
 Then, when with stuoned leap
 Roll'd he adown the steep,
 Never did hero reap
 Conquest so great.

Then rose a bolder game,
 Young Charlie Stuart came;
 Cameron, that loyal name,
 Foremost must be.
 Hard then our warrior need,
 Glorious our warrior deed,
 'Till we were doom'd to bleed
 By treachery.

Then did the red blood stream,
 Then was the broad sword's gleam
 Quench'd in fair freedom's beam,
 No more to shine;
 Then was the morning's brow
 Red with the fiery glow,
 Fell hall and hamlet low,
 All that were mine.

Then was our maiden young,
 First eye in battle strong,
 Fir'd at her Prince's wrong,
 Forc'd to give way.
 Broke was the golden cup,
 Gone Caledonia's hope;
 Faithful and true men drop
 Fast in the clay.

Far in a hostile land,
 Stretch'd on a foreign strand,
 Oft has the tear-drop bland
 Scorch'd as it fell.
 Once was I spurn'd from thee,
 Long have I mourn'd for thee,
 Now I'm return'd to thee,
 Hill of Lochiel.

THE THISTLE OF SCOTIA.

Air, The Thistle.

With
Energy.

The musical score consists of five staves of music in G major, 6/8 time. The vocal line is in soprano C-clef, and the piano accompaniment is in bass F-clef. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal line. The first staff begins with the instruction 'With Energy.' The lyrics are as follows:

Let the lily of France in lux-u-ri-ance wave, Let the
 sham-rock of Erin its beau-ty main-tain, Let the rose of Fair
 Eng-land still waltz its per-fume, But the this-tle of Sco-tia will
 dear-est re-main. To Sco-tia her this-tle, Her broad wav-ing
 this-tle, The ev-er green this-tle, will dear-est re-main.

'Twas the badge that our fathers triumphantly wore,
 When they followed their sovereigns to vanquish the Dane,
 The emblem our Wallace in battle aye bore —
 Then the thistle of Scotland must dearest remain,
 To Scotia her thistle, &c.

It blooms on our mountains, it blooms in the vale,
 It blooms in the winter, in snow and in rain;
 The type of her sons when rude seasons assail,
 To Scotia her thistle will dearest remain,
 To Scotia her thistle, &c.

A PUIR MITHERLESS WEAN.

Sheet. { If ye ever rejoic'd in the sweets o' a hame; If ye


(espress.)

mither-less! O pi-ty, kind stran-ger, for ance, like
 thee, I was and on a hap-py fam-i-lic!

I' the mornin' we raise wi' the loud-liltin' lark,
 When he dried his dewy wings in the young sun-beam;
 An' wi' hearts fu' o' love, sent our praise up to heaven,
 An' our prayers for what to Him best might seem;
 An' she that's awa— wi' ane uplifted ee—
 Sought the blessin' o' the Lord on our industrie.

An' day-lang we toiled, but we never repined,—

Our dear mither lo'ed us, our father aye was kind,
An' our hearts, then a' pure, were as light as the down

O' the thistle, whan it frolics wi' the wayward wind;
Whatever Heaven sent, we were gladsome to see,—
An' we ne'er thought our day's daurk a drudgerie.

An' when gloamin' cam on, nicht's dark harbinger,
O! then cam the hours o' our innocent mirth,
When we gather'd wi' joy 'neath our e'en's lowly roof —

An' wi' faces a' smilin' encircled the hearth.—
An' beguild the e'en wi' tales o' the deeds that wont to be,
Or wi' sangs o' our kintra's auld minstrelsies.

An' O! it was sweet, when the nicht was gane,
To raise high the holy Psalmodie.

An' to read, in the heuk, o' the lufe o' our God,
An' to kneel to him reverentlie;
An' to bless his name, wha has sworn to be
The puir man's God continuallie.

But, wae's my sad heart! thae bricht days are a' gane,
An' a lang nicht o' sorrow an' sadness is nigh;
For the finger o' death touch'd the face o' my mither,
An' her well-spring o' life dribblet dry;
An' she slippet awa, like the mists that ye see
Stealin' upward to heaven sae bonnilie.

An' ere spring had spread its green owre her grave,
An' unco woman sat in her auld arm chair;
His new wife, father ca'd her — an' he said she wad ha'e
A mither's lufe for us — an' a kind mither's care: —
O how could she e'er be a mither to me,
That spak' o' the dead sae scornfullie!

Fu' sun on our stools her ain bairns were a' planted
Round the ingle, that erst burnt sae chearlie;
An' frae hame we were driven — and the door barr'd against us
To drift through a wild warld, wearlie;
An' O sad are the days that the wretched maun drie,
Wha wander thro' the warld a' friendlesslie!

If ye ever rejoiced in the sweets o' a hame;
If ye still ha'e a mither to lufe an' to bless;
O pity, kind stranger, a puir beggar wean,
That has nae hame to seek — and is mitherless!
O pity, kind stranger, and frae heaven high,
The God o' the puir will bless thy charitie!

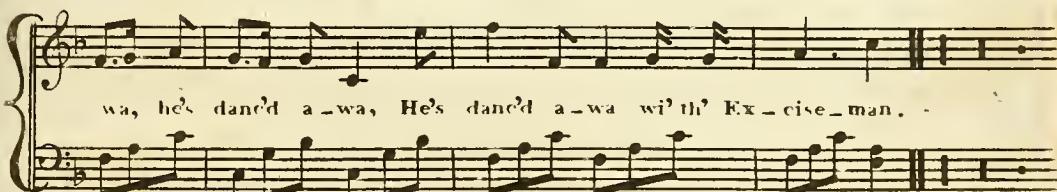
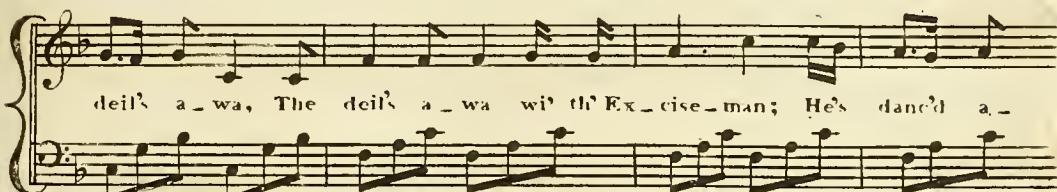
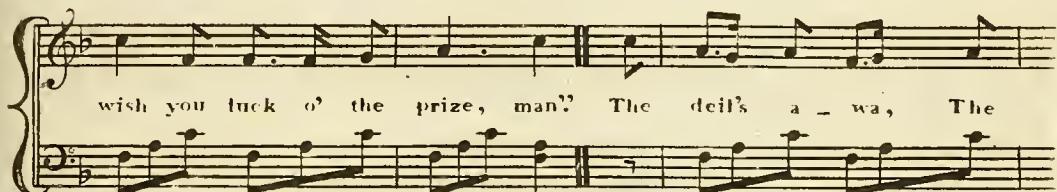
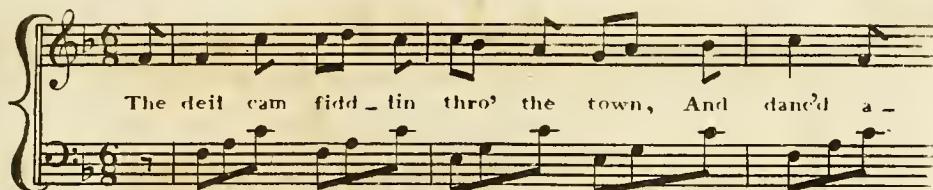
THE BRAES OF MAR.

The standard, on the braes o' Mar, Is up and stream-ing
rare-ly; The gath'-ring pipe, on Loch-na-gar, Is
sound-ing lang and sair-ly. The High-land-men Frae
hill and glen, In mar-tial hue, Wi' bon-net blue, Wi'
bel-ted plaids, And bur-nish'd blades, Are com-ing late and ear-ly.

Wha wadna join our noble chief,
The Drummond and Glengary,
Macgregor, Murray, Rollo, Keith,
Pannure, and gallant Harry.

Macdonald's men,
Clan-Ronald's men,
Mackenzie's men,
Macgillvary's men,
Strathallan's men,
The lowlan' men
O! Callander and Airlie.

Fy! Donald, up and let's awa,
We canna langer parley,
When Jamie's back is at the wa',
The lad we lde sae dearly,
We'll go — we'll go
An' meet the foe,
An' fling the plaid,
An' swing the blade,
An' forward dash,
An' hack an' slash —
An' leg the German carlie.



Well mak our maut and well brew our drinks,

Well laugh, sing, and rejoice, man;
And mony braw thanks to the mickle black deil,
That danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman.
The deil's awa, &c.

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,
There's hornpipes and strathspeys man,
But the ae best dance e'er cam to the land
Was the deil's awa wi' the Exciseman.
The deil's awa, &c.

TULLOCHGORUM.

With
Spirit.

"Come gie's a sang," Montgom'ry cried, "And lay your disputes all aside; What



nonsense 'tis for folk to chide, For what was done be-fore them. Let

whig and to-ry all a-gree, Whig and to-ry, whig and to-ry,

Whig and to-ry all a-gree, To drop their whig-meg-morum. Let

whig and to-ry all a-gree To spend the night wi' mirth and glee, And

cheer-ful sing, and dance wi' me, The reel o' Tull-loch-go-rum;

Tullochgorum's my delight,
It gars us a' in aine unite,
And ony sumph that keeps up spite
In conscience I abhore him.
Blythe and merry we's be a',
Blythe and merry, blythe and merry,
Blythe and merry we's be a',
And make a cheerfu' quorum.
Blythe and merry we's be a',
As lang as we hae breath to draw,
And dance, till we be like to fa',
The reel o' Tullochgorum.

There needna be sae great a phraize
Wi' droning dull Italian lays;
I wadna gife our ain Strathspeys
For half a hundred score o' em;
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Douff and dowie, douff and dowie,
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Wi' a' their variorum;
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Their allegro's and a' the rest,
They cannot please a Highland taste,
Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

But for the discontented fool,
Who wants to be oppression's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
And discontent devour him.
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
And honest souls abhore him;
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
And a' the ills that come frae France,
Who'er he be, that winna dance
The reel o' Tullochgorum!

Let wardly minds themselves opprest,
Wi' fear of want and double cess,
And silly souls themselves distress,
Wi' keeping up decorum.
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Like juld philosophorum?
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth nor wit,
And canna rise, to shake a fit,
At the reel o' Tullochgorum.

May choicest blessing's still attend
Each honest-hearted open friend,
And calm and quiet be his end;
Be a' that's gude before him!
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
May peace and plenty be his lot,
And dainties, a great store o' em;
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstain'd by any vicious blot;
And may he never want a groat
That's fond o' Tullochgorum.

HIGHLAND LADDIE.

The bonniest lad that e'er I saw, Bonnie lad-die,
 highland lad-die, Wore a plaid and was fu' braw, Bonnie highland lad-die.
 On his head' a bonnet blue, Bonnie lad-die, highland lad-die; His
 loyal heart was firm and true, Bonnie highland lad-die.

Trumpets sound and cannons roar,

Bonnie lassie, lawland lassie,

And at the hills wi' echos roar,

Bonnie lawland lassie.

Glory, honour, now invite,

Bonnie lassie, lawland lassie,

For freedom and my king to fight,

Bonnie lawland lassie.

The sun a backward course shall take,

Bonnie laddie, highland laddie,

Ere ought thy manly courage shake;

Bonnie highland laddie.

Go, for yoursel procure renown,

Bonnie laddie, highland laddie,

And for your lawful king his crown,

Bonnie highland laddie.

A morn last o'w'ks I gaed out To flit a teather'd ewe and lamb, I
met, as skiffin' ower the green, A jolly rantin' Highland-man. His
shape was neat, wi' feature sweet, An' ilk a smile my fa-vour wau'd I
ne'er had seen sae braw a lad, As this young rantin' Highland-man.

He said "my dear, ye're soon a steer,
Can ye to hear the tay-rocks sang?
O wad ye gae alang wi' me,
An' wed a rantin' Highlandman?
In simmer days on flow'ry braes,
When frisky is the ewe an' lamb,
I'se row ye in my tartan plaid,
Sync be yere rantin' Highlandman.

"With heather bells that finely smells,
I'll deck yere hair sae fair an' lang,
It yell consent to scour the bent
Wi' me, a rantin' Highlandman.
We'll big a cot an' buy a stock,
Syne do the best that e'er we can;
Then come, my dear, ye needna fear
To trust a rantin' Highlandman."

His words, so smart, gade to my heart,
And fain I wad a gien my han',
Yet durstna least my mither shold
Dislike a rantin' Highlandman;
But I expect he will come back,
Then, tho' my kin wad scould an' ban',
I'll o'er the hill, or where he will,
Wi' my young rantin' Highlandman.

O NANCY'S HAIR IS YELLOW LIKE GOW'D.

Old Border Melody.

Slowly

Oh Nancy's hair is yellow like gowd, An' her e'en, like the lilt, are

blue; Her face is the i-mage o' heav'n-ly luve, An' her heart is leal an't true.

The innocent smile that plays on her cheek,
Is like the dawning morn;
An't the red, red blush, that across it flees,
Is sic as the rose ne'er has worn.

If it's sweet to see the flickerin' smile
Licht up her sparklin' e'e,
It's holier far to see it dim'd
Wit' the gushin' tear's saut bree.

'Twas na for a faithless luve's fause vows,
Nor a brither upo' the wave,
That I saw them fa'— no, they were drapt
On an aged father's grave.

Tho' joy may dimple her bonnie mou',
An' dalfin may banish care,
In nae blythsome mood, nor hour o' bliss,
Will these een e'er glint sae fair.



THE SUN IN THE WEST.

The sun in the west fa's to rest in the e'en-in', ilk morn-in' blinks

cheer-fu'-nó-pón the green lea, But aye on the pil-low o'

sorrow ay leanin', Nae mornin', nae e'en-in', brings pleasure to me! O

wae-fu' the part-in', when, smilin' at danger, Young Alan left

Scot-tia to meet wi' the foe! Cauld, cauld, now he lies in a

land a-mang stran-gers, Frae friends and frae Hielan' for ev-er a-way!

As the aik on the mountain resists the blast rairin,

Sae did he the brunt o' the battle sustain,

Till treach'ry arrested his courage sae darin,

And laid him pale, lifeless, upon the drear plain!

Cauld winter the flower divests o' its eleiden,

In summer again it blooms bonnie to see;

But naething, alas! can hale my heart bleedin'

Drear winter remaining for ever wi' me!

Air, The Days of Langsyne.

Slow.

The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time, key signature of one flat. The vocal part is in soprano range, and the piano accompaniment provides harmonic support. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the vocal line in each section.

When war had broke in on the peace of auld men, And frae Chelsea to
 arms they were summon'd a-gain, Twas veterans, grown grey, wi' their muskets sair
 foild, Wi' a sigh, were relating how hard they had toil'd. The drum it was
 beating, to fight they incline, But ay they look'd back to the days of langsyne.

Eh! Davie, man, weill thou remembers the time,
 When twa brisk young callands, and just in our prime,
 The prince led us, conquer'd, and shaw'd us the way,
 And mony a braw chield we turn'd cauld on that day,
 Still again I would venture this auld trunk of mine,
 Cauld our General but lead, and we fight as langsyne.

But garrison duty is a' we can do,
 Tho' our arms are worn weak yet our hearts are still true;
 We car'd na for dangers by land, or by sea,
 For time is turn'd coward, and no you and me;
 And tho' at our fate we may sadly repine,
 Youth winna return, nor the strength of langsyne.

When after our conquests, it joys me to mind,
 How thy Jane carress'd thee, and my Meg ws kind;
 They shar'd of our danger, tho' ever so hard,
 And we car'd na for plunder when sic our reward;
 Even now they're resolv'd baith their hames to resign,
 And will share the hard fate they were us'd to langsyne.

JOCKEY'S TA'EN THE PARTING KISS.

Air, Jockey's Farewell.

The sheet music consists of four staves of musical notation for voice and piano. The top staff has a treble clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are:

Jock-ey's ta'en the par-ting kiss, O'er the moun-tain he is gane;
 And with him is a' my bliss, Nought but griefs with me re-main.
 Spare my love, ye winds that blow, Plash-y sleet-s and beat-ing rain;
 Spare my love, thou leath-ry snow, Drift-ing o'er the frozen plain.

When the shades of evening' creep
 O'er the day's fair gladsome eve,
 Sound and safely may he sleep,
 Sweetly blythe his waukening' be.
 He will think on her he loves,
 Fondly he'll repeat her name;
 For whare'er he distant roves
 Jockey's heart is still at home.

WHEN WE TWO PARTED.

Air, When Januar winds was blowing cauld.

Slow.

When we two parted, on thy cheek The young moon-beam fell soft and meek,
And the flower was budding on the lea, Wher last I breath'd "Fare-well to thee!"

But thou wert number'd with the dead,
Before that moon had wax'd and fled;
And ere the flower had lost its bloom,
The midnight dews were on thy corse.

I saw thee not in that last hour
Which gave thee to the victor's power,
Nor heard the last recorded sigh
That 'scap'd thee in thine agony.

When thou wert borne upon thy bier,
I was not with the mourners near! —
Where tears and dust wert stréwd o'er thee,
Alas! that was no place for me!

The warmest heart that ever beat
Lies cold beneath the winding-sheet!
The fairest form earth ever knew,
Is vanish'd like the morning dew!

A MOMENT PAUSE, YE BRITISH FAIR.⁹

Air, Tell me Jessy.

A moment pause, ye British fair, While pleasure's phantom ye pursue; And

⁹ Written by a Lady, shortly after the battle of Waterloo, on seeing in a list of new music, "The Waterloo Waltz."

say, it sprightly dance or air, Suit with the name of Waterloo?

Awful was the victory! Chastened should the triumph be

Midst the laurels she has won, Britain mourns for many a son.

Veil'd in clouds the morning rose;
 Nature seem'd to mourn the day,
 Which consign'd before its close,
 Thousands to their kindred clay.
 How unfit for courtly ball,
 Or the giddy festival,
 Was the grim and ghastly view,
 Ere evening clos'd on Waterloo!

See the Highland warrior rushing,
 Firm in danger, on the foe,
 Till the life-blood warmly gushing,
 Lays the plaided hero low!
 His native pipe's accustom'd sound,
 'Mid war's infernal concert drownd,
 Cannot soothe his last adieu,
 Or wake his sleep on Waterloo!

Forbear—till time with lenient hand
 Has sooth'd the pang of recent sorrow;
 And let the picture distant stand,
 The softening hue of years to borrow.
 When our race has past away,
 Hands unborn may wake the lays,
 And give to joy alone the views
 Of Britain's fame at Waterloo.

Chasing o'er the entassier,
 See the foaming charger flying!
 Trampling, in his wild career,
 All alike, the dead and dying!
 See the bullets through his side,
 Answer'd by the spouting tide!
 Helmets, horse, and rider too,
 Roll on bloody Waterloo!

Shall scenes like these the dance inspire,
 Or wake the enliv'ning notes of mirth?
 O! shiver'd be the recreant lyre,
 That gave the base idea birth!
 Other sounds, I ween were there,
 Other music rent the air,
 Other waltz the warriors knew,
 When they clos'd at Waterloo.

MAY MORNING.

Air, Dumfries House.

In
Moderate
Time.

Thus let the varied seasons pass, Each day its pleasure bringing, From

winter's silent leaf-less shade Till summer bow'r's are ringing. Thus

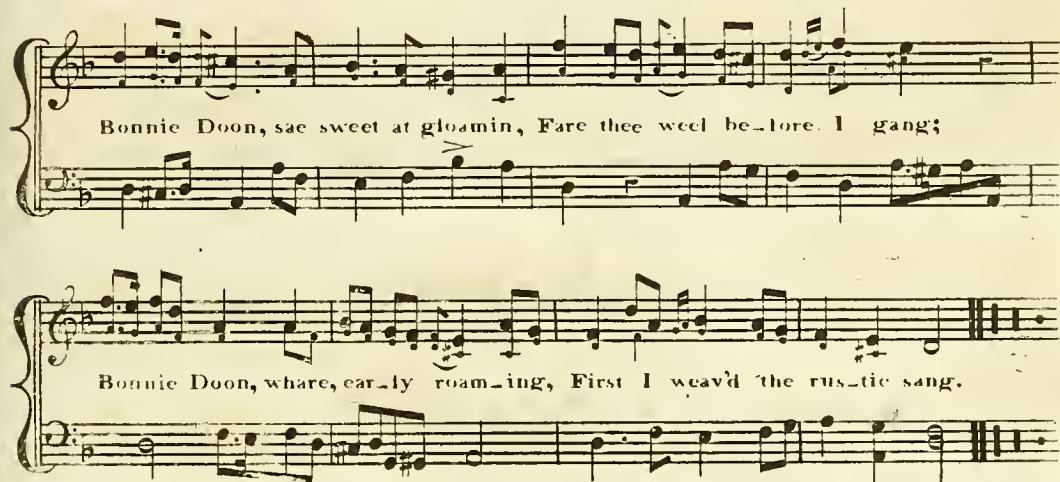
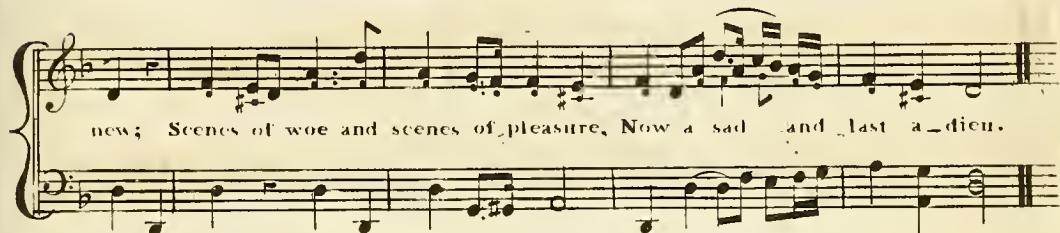
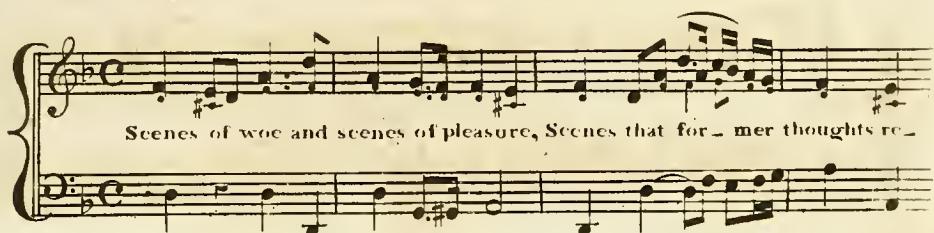
let me woo each lovely scene Of nature's own adorning; But

still of all that she can give, Be mine a sweet May morning.

Sweetest of months, that now unlocks
The summer's balmy treasures,
And gives a never-ending charm
To life and all its pleasures,
I greet thee with delighted heart,
All other pleasures scorning,
And still, of all that earth can give,
Be mine a sweet May morning.

Now sweetly sings upon the ear
The murmurs of the fountain,
The lambkins sport upon the lea,
The fawn upon the mountain;
Nature throws, from the beechen tree,
Her robe of latest mourning,
And all is mirth, and merry glee,
Upon a sweet May morning.

SCENES OF WOE AND SCENES OF PLEASURE.



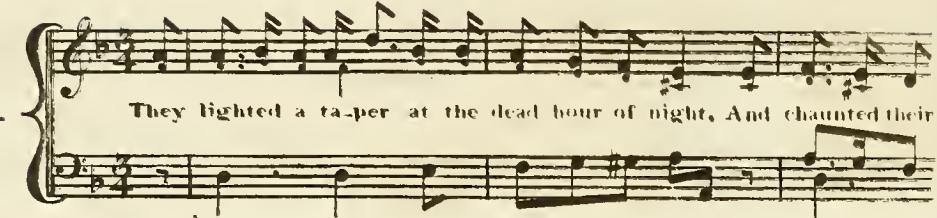
Friends, that parting tear reserve it,
 Tho' 'tis doubly dear to me;
 Could I think I did deserve it,
 How much happier would I be.
 Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
 Scenes that former thoughts renew;
 Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
 Now a sad and last adieu!

THEY LIGHTED A TAPER.

Air, Dirge of Sir William Wallace.

Show,

They lighted a taper at the dead hour of night, And chaunted their



holiest hymn, But her brow and her bosom were damp'd with af-

fright, Her eye was all cheer-less and dim, The Lady of Ellerslie

wept for her Lord, And the death-watch beat in her lonely room! For the

en-r - tains had shook of their own ac-cord, And the ra - ven

flapp'd at her win-dow boards, To tell of her war-rior's doom.

"Now sing ye the death-song, and loudly pray
 For the soul of my knight so dear,
 And call me a widow this wretched day,
 Since the warning of God is near!
 For the night-mare rides in my strangl'd sleep—
 The lord of my bosom is doom'd to die!
 His valorous heart they have wounded deep,
 And the blood-red tears shall his country weep
 For William of Ellerslie!"

Yet knew not his country that ominous hour,
 Ere the loud matin bell had rung,
 That the trumpet of death, on an English tower,
 Had the dirge of her champion sung!
 When his dungeon light look'd dim and red
 On the high-born blood of a martyr slain,
 No anthem was sung at his holy death-bed!
 No weeping there was when his bosom bled,
 And his heart was rent in twain!

Oh! it was not thus when his oaken spear
 Was true to the knight forlorn,
 When hosts of a thousand were scatter'd, like deer
 At the blast of the hunter's horn.
 When he strode o'er the wreck of each well-fought field,
 With the yellow-hair'd chiefs of his native land,
 His spear was not shiver'd on helmet or shield,
 And the sword that seem'd fit for archangel to wield,
 Was bright in his terrible hand.

Yet bleeding and bound, though the Wallace wight
 For his much lov'd country die,
 The bugle ne'er sung to a braver knight
 Than William of Ellerslie!
 But the day of his glory shall never depart,
 His heart unentombl'd shall with glory be palm'd!
 From the blood streaming altar his spirit shall start,
 Though the raven has fed on his mouldring heart,
 A nobler was never embalm'd.

BONNY PEGGY O.

Air, The Souter.

Slow.

When the lately crimson west, bonny Peggy, O,
 In her darker robe was drest, bonny Peggy, O,
 And a sky of azure blue,
 Deck'd with stars of golden hue,
 Rose majestic to the view, bonny Peggy, O.

When the sound of flute or horn, bonny Peggy, O,
 On the gale of evening borne, bonny Peggy, O;
 We have heard in echoes die,
 While the wave, that ripp'd by,
 Sung a soft and sweet reply, bonny Peggy, O.

Now, alas! these scenes are o'er, bonny Peggy, O;
 Now, alas! we meet no more, bonny Peggy, O;
 No loh! ne'er again, I ween,
 Will we meet at summer even,
 On the banks of Cart sae green, bonny Peggy, O.

Air, Hey the rantin Murray's ha'.

The sun blinks sweetly on yon shaw, But sweeter far on Woodhouselee, And
 dear I like his setting beam, For sake o' ane sae dear to me. It
 was na summer's fairy scenes, In a' their charming luxury, But
 beauty's self that won my heart, The bonnie lass of Woodhouselee.

Sae winning was her witching smile,
 Sae piercing was her coal black e'e,
 She sairly wounded has my heart,
 That had na wist sic ills to dree:
 In vain I strave wi' beauty's charms,
 I could na keep my fancy free
 She gat my heart sae in her thrall,
 The bonnie lass of Woodhouselee.

The bonnie knowes sae yellow a',
 Whare alt is heard the hum of bee,
 The meadow green and breezy hill,
 Where lambkins sport sae merrilie,
 May charm the weary-wand'ring swain,
 When evenin' sun dips in the sea,
 But a' my heart, baith e'en and morn,
 Is wi' the lass of Woodhouselee.

The flowers that kiss the wimpling burn,
 And dew-clad gowans on the lea,
 The water-lily on the lake,
 Are but sweet emblems a' of thee:
 And while in summer smiles they bloom,
 Sae lovely, and sae fair to see,
 Ill woo their sweets e'en for thy sakes
 The bonnie lass of Woodhouselee.

O BONNIE LASSIE COME OVER THE BURN.

O bonnie lassie come o'er the burn, And gin your sheep
wan-der I'll gie them a turn; And we'll be sae hap-py in
yon-der green shade, Gin ye will come, daw-tie, and sit on my plaid.

I hae a wee doggie that rins at my heel,
And that little doggie I lo'e unco weel;
But I'll gie't to my lassie, and mair gin I had,
It sh'll be my dawtie, and sit on my plaid.

Twa ewes and a' lammie are a' my wee flock,
Yet I'd sell a' lammie out o' my sma' stock,
And buy thee a head-face, sae bonny and braid,
Gin ye wou'd come, dawtie, and sit on my plaid.

O DINNA THINK BONNIE LASSIE.

Brisk.

O din-na think, bon-nie las-sie, I'm gaun to leave you; Din-na think,
bon-nie las-sie, I'm gaun to leave you; Din-na think, bon-nie las-sie,

I'm gaun to leave you; I'll tak' a stick in to my hand, and

Slow.

come a gain an' see you. Far's the gate ye ha'e to gang,

dark's the night an' eerie; Far's the gate ye ha'e to gang, dark's the night an'

eeerie; Ower the muir, an' thro' the glen, Ghaists may-hap will fear ye, O

stay at home, it's late at night, an' dinna gang an' leave me.

Brisk. It's but a night an' ha'l a day that I'll leave my dearie;
 But a night an' ha'l a day that I'll leave my dearie;
 But a night an' ha'l a day that I'll leave my dearie;
 When the sun gae west the loch, I'll come again an' see thee.

Slow. Waves are rising o'er sea, winds blaw loud an' fear me;
 Waves are rising o'er sea, winds blaw loud an' fear me;
 While the waves and winds do roar, I am wae an' dreary,
 An' gin ye lo'e me as ye say, ye winna gang an' leave me.
 O dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave you;
 Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave you;
 Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave you;
 For let the world gae as it will I'll come again and see you.

LASSIE, WI' THE LINT' WHITE LOCKS.

Air, Rothiemurchus Rant.

Lassie, wi' the lintwhite locks, Bonnie lassie, artless lassie;

Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks? Wilt thou be my dearie, O? Now

nature cleads the flow'ry lea, And art is young and sweet like thee; O

wilt thou share its joys wi' me, And say thou'l be my dearie, O?

~ Lassie wi', &c.

An' when the welcome simmer-shower
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,
Well to the breathing woodbine bower
At sultry noon, my dearie, O.

Lassie wi', &c.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
The weary shearer's hameward way,
Through yellow-waving fields we'll stray,
An' talk o' love, my dearie, O.

Lassie wi', &c.

May ne'er the howling wintry blast
Disturb my lassie's midnight rest,
But joy reign in thy faithfu' breast,
To comfort thee, my dearie, O.

Gaelic Air.

Slow.

Musing on the roaring ocean, Which di-vides my love and me,

Wear-ying Heav'n, in warm devo-tion, For his weal where-e'er he be,

Hope and fear's al-ter-nate bit-low Yield-ing late to na-ture's law,

Whis-pling spi-rits, round my pil-low, Talk of him that's far awa.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,

Ye who never shed a tear,

Care untroubled, joy surrounded,

Gaudy day to you is dear,

Gentle night, do thou befriend me;

Downy sleep, thy curtain draw;

Spirits, kind, again attend me,

Talk of him that's far awa.

Very Old.

Slow.

When the sun gaes o'er the hill at even, An' a' to rest are

gane, It's then that I sae wae fu' sit Beside the Mar-tys stane,

It's then the tear comes in my e'e,
 As I sing the sweet psalm tune;
 But there's none to join the melody,
 But blythe langels aboon.

O! wae to thee, I left Claverhouse,
 To thine, an' at the lave!
 Thou hast made me, a widow, sit
 Beside a bluidy grave.

Thou's made my hame sae desolate,
 An' twere na my bairnies three,
 This sod wad sure be my resting place,



My three sweet bairns, my bonnie bairns,
 Ye yet may live to see
 Far better days in Scotland
 Then is ordain'd for me.

I'll nurse thee for thy father's sake,
 Wi' the saut tear in my e'e,
 An' sit beside his bluidy grave



CULLODEAN

Jacobite.

The heath-cock crawld o'er muir and dale, Red raise the sun, the sky was cloudy while

mustering far wi' distant yell, The northern bands marel'd stern and steady,

Chorus:

O! Duncan, Donald's ready! O! Duncan, Donald's ready! Wi,

sword an' targe he seeks the charge, An' frae his shouther flings the plaidy,

Nae mair we chase the fleet-foot roe,
O'er down an' dale, o'er mountain flying;
But rush like tempests on the foe,
Thro' mingled groans the war-note cryin'.
O! Duncan, Donald's ready! &c.

A prince is come to claim his ain,
A stem o' Stuart, friendless Charlie;
What Hightan' han' its blade wad hain?
What Hightan' heart behint woud tarry?
O! Duncan, Donald's ready! &c.

I see our hardy clans appear,
The sun back frae their blades is beamin';
The south'ren trump falls on my ear,
Their banner'd lion's proudly streamin'.
Now, Donald; Duncan's ready!
Now, Donald; Duncan's ready!
Within his hand he grasps his brand;
Fierce is the fray, the field is bloody!

But lang shall Scotland rue the day,
She saw her laggae fiercelly flyin';
Culloden's hills were hills o' wae;
Her laurels torn, her warriors dying.
Duncan now nae mair is ready,
Duncan now nae mair is ready!
The brand is faien frae out his han',
His bonnet blue lies stain'd an' blundy!

Fair Flora's gane her love to seek;
Lang may she wait for his returnin';
The midnight dew's lae on her cheek;
What han' shall dry her tears o' mourin'?
Duncan now nae mair is ready, &c.

Air, The Twa Faire Eyne.

Slow.

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in common time, G major, and the bottom staff is in common time, D major. The lyrics are as follows:

A-lace! I vyte zour twa faire eyne For al the dule qlk faln on
mee; A-lace! I vyte zour beautie sheen For all the wanhope I man dree.

Ance I wes blythe as bird on reis.*
Nae lichter hert on erth did syng;
Now I am wed till miserys,
And thow the cause fra qlk thay spring.

O! had ye neir lukit kynd on mee,
Wi' zour twa faire hot treacherous eyne,
I neir had thocht of luvin thee,
My passioun had hot wondir bene.

Thow wuld haif bin lyk ane of thay
Bricht sternis qlk shimmer in the skie,
That eyne may luik upon for aye
In gladness qhl it glintit by.

But, oh! alace! zour twa fair eyne
Thay glintit nocht lyk sternis on mee;
In suth thai wer as bright and sheen,
But sik cauld glance thai cauld not gie.

O! waly now bi grene wud schaw!
O! waly now bi banck and brae!
And waly bi the Abbay wa,
Whare I and my fause lufe did gae!

E * means a bough or branch of a tree in old scotish.

YOUNG MAXWELL.

Air, Auld Maggy Sharp.

"O where gang ye, thou silly auld earle? And what do ye carry there?"
I'm
gaun to the hill side, thou sodger-man, To shift my sheep their lair!

Ae stride or twa took the silly auld earle,
And a gude lang stride took he:
"I trow thou be a feck auld earle,
Will ye shaw the way to me?"

And he has gane wi' the silly auld earle
Adown by the greenwood side;
"Light down and gang, thou sodger man,
For here ye canna ride?"

He drew the reins o' his bonny grey steed,
And lightly down he sprang;
O! the comeliest scarlet was his weir-coat,
Whare the gowden tassels hang.

He has thrown aff his plaid, the silly auld earle,
And his bonnet frae'boon his bree,
And wha was it but the young Maxwell!
And his gude brown sword drew he.

"Thou kill'd my father, thou vile Southron,
And thou kill'd my brethren three,
Whilk brak the heart o' my ae sister,
I lov'd as the light o' my ee."

"Draw out your sword, thou vile Southron,
Red wat wi' blude o' my kin;
That sword it crappit the bonniest flower
Ere liftit its head to the sun."

"There's ae sad stroke for my dear father,
There's twa for my brethren three;
And there's ane to thy heart for my ae sister,
Wham I lov'd as the light o' my ee."

This ballad is founded on fact. A young Gentleman of the family of Maxwell, being an adherent of the Stuarts, suffered in the general calamity of his friends. After seeing his paternal house reduced to ashes, his father killed in its defence, his only sister dying with grief for her father and three brothers slain, he assumed the habit of an old shepherd, and, in one of his excursions, singled out one of the individual men who had ruined his family. After upbraiding him for his cruelty, he slew him in single combat. The Air, which is very ancient, has generally been sung to a foolish ballad beginning "Auld Maggy Sharp liv'd on the brae tap."

TO A LINNET.

Air, MacGillechrist's Lament.

Chant no more thy roundelay, Lovely minstrel of the grove;

Charm no more the hours a-way With thy art-less tale of love,

Chant no more thy roundelay, Sad it steals up-on mine ear;

Leave, O leave thy leaf-y spray, Till the smiling morn ap-pear.

g

Light of heart, thou quit'st thy song
 As the welkin's shadows lour,
 Whilst the beetle wheels along,
 Humming to the twilight hour.
 Not like thee, I quit the scene
 To enjoy night's balmy dream;
 Nor like thee, I wake again,
 Smiling with the morning beam.

GLE-N-.NA-H'AL BYN.

Air, Cadil gu lo.

Slow

On the airy Ben-ne-vis The wind is a-wake; The

E

boat's on the shal-low, The ship on the lake. Ah! now in a'

mo-ment my coun-try I leave; The next I am far a-way,

Far on the wave. Oh! fare thee well, fare thee well, Glen-na-h' Al-

lyn, Oh! fare thee well, fare thee well, Glen-na-h' Al-lyn.

I was proud of the power
And the fame of my chief,
And to raise them was ever
The aim of my life;
And now in his greatness
He turns me away,
When my strength is decayed,
And my locks are worn grey.
Oh! fare thee well, &c.

Farewell the grey stones
Of my ancestors' graves,
I go to have mine
Of the foam of the waves;
Or to die unlamented
On Canada's shore,
Where none of my fathers
Were gather'd before.
Oh! fare thee well, &c.

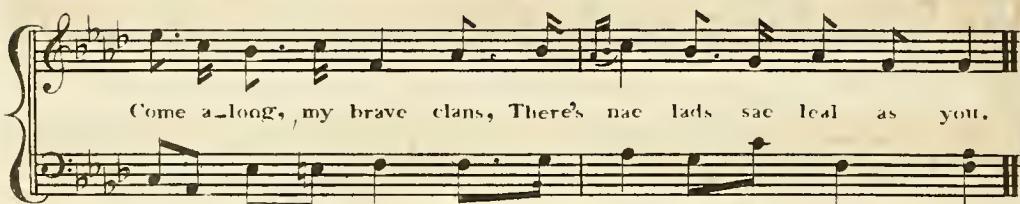
Glen-na-h' Albyn, or Glen-more-na-h' Albyn, the great glen of Caledonia, is a name applied to the valley which runs in a direction from north-east to south-west, the whole breadth of the kingdom, from the Moray Firth at Inverness to the sound of Mull below Fort-William; and which is almost filled with lakes.

MACDONALD'S GATHERING.

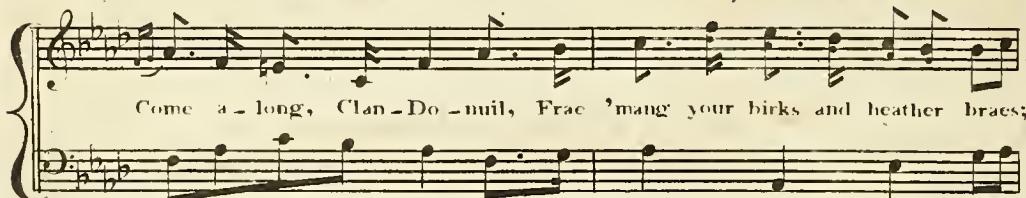
Gaelic Air.



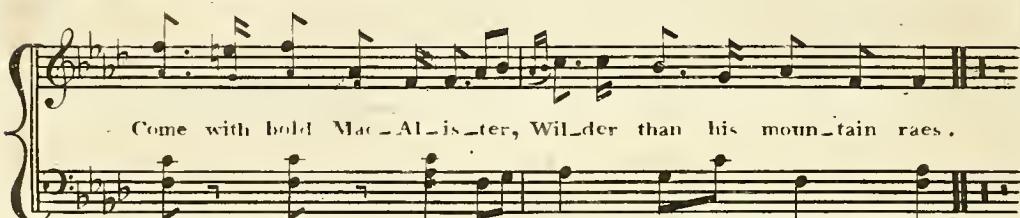
Come along, my brave clans, There's nae friends sae staunch and true;



Come a-long, my brave clans, There's nae lads sae leal as you.



Come a-long, Clan-Do-nuil, Frae 'mang your birks and heather braes;



Come with bold Mac-Al-is-ter, Wilder than his mountain raes.

Gather, gather, gather,
From Loch Morer to Argyle;
Come from Castle Tuirim,
Come from Moidart and the Isles.
Macallan is the hero
That will lead you to the field;
Gather bold Siolallain,
Sons of them that never yield.

Gather, gather, gather,
Gather from Lochaber glens;
Mac-Hie-Rannail calls you;
Come from Teroph, Roy, and Spean.
Gather, brave Clan-Donuil,
Many sons of might you know;
Lenochan's your brother,
Auchtercrighton and Glencoe.

Gather, gather, gather,
'Tis your Prince that needs your arm;
Though Mac Connel leaves you,
Dread no danger or alarm.
Come from field and foray,
Come from sickle and from plough;
Come from cairn and correi,
From deer-wake and driving too.

Gather, bold Clan-Donuil;
Come with haversack and cord;
Come not late with meal and cake,
But come with durk, and gun, and sword.
Down into the lowlands,
Plenty bides by dale and burn;
Gather, brave Clan-Donuil,
Riches wait on your return.

YARROW STREAM.

O let us leave the town, my love, And lay us down by Yarrow's stream Where
 April gales a-down the vales, Give softness to the shepherd's dream; We'll
 quit the noise of public life, The ci-ty's cry, the ci-ty's care, Where
 sim-ple love doth sel-dom rove, But walks with spring on Yar-row fair.

The grove, thro' which we stray at morn,
 Will with its music make us glad;
 The yellow gleam of setting beam,
 Will still a softer influence shed:
 And ev'nning, too, will bring its charms,
 Such charms as soothe the lover's soul,
 The moon's mild ray will sweetly play
 On Yarrow's waters, as they roll.

We'll love with overflowing hearts,
 And wrap us in a golden dream,
 Tears of delight will dim the sight,
 And Yarrow will an Eden seem.
 Then let us leave the town my love,
 And lay ourselves by Yarrows stream,
 Where April gales a-down the vales
 Give softness to the lover's dream.

IT'S A' WAE WI' SCOTLAND.

Jacobite.

It's a' wae wi' Scotland, And life it is nae boons; It's
 a' wae wi' Scotland When they tread the thistle down. The
 sun sets sweet at evening On mony a warrior's grave, But the
 reavers' hoofs hae trodden Where the thistle tap should wave.

The sun sets sweet at evening;
 But they are far awa,
 Wha wad hae say'd the thistle's tap,
 That now maun withering fa?
 Yet the leat hearts o' Scotland,
 Altho' it may seem lang,
 Will pray and hope that Heaven
 May yet redress the wrang.

O CHERUB CONTENT.

O cherub content, at thy moss cover'd shrine I'd all the gay

hopes of my bosom resign! I'd part with ambition thy
 vot-ry to be, And breathe not a sigh but to friendship and thee. But thy
 pres-ence ap-pears from my wishes to fly, Like the gold-colour'd
 cloud on the verge of the sky; No lus-tre that hangs on the
 green willow tree, Is so short as the smile of thy favour to me!

In the pulse of my heart I have nourish'd a care,
 That forbids me thy sweet inspiration to share;
 The noon of my youth, slow-departing I see,
 But its years, as they pass, bring no tidings of thee!
 O cherub content, at thy moss-cover'd shrine
 I would offer my vows, if Matilda were mine;
 Could I call her my own, whom entraptur'd I see,
 I would breathe not a sigh but to friendship and thee.

O LEEZE ME ON THE BONNIE LASS.

Air, Hodgart's Delight,

O leeze me on the bonnie lass, That I loe best of a'; O
 leeze me on my Marion, The pride o' Loch-er-shaw; O
 weel I like my Marion, For love blinks in her e'e, An'
 she has vow'd a solemn vow, She lo'es na ane but me.

The flowers grow bonnie on the bank,

Where down the waters fa'

The birds sing bonnie in the bower,

Where red red roses blaw:

An' there wi' blythe and lightsome heart,

Whan day has elasd his e'e,

I wander wi' my Marion,

She lo'es na ane but me.

Sie luve as mine an' Marion's,

O may it never fa'

But blume aye like the fairest flower,

That grows in Locher-shaw:

My Marion I will never forget,

Until the day I die,

For she has vow'd a solemn vow,

She lo'es na ane but me.

O sad and heavy should I part, But for her sake sae far awa; Un-

knowing what my way may thwart, My native land sae far awa. Thou,

that of a' things Mairie art, That form'd this fair sae far awa. Gin

body strength, then I'll ne'er start At this my way sae far awa.

How true is love to pure desert,

So love to her sae far awa;

And nocht can heal my bosom's smart,

While, Oh, she is sae far awa.

Nane other love, nane other dart,

I feel, but her's sae far awa;

But fairer never touch'd a heart

Than her's, the fair sae far awa.

BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL.

Very Old.

Slow

Hie up-on Hie-lan-ds, and laugh up-on Tay, Bon-nie George
 Campbell rode out on a day; He sad-dled, he brid-aled, and
 gal-lant rode he, And hame cam his guid horse, but never cam he.

Out cam his mother dear, greeting tu' sair,
 And out cam his bonnie bryde riving her hair,
 "My meadow lies green, and my corn is unshorn,
 My barn is to build, and my baby's unborn?"
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THE HAZLEWOOD WITCH.

Air, Kellyburn Braes.

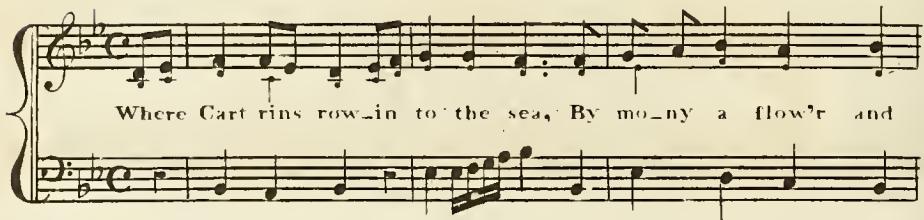
For mo-ny lang years I hae heard frae my Gran-nie, O!

brownies and bogles by yon castle wa', O' auld with'er'd hags, that were
 nev'er thought cannie, An' fairies that danc'd 'till they heard the cock craw, I
 laugh at their tales; an' last owt in the gloam-in', I dander'd
 lane down the Hazlewood green; Alas! I was reckless, an' rue sair my
 roam-in', For I met a young witch wi' twa bonnie black een.

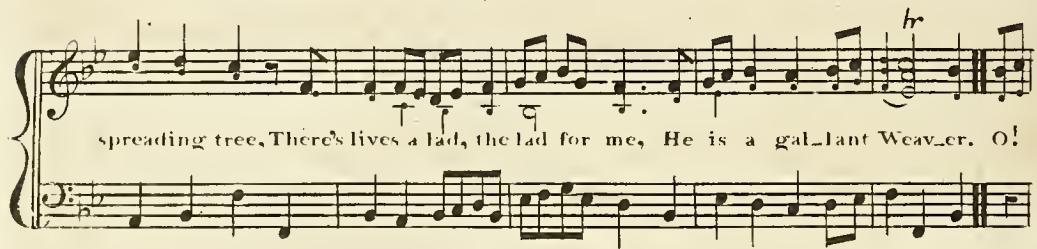
I thought o' the stars in a frosty night glancin',
 Whan at the lift round them is cloudless an' blue;
 I looked again, an' my heart fell a dancing;
 Whan I wad ha'e spoken, she glamour'd my mou';
 O wae to her cantrips! for dumpish'd I wander;
 At kirk or at market there's nougnt to be seen;
 For she dances afore me wherever I dander,
 The Hazlewood witch wi' the bonny black een.

THE GALLANT WEAVER.

Air, The Weaver's March.



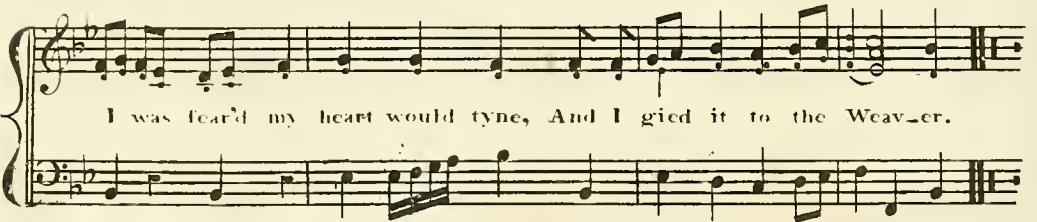
Where Cart rins rowin to the sea, By mo-ny a flow'r and



spreading tree, There's lives a lad, the lad for me, He is a gallant Weaver. O!



I had wo-ners aught or fine, They gied me rings and rib-bons fine, And



I was feard my heart would tyne, And I gied it to the Weaver.

My daddie sign'd my tocher-band

To gie the lad that has the lands,

But to my heart I'll add my hand,

And give it to the Weaver..

While birds rejoice in leafy bowers;

While bees delight in opening flowers;

While corn grows green in summer showers,

I love my gallant Weaver.

THE HIGHLANDER.

Slow. { From the climes of the sun, all war-worn and weary, The
 Highlander sped to his youthful abode; Fair visions of home cheer'd the
 desert so dreary, Tho' fierce was the noon beam, and steep was the road.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff has a treble clef, the middle staff has a bass clef, and the bottom staff has a bass clef. The music is in common time with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first two staves contain the first two lines of the poem, and the third staff contains the third line.

Till spent with the march, that still lengthen'd before him,

He stopped by the way in a sylvan retreat;

The light shady boughs of the birch-tree waved o'er him,

And the stream of the mountain fell soft at his feet.

He sunk to repose where the red heaths are blended,

One dream of his childhood his fancy past o'er;

But his battles are fought, and his march it is ended,

 The sound of the bagpipe shall wake him no more.

No arm in the day of the conflict could wound him,

Though war launched her thunder in fury to kill;

Now the angel of death in the desert has found him,

 Now stretched him in peace by the stream of the hill.

Pale Autumn spreads o'er him the leaves of the forest,

 The fays of the wild chant the dirge of his rest;

And thou, little brook, still the sleeper deplorest,

 And moistenest the heath-bell that weeps on his breast.

Many years ago, a poor Highland soldier, on his return to his native hills, fatigued, as it was supposed, by the length of the march and the heat of the weather, sat down under the shade of a birch-tree on the solitary road of Lowran, that winds along the margin of Loch Ken in Galloway. Here he was found dead, and the incident forms the subject of the above verses.

THE SUMMER GLOAMIN'.

Air, The Shepherd's Son.

The midges dance a-boon the burn, The dews begin to fa'; The
pair-tricks down the rushy howm Set up their evening ea'; Now
loud and clear the black-bird's sang Rings thro' the briery shaw, While,
fleeting gay, the swallows play A-round the castle wa'

Beneath the gowden gloamin' sky
The mavis mends his lay,
The redbreast pours its sweetest strains
To charm the ling'ring day;
While weary yeldrins seem to wail
Their little nestlings torn,
The merry wren, frae den to den,
Gaes jinkin' thro' the thorn.

The roses fauld their silken leaves,
The foxglove shuts its bell,
The honey-suckle and the birk
Spread fragrance thro' the dell,
Let others crowd the giddy court
Of mirth and revelry,
The simple joys that nature yields
Are dearer far to me.

MACLEAN'S WELCOME.

From the Gaelic.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie, dear Charlie, brave Charlie; Come o'er the stream

Charlie, and dine with Mac-lea; And though you be weary, we'll make your heart
cheer-y, And welcome our Charlie and his loyal train. Well
bring down the track deer, Well bring down the black steer, The lamb from the
breck-an, and doe from the glen; The salt sea well harry, and bring to our
Charlie, The cream from the bothy, and curd from the pen.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie, &c.
And you shall drink freely the dews of Glen-Sheerly,
That stream in the star-light, when kings do not ken;
And deep be your meed of the wine that is red,
To drink to your sire, and his friend the Maclean.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie, &c.
It aught will invite you, or more will delight you,
'Tis ready, a troop of our bold Highlandmen
Shall range on the heather, with bonnet and feather,
Strong arms and broad claymores, three hundred and ten.

MAGGY LAUDER.

Lively

Wha wad na be in love, Wi' bonnie Maggy Lauder? A
 pi-per met her gaun to Fife, And spier'd what wast they ca'd her. Right
 scornfully she answ'erd him, "Be-gone ye blad-lan-shaker! Jogg
 on your gate, ye blad-der-skate, My name is Maggy Lauder!"

"Maggy," quoth he, and by my bags,
 I'm fidgin fain to see thee;
 Sit down by me, my bonnie bird,
 In troth I winna steer thee:
 For I'm a piper to my trade,
 My name is Rob the Ranter;
 The lasses loup as they were daft,
 When I blow up my chanter.

"Piper," quoth Meg, "hae ye your bags;
 Or is your drone in order?
 If ye be Rob, I've heard of you;
 Live ye upon the border?
 The lasses a', baith far and near,
 Hae heard o' Rob the Ranter;
 I'll shake my foot wi' right good-will,
 Git yell blow up your chanter?"

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,
 About the drone he twisted;
 Meg up and wallop'd o'er the green,
 For brawly could she frisk it.
 "Weel done!" quoth he; "play up!" quoth she;
 "Weel bob'd!" quoth Rob the Ranter;
 "Tis worth my while to play indeed,
 When I ha'e sic a dancer."

"Weel ha'e you play'd your part!" quoth Meg;
 "Your cheeks are like the crimson;
 There's nae in Scotland plays sae weel,
 Since we lost Habby Simpson:
 I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,
 These ten years and a quarter;
 Gin ye should come to Anst'er fair,
 Spier ye lor Maggie Lauder?"

O MALLY'S MEEK, MALLY'S SWEET.

Mally's meek, &c.

It were mair meet that those fine feet
Were weel lae'd up in silken shoon,
And 'twere mair fit that she should sit
Within yon chariot gilt aboon.

Mally's meek, &c.

Her yellow hair, beyond compare,
Comes trinkling doun her swan-white necks,
And her two eyes, like stars in skies,
Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck.

O where, and O where does your Hieland laddie dwell? O
where, and O where does your Hieland laddie dwell? He
dwells in merry Scotland, where the blue-bells sweetly smell, And all in my
heart I love my laddie well. He dwells in merry Scotland, where the
blue-bells sweetly smell, And all in my heart I love my laddie well.

THE BLUE-BELLS OF SCOTLAND. Modern Set.

O where, and O where does your Hieland laddie dwell? O
where, and O where does your Hieland laddie dwell? He

where, and O where does your Hie-land lad-die dwell? He
 dwells in merry Scotland, where the blue-bells sweetly smell, And all in my
 heart I love my lad-die well. He dwells in mer-ry Scotland, where the
 blue-bells sweet-ly smell, And all in my heart I love my laddie well.

O what, lassie, what does your Hieland laddie wear?
 O what, lassie, what does your Hieland laddie wear?
 A scarlet coat and bannet blue, with bonnie yellow hair,
 And nane in the world can with my love compare.

O where, and O where is your Hieland laddie gane?
 O where, and O where is your Hieland laddie gane?
 He's gone to fight for George our king, and left me all alone,
 For noble and brave's my loyal Hielandman.

O when, and O when will your Hieland lad come hame?
 O when, and O when will your Hieland lad come hame?
 When e'er the war is over hell return to me with fame,
 With the heather in his bannets, my gallant Hielandman.

HER HAIR WAS LIKE THE CROMLA MIST.

Air, Morna.

Her hair was like the Cromla mist, When evening sun beams

from the west, Bright was the eye of Morna. When

beauty wept the warrior's fall, Then lone and dark was

Fingal's hall, Sad was the lovely Morna.

O lovely were the blue-ey'd maids, Sad was the hoary minstrel's song,
That sung peace to the warrior's shade, That died the rustling heath among,
But none so fair as Morna. Where sat the lovely Morna.

Her hallow'd tears bedew'd the brake, It slumber'd on the placid wave,
That wav'd beside dark Orma's lake, It echo'd thro' the warrior's cave,
Where wander'd lovely Morna. And sigh'd again to Morna.

The hero's plumes were lowly laid;
In Fingal's hall each blue-ey'd maid
Sung peace and rest to Morna.
The harp's wild strain was past and gone,
No more it whisper'd to the moan
Of lovely dying Morna.

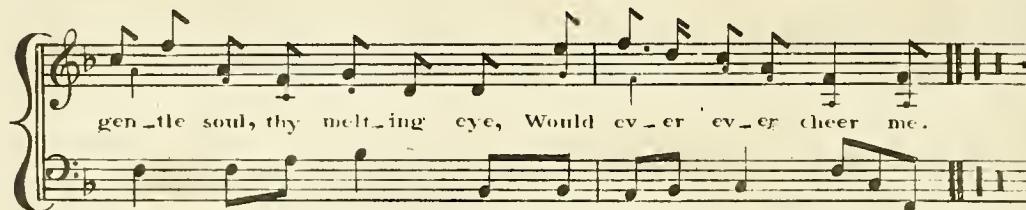
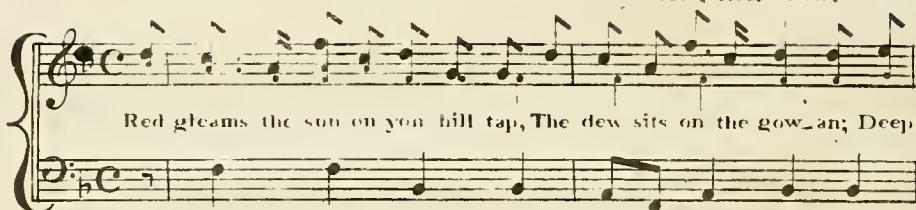
Slowly

Oh! wha will dry the dreeping tear, She sheds her lane, she
 sheds her lane? Or wha the bonnie lass will cheer? Of
 Liv-ing-stone, or Liv-ing-stone? The crown was half on,
 Charlie's head, Ae gladsome day, ae gladsome day; The lads that
 should gie joy to him, Are in the clay, are in the clay.

Her wadden goun was wylt and made,
 It ne'er was on, it ne'er was on;
 Culloden field, his lowly bed,
 She thought upon, she thought upon.
 The bloom has failed frae her cheek
 In youthfu' prime, in youthfu' prime;
 And sorrow's with'ring hand has done
 The deed o' time, the deed o' time.

RED GLEAMS THE SUN.

Air, Nicl Gow.



The lark sings amang the clouds,
 The lambs they sport so cheery,
 And I sit weeping by the birk,
 O where art thou, my dearie?
 At may I meet the morning dew,
 Lang greet till I be weary,
 Thou canna, winna, gentle maid,
 Thou canna be my dearie.

MINNA'S FAREWELL TO CLEVELAND.

Zetland Melody.



Minna go, Where deeds of glo-ry lead to fame! The hand of death ne'er
 par-ted two With faint-er hope to meet a-gain. 'Tis thine from Zet-land's
 coast to roam, To bid each mountain scene a-dieu, And soon, I feel, the
 time will come, When I, alas! shall leave them too.

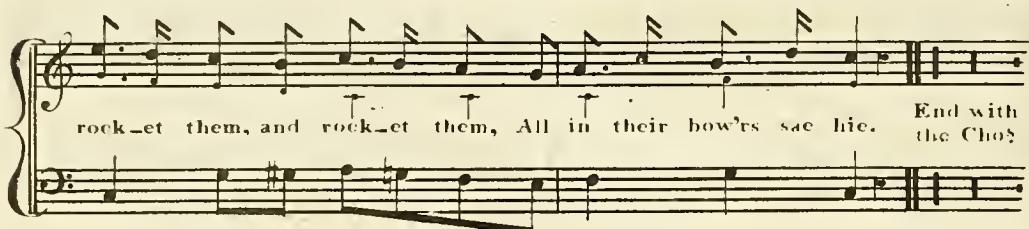
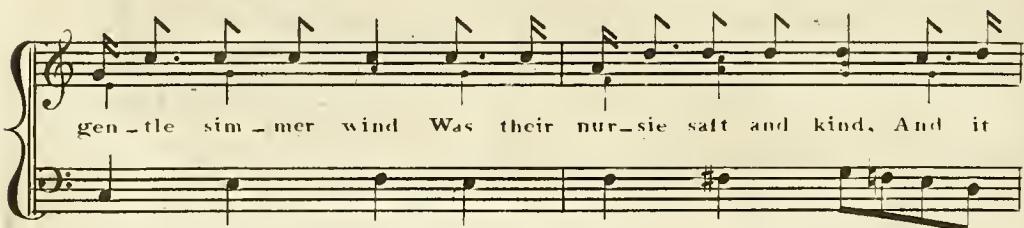
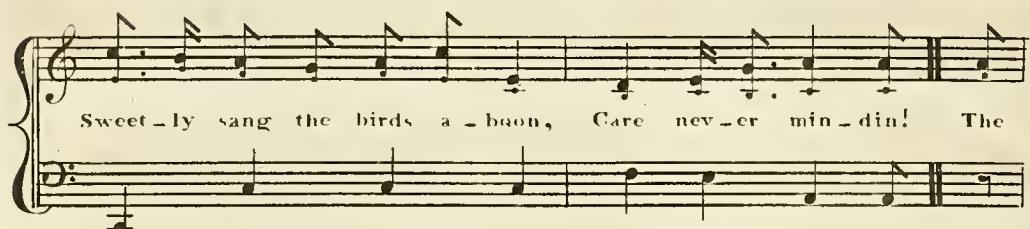
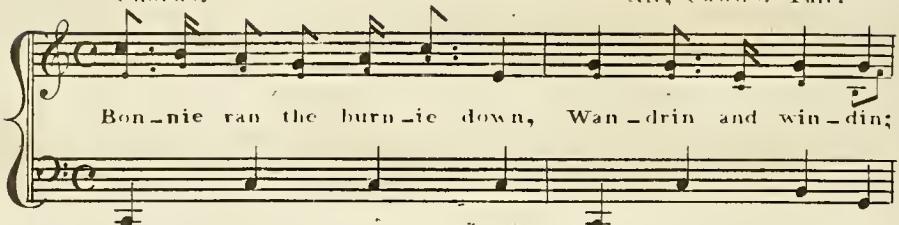
'Tis not mid revelry and joy,
 That Minna claims a thought from thee;
 'Tis not mid wine-cups sparkling high,
 That I would bid thee pledge to me!
 But oh! mid war or tempest's roar,
 When o'er the surge thy bark is borne,
 Think on the maid on Zetland's shore,
 Whose prayers are mingling with the storm.

And oh! if earthly joy can cheer
 A heart fast wending to the grave,
 'Twill be thy much-lov'd name to hear
 Enroll'd among the good and brave:
 To hear a nation swell the praise
 Of him, whose deeds of valour drew
 The cheer that daring outlaws raised,
 And plaudits from the shouting crew.

BONNIE RAN THE BURNIE DOWN.

Chorus.

Air, Cawdor Fair.



The mossy rock was there,
And the water lily fair,
And the little trout wad sport about,
All in the sunny beam.
Bonnie ran, &c.

Tho' summer days be lang .
And sweet the birdies, sang,
The wintry night and chilling blight
Keep aye their eerie roun..
Bonnie ran, &c.

And then the burn's like a sea

Roarin and reamin;

Nae wee bit sangster's on the tree,
But wild birds screamin.

Bonnie ran, &c.

And my sweet sunny morn

Was like the ripplin burn,

Or simmer breeze amang the trees,

And linties lilting blythe,

Oh! that the past I might forget,

Wandrin and weepin;

Oh! that beneath the hillock green

Sound I were sleepin!

WE'LL MEET' BESIDE THE DUSKY GLEN.

Air, The briar bush. 2d Set.

Well meet beside the dusky glen, on yon burn side, Where the
bush - es form a coz - ie dens, on yon burn side; Tho' the
broom - y knowes be green, Yet there we may be seen; But well
meet— we'll meet at e'en, down by yon burn side.

I'll lead thee to the birkin bow'r, on yon burn side,
Sae sweetly wove wi' woodbine flow'r, on yon burn side;

There the roses bloom sae fair,

There scurly sports the hare,

There we'll pledge our love sincere, down by yon burn side.

Awa' ye rude unfeeling crew, frae yon burn side;

Those fairy-scenes are no for you, by yon burn side;

There fancy smoothis her theme,

By the sweetly murmur'ring stream,

And the rock-lodg'd echoes skim, down by yon burn side.

Now the plantin' taps are ting'd wi' goud, on yon burn side,

And gloamin draws her foggy shroud o'er yon burn side;

Far frae the noisy scene,

I'll through the fields alone;

There we'll meet—my ain dear Jean! down by yon burn side.

SONG OF SELMA.

Second Voice.

Second Voice.

It is night, I am a lone, for-lorn on the hill of storms! The

Primitive { It is night, I am a lone, for-lorn on the hill of storms! The

wind is heard in the mountain, the torrent shrieks down the rocks! No

wind is heard in the mountain, the torrent shrieks down the rocks! No

but receives me from the rain, for-lorn on the hill of winds! Rise,

but receives me from the rain, for-lorn on the hill of winds! Rise,

moon, from behind thy clouds! Stars of the night ap-pear! Lend me

moon, from behind thy clouds! Stars of the night ap-pear! Lend me

light to the place where my love rests from the toil of the chace; His
light to the place where my love rests from the toil of the chace; His

bow near him un-strung, His dogs panting a-round him. But here I must sit a-
bow near him un-strung, His dogs panting a-round him. But here I must sit a-

lone by the rock of the mos-sy stream; The stream and the wind roar, nor
alone by the rock of the mos-sy stream; The stream and the wind roar, nor

can I hear the voice of my love, the voice of my love.
can I hear the voice of my love, the voice of my love.

THE CARDIN O'T.

E oft a stane o' has lock woor, To mak a web to
 Johnnie o't; For Johnnie is my on - ly joy, I
 toe him best o' on - y yet, The cardin o't, the spin - nin
 o't, The war - pin o't, the win - nin o't; When il - ka ell cost
 me a groat, The tay - lor staw the lynn - in o't.

For though his locks be lyart gray,
 And though his brow be held aboon,
 Yet I hae seen him, on a day,
 The pride of al the parishen.
 The cardin o't, &c.

MY PEGGY'S FACE.

Slowly.

My Peg - gy's face, my Peg - gy's form, The frost of her - mit
age might warm; My Peg - gy's worth, my Peg - gy's mind, Might
charm the first of hu - man kind. I love my Peg - gy's an - gel air, Her
face so tru - ly heav'n - ly fair, Her na - tive grace so
void of art, But I a - dore my Peg - gy's heart.

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
The kindling lustre of an eye;
Who but owns their magic sway,
Who but knows they all decay?
The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
The generous purpose, nobly dear,
The gentle look that rage disarms;
These, these are all immortal charms.

PUT THE GOWN UPON THE BISHOP.

Very Old.

Musical score for "Put the Gown upon the Bishop." The score consists of three staves of music in common time, treble clef, and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines. The first staff begins with the line "Put the gown u-pon the bish-op, That's his mil-ler-". The second staff continues with "- due o' knave-ship; Jeu-ny Ged-des was the gos-sips. Put the". The third staff concludes with "gown u-pon the bish-op, Put the gown u-pon the bish-op." The music features eighth-note patterns and rests.

WHEN THE DAYS THEY ARE LANG.

Musical score for "When the Days They Are Lang." The score consists of three staves of music in common time, treble clef, and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines. The first staff begins with "When the days they are lang, an' the fields they grow green, Fal". The second staff continues with "la la la la fa la ra; At Lam-ing-ton ev'-ry". The third staff concludes with "year may be seen, Fal la la la la, la fa la ra; A". The music features eighth-note patterns and rests.

south o' lairds an' laddies too, Wi' lads an' lassies nae that few; An'
oh! the sport is rare to view, Fal-lal-lal-lal, la-fa-la-ra.

There's mony a filly come in on the score, Fal-lal, &c.

Wi' galloping graith, clad ahint an' afore, Fal-lal, &c.

Our ancient wager for to win,

The prize nae less than forty pun'z;

To see them is the best o' fun, Fal-lal, &c.

The rout the town officers held at command, Fal-lal, &c.

And baillies wi' halberts weel scord'd in their hand, Fal-lal, &c.

To clear the course, the cause was gude,

An' guide the rabble, wild an' rude,

For ilka lane on tip-tac stood, Fal-lal, &c.

Now Kirkfield Trae braw Lesmahago came, Fal-lal, &c.

Our siller nae doubt, for to tak wi' him hame, Fal-lal, &c.

But tho' he cam wi' noise an' din,

The beast was unco laith to rin;

In short the lad was ahin, Fal-lal, &c.

An' Glentowin's horse he was sairly out-worn, Fal-lal, &c.

That mornin' he gat a haill Tirlit o' corn, Fal-lal, &c.

His grōom kept him but carelessly,

Tho', had he led him soberly

'Twas thought he wad hae won the gree, Fal-lal, &c.

But Kingledore's mare she brak all at the first, Fal-lal, &c.

Sax paces an' mair alone a' the rest, Fal-lal, &c.

She was sae supple an' sae stout,

She led the lave a' round about,

An' cam in first — as she gade out, Fal-lal, &c.

Now Glentowin's horse he could do nae mair, Fal-lal, &c.

An' Kirkliel's o'er heavy to hae ony share, Fal-lal, &c.

Sae Kingledore's brown bonny mare

Set off wi' a' our dainty gear,

An' caper'd trously thro' the fair, Fal-lal, &c.

THE FLOWER OF AMOCHRIE.

Air, Days of Yore.

"O cam ye friend a-cross the hill? Or cam ye friend out
 o'er the lea? Or, saw ye, in the wood - y vale, The
 love-ly flower o' A-moch-rie?" "I came not 'cross the heathy hill, Nor
 came I o'er the flow'-ry lea; How could I know, in
 yon green vale, The love - ly flower o' A - moch - rie?"

"Saw ye Aurora at the dawn,
 Or cloudless moon o'er waveless sea?
 Oh! then you'd know, upon the lawn,
 The lovely flower o' Amochrie.
 Her cheeks the ruddy morning vie,
 Her neck, the snaw sae fair to see,
 Her e'en, the blue o' winter sky,
 The lovely flower o' Amochrie."

My love built me a bonnie bow'r, And clad it a' wi' lily flow'r; A
braw'er bower ye ne'er did see, Than my true love he built for me.

There came a man by middle day,
He spied his sport and went away,
And brought the king at dead of night,
Who brake my bow'r, and slew my knight!

He slew my knight, to me sae dear!
He slew my knight, and poind his gear!
My servants all for life did flee,
And left me in extremitie!

I sew'd his sheet, making my mane;
I watch'd the corpse, myself alone;
I watch'd his body night and day;
No living creature came that way!

I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed, and whiles I sat;
I diggd a grave and laid him in,
And hap'd him with the sod sae green!

But think na ye my heart was sair,
When I laid the mould on his yellow hair!
O think na ye my heart was wae,
When I turn'd about awa to gae!

Nae living man I'll love again,
Since that my lovely knight is stain!
Wi' ae lock of his yellow hair
I'll chain my heart for evermair!

MERRY MAY THE KEEL ROW.

As I came down the Can-o'-gate, The Can-o'-gate, the
Can-o'-gate; As I came down the Can-o'-gate, I heard a las-sie sing, "O
mer-ry may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row;
Mer-ry may the keel row, The ship that my love's in."

My love he wears a bonnet,
A bonnet, a bonnet,
A shawy rose upon it,
A dimple on his chin.
O merry may the keel row, &c.

ROB RORYSON'S BONNET.

Yell a' ha'e heard tell o' Rob Rory-son's bon-net, Yell
a' ha'e heard tell o' Rob Rory-son's bon-net; 'Twas no for it-self, 'twas the

head that was in it, Gard a' bo-dies talk o' Rob Rury-son's bon-net.

This bon-net, that theek-it his won-der-fu' head, Was his shel-ter in

win-ter, in sum-mer his shade, And at kirk, or at mar-ket, or

bri-dals, I ween, A braw gaw-cier bon-net there ne-ver was-seen.

Sym:

Wi' a round rosy tap, like a meikle black-boyd,
 It was slouch'd just a kenning on either hand side;
 Some maintain'd it was black, some maintain'd it was blue,
 It had something o' baith as a body may trow.
 But, in sooth, I assure you, for ought that I baw,
 Still his bonnet had naething uncommon ava;
 Tho' the haill parish talk'd o' Rob Ruryson's bonnet,
 'Twas a' for the marvellous head that was in it.

That head — let it rest — it is now in the mools,
 Tho' in life a' the world beside it were fools;
 Yet o' what kind o' wisdom his head was possest,
 Nane kend but himself; see there's nane that will miset.
 But there's some still in life, wha eternally blame,
 Wha on buts and on ifs rear their fabric o' fame;
 To all such I inscribe this most beautiful sonnet,
 To crown them the heirs o' Rob Ruryson's bonnet.

AMID LOCH CATRINE'S SCENERY WILD.

Air, The Boatman.

A-mid Loch Catrine's scene-ry wild Is seen my lassie's dwell-ing, Where
 cav-ern'd rocks, on moun-tains pil'd, Howl to the sea-breeze swell-ing. She's
 pur-er than the snaw that fa's On moun-tain's sum-mit airy; The
 sweet-est moun-tain-flow'r that blows Is not so fair as Ma-ry.

'Tis sweet when woodland echo rings,
 Where purling streams meander;
 But sweeter when my Mary sings,
 As thro' the glens we wander.
 The wild deer on the mountain side,
 The fab'l'd Elf or Fairy,
 Or skiff that skims the crystal tide,
 Moves not more light than Mary.

From lowland plains I've wander'd far,
 In endless search of pleasure,
 Till, guided by some friendly star,
 I found this lovely treasure.
 Altho' my native home has charms,
 Amang these hills I'll tarry;
 And while life's blood my bosom warms,
 I'll love my dearest Mary.

YE BONNIE HAUGHS.

Air, The Scottish Exile's Lament.

Slow and
with Feeling

Ye bonnie haughs and heather braes, Whare I hae past youth's
 blythest days, Ane i-dle dream o' bliss ye be, That gars me sigh for my ain countrie,
 O bauld we rade thro' Stirlin toun, Wi' pis-tole sword and mus-que-toon, And
 banner braid display'd had we, Like brave men hold-ing com-pa-nie.

We left our laves, we left our hames,
 We left our bairns and winsome dames,
 And we drew our swords richt manfully
 To back the king o' our ain countrie.
 But Carlile yetts are wat wi blude,
 Micht matches richt, and dooms the gude;
 And gentle blude o' ilk degree
 Has stained the hearths o' my ain countrie.

And dwyning in this fremit land,
 Does feckless mak baith heart and hand,
 And gars thir tears drap frae my e'e,
 That ne'er sal lie in my ain countrie.
 O Carron brig is auld and worn,
 Where I and my forbears were born;
 But bonnie is that brig to see
 By ane flement trac his ain countrie.

And gladly to the listening ear
 Is borne the waters cruning clear,
 Making a moan and melodie
 That weds the heart to its ain countrie.
 O, gin I were a wee wee bird,
 To light adown at Randiefuird,
 And in Kirk o' Mure to close my e'e;
 And fald my wings in my ain countrie!

FAREWELL, O SWEET HOPE.

Gaelic Air.

Fare-well, O sweet hope! I have wept thee in sad-ness, Thy
bright star illum-in'd life's gloo-mi-est day; It rose on my soul like an
an-gel of glad-ness, And smil'd the dark clouds of mis-for-tune a-way

In youth every prospect by pleasure was bounded,
And joy was the portion that destiny gave;
'Twas pure as the lake by the mountains surrounded,
And warm as the sun-beam that danc'd on its wave.

Thy visions were transient as mists of the morning;
They shone on my sight like the rainbow of eve;
And the first tear 'o' sorrow proclaim'd the sad warning,
Those visions were sent to betray and deceive.

Peace, mild as the dew-drop descending at even,
Protected my bosom from sorrow and care;
But return'd to her throne in the mansion of heaven,
When each object was stamp'd by the hand of despair.

O'er the flowers of happiness, wither'd and blighted,
Fond memory lingers, and mourns their decay;
For the blossoms thy warmth and thy splendour delighted,
Expir'd in the hour that beheld thy last ray.

NOW, MARY, NOW THE STRUGGLES O'ER.

Gaelic Air.

Now, Ma-ry, now the strug-gle's o'er, The war of pride and

love, And Mary, now we meet no more, Unless we meet above.

Too well thou know'st how much I loved!
Thou knew'st my hopes — how fair!
But all those hopes are blighted now,
They point but to despair.

Thus doom'd to ceaseless, hopeless love,
I haste to India's shore;
For here how can I longer stay,
And call thee mine no more!

Now, Mary, now the struggle's o'er,
And tho' I still must love,
Yet, Mary, here we meet no more,
O, may we meet above!

THE HIGHLAND BALLOW.

Hoo ballow, my sweet wee Donald, Picture o' the great Clanronald;

Thou'll be chief o' a' the clan, If thou art spared to be a man,

Leeze me on thy bonnie craigie,
An' thou live thou'll lift a naigie,
Travel the country thro' and thro',
And bring hame a Carlyle cow.

Thro' the lawlands, o'er the border,
Weel, my babie, may thou furder;
Herry the louns o' the laigh countrie,
Synge to the Highlands hame to me.

THE CALEDONIAN'S FAREWELL TO HIS NATIVE LAND.

Air, Farewell to Scotia.

With
Feeling,

I have said, fare-thee-well before, As I look'd, with mine eyelid

wet, Up-on scenes where my heart had a store, And those

plants of the spi-rit were set, That we can-not up-root, or for-

get. And I've felt as the dark moun-tain's brow, Had it

written, in let-ters of jet, "E-ter-ni-ty / se-vers us now?"

And I feel as a desolate one,

Fair land white I gaze upon thee!—
 No more shall that "sweet setting sun"
 Illumine those vallies for me!
 Yet bright may your blossoming be,
 And soft be the gush of your streams!
 O! still in my slumbers will ye
 Be the land of my loveliest dreams.

The remembrance of thee will not wear,
 Like the mist on thy mountains, away;
 Or, as temples, that grandeur will rear,
 To glitter and glance for a day,
 But as towers are embedded for aye,
 It shall stand on the top of my heart,
 And o'er my fond fancy hold sway,
 While memory her joys shall impart.

QUEEN MARY'S FAREWELL TO FRANCE. 81

Air, Queen Mary's Farewell.

The musical score consists of five staves of music in common time, featuring a soprano vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal line, with some words appearing above the staff and others below. The key signature changes from G major to F major and back to G major throughout the piece.

O thou lovd country! Where my youth was spent, Dear golden
days, All past in sweet content. Where the fair morning
of my clouded day shone mildly bright, and temperately
gay! Dear France, I bid you a long and sad farewell! No thought can image,
and no tongue can tell, The pangs I feel at the dear word, fare-well!

The ship that waits me from thy friendly shore,
Conveys my body, but conveys no more.
My soul is thine, that spark of heavenly flame,
The better portion of my mingled frames,
Is wholly thine; that part I give to thee,
That, in the temple of thy memory,
The other ever may enshrine be.

HAE YE SEEN, AT DAWN OF MORNING.

Air, Crowdy. 1st Set.

Slowly.

Hae ye seen, at dawn o' morning, When the flow'rs were bath'd wi' dew?

Hae ye seen the lav'-rock spring-ing Frae the gow-ans vir-gin hue?

Sweet's the rose, mild blush-ing flower, Sweet the lily's mo-deст form,

Sweet the woodbine-mantled bower, Sweet the frag-rant bloom-ing thorn

By the storm the rose is blasted,

Rain sweeps the lily frae the vale,

The fragrance of the briar flies wasted

On the wings of autumn's gale.

Seasons ever are a-changing,

Buds to flowers, then flowers decay,

Autumn, summer's glory mourning,

Winter sweeps their pride away.

O! THE YEARS!

Air, Crowdy. 2d Set.

Slow.

O! the years when young crea-tions Peopled ev'ry hour that flew,

When the spi-rit knew tem-pa-tions But by love's il-lu-sive hue,

These were days of peace and pleasure, Which we never shall prove a-gain;

All the fu-ture we can mea-sure On-ly by its sum of pain.

Fare thee well, thou hours of fa-cy; Fare thee well, crea-tions gay;

All your vi-sions, bright and air-y, Took them wings and flew a-way.

Plaintive

Red, red is the path to glo-ry! See yon banners floating high!



O, my Geordy, death's before ye! Turn and hear my bounding sigh



Joy of my heart, Geordy, hear me! Joy of my heart, 'Stu mo Ruin!

*Thou art my love!

Turn and see thy tartan plaid,

Rising o'er my breaking heart,

O my bonny highland laddie,

Wae was I, with thee to part,

Joy of my heart, Geordy again!

Joy of my heart, 'Stu mo Ruin!

**My own!

But thou bleeds— O bleeds thou, beauty?

Swims thy eye in woe and pain?

Child of honour! child of duty!

Shall we never meet again?

Joy of my heart, Geordy again!

Joy of my heart, 'Stu mo Ruin!

Yes, my darling, on thy pillow,

Soon thy head shall easy lie;

Soon, upon the bounding billow,

Shall thy war-worn standard fly.

Joy of my heart, Geordy again!

Joy of my heart, 'Stu mo Ruin!

Then, again thy tartan plaidy,

Then, my bosom free from pain,

Shall receive my Highland laddie:

Never shall we part again.

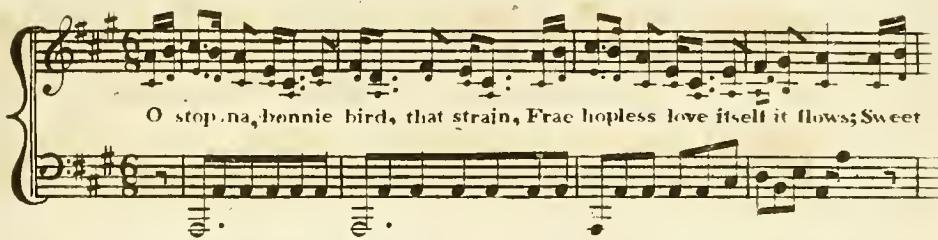
Joy of my heart, Geordy again!

Joy of my heart, 'Stu mo Ruin!

Lady G. Gordon, picked up this beautiful Air in the Highlands, the verses were written by Dr Cooper at her desire, on the Marquis of Huntly when in Holland.

MAID OF ALDERNEY.

Air, Kinloch of Kinloch.



bird, O warble it a-gain, Thou'st touch'd the string of a' my woes ! O

full me with it to re-pose, I'll dream of her who's far a-way, And

fancy, as my eye-lids close, Will meet the maid of Alderney.

Couldst thou but learn frae me my grief,
Sweet bird, thou'dst leave thy native grove,
And fly, to bring my soul relief,
To where my warmest wishes rove;
Soft as the cooings of the dove,
Thou'll sing thy sweetest, saddest lay,
And melt to pity, and to love,
The bonny maid of Alderney.

Well may I sigh and sairly weep;
Thy song sad recollections bring;
O ! fly across the roaring deep,
And to my maiden sweetly sing;
'Twill to her faithless bosom bring
Remembrance of a sacred day;
But feeble is thy wee bit wing,
And far's the isle of Alderney.

Then, bonny bird, wi' mony a tear,
I'll mourn beneath this hoary thorn;
And thou wilt find me sitting here,
Ere thou canst hail the dawn o' morn.
Then, high on airy pinions borne,
Thou'll chaunt a sang o' love and wae,
And soothe me, weeping at the scorn
O the sweet maid of Alderney.

And when around my wearied head,
Soft pillow'd where my fathers lie,
Death shall eternal poppies spread,
And close for aye my tearfu' eye.
Perch'd on some bonny branch on high,
Thou'll sing thy sweetest roundelay,
And soothe my spirit passing by
To meet the maid of Alderney.

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

Air, Drumossie Muir.

Second Voice, ad lib:

The lovely lass of Inverness, Nae joy nae pleasure can she
 see; For e'en and morn she cries, alas! And ay the saut tear blins her ee.
 Drum-os-sie muir, Drum-os-sie day, A wae fu' day it was to
 me For there I lost my Fa-ther dear, My Fa-ther dear and Brethren three.

Their winding sheet the bluidy clay,
 Their graves are growing green to see;
 And by them lies the dearest lad
 That ever blest a woman's ee!
 Now wae to thee thou eruel lord,
 A bluidy man I trow thou be;
 For mony a heart thou hast made sair,
 That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee.

It was a' for our right-fu' king We left fair Scotland's
 strand; It was a' for our right-in' king We e'er saw I - rish
 land, my dear, We e'er saw I - rish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,
 And a' is done in vain:
 My love and native land farewell,
 For I maun cross the main, my dear,
 For I maun cross the main.

He turn'd him right and round about,
 Upon the Irish shore,
 And gave his bridle-reins a shake,
 With, adieu for evermore, my dear,
 With, adieu for evermore.

The soger frae the war returns,
 The sailor frae the main,
 But I ha'e parted frae my love,
 Never to meet again, my dear,
 Never to meet again.

When day is gane, and night is come,
 And a' folk bound to sleep.
 I think on him that's far awa
 The lee-lang night, and weep, my dear,
 The lee-lang night, and weep.

THE HIGHLANDER'S FAREWELL.

O where shall I gae seek my bread? Or where shall I gae wander? O
 where shall I gae hide my head? For here I'll bide nae langer. The
 seas may row, the winds may blow, And swathe me round in danger; My
 native land I must fore-go, And roam a lonely stranger.

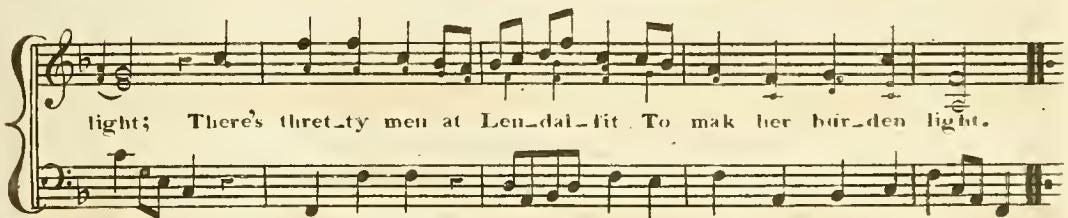
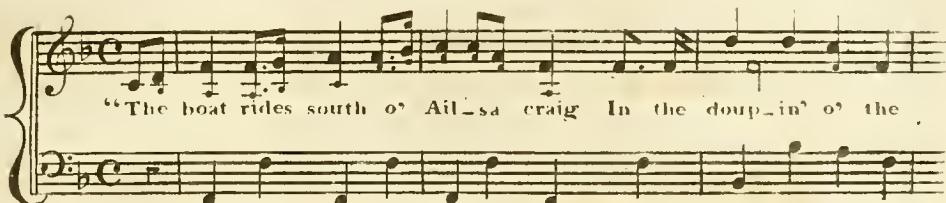
The glen, that was my father's own,
 Must be by his forsaken;
 The house, that was my father's home,
 Is levell'd with the bracken.
 Ochon! ochon! our glory's o'er,
 Stole by a mean deceiver!
 Our hands are on the broad claymore,
 But the might is broke for ever.

And thou, my prince, my injur'd prince,
 Thy people have disown'd thee,
 Have hunted, and have driv'n thee hence,
 With ruin'd chiefs around thee.
 Tho' hard beset, when I forgot
 Thy fate, young helpless rover,
 This broken heart shall cease to beat,
 And all its griefs be over.

Farewell, farewell, dear Caledon,
 Land of the Gael no longer!
 A stranger fills thy ancient throne,
 In guile and treachery stronger.
 The brave and just fall in the dust,
 On ruin's brink they quiver,
 Heaven's pitying eye is clos'd on thee,
 Adieu! adieu for ever.

THE SMUGGLER.

Air, The lads o' Lendalit.



There's thretty naigs in Hazel-holm,
Wi' the halter on their head,
Will cadg'd this night, ayont you hight,
If wind and water speed.

Fy, reek ye out the pat an' spit,
For the roast, but an' the boil,
For wave-worn wight it is nae meet,
Spare feeding and sair toil.

O Mungo, ye've a cozie bield,
Wi' a butt ay an' a ben;
Can ye no live a lawfu' life,
An' ligg wi' lawfu' men?

Gae blow your win aneath your pats,
It's blown awa on me,
For, bag an' bark, shall be my wark
Untill the day I die.

Maun I haud by our hameart goods
An' foreign gear sae fine?
Maun I drink at the water wan,
An' France sae rife o' wine?

O weel I like to see thee, Kate,
Wi' the bairnie on thy knee;
But my heart is now wi' yon gallant crew,
That push through the angry sea.

The jaunting weet, the stentid sheets,
The south-west stiltest gowl,
On a moonless night, if the tunner's tight,
Are the joys o' a Smuggler's soul?

O CHECK MY LOVE, THE FALLING TEAR.

Air, Jock o' Hazledean.

The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time, treble clef, and B-flat key signature. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first staff contains the beginning of the song. The second staff begins with 'world may frown, and friends prove false, But I'll be true to thee.' The third staff begins with 'check, my love, the rising sigh, Which gently swells thy heart; Hope'. The fourth staff begins with 'whispers soon we'll meet a - gain, And ne - ver, ne - ver part.'

When far awa, that falling tear
 Shall aft remember'd be,
 The rising sigh which swells thy heart
 Shall ne'er be lost on me.
 Then check, my love, the falling tear
 Which dims thy bonnie e'e;
 The world may frown, and friends prove false,
 But I'll be true to thee.

FAR FROM THE GIDDY COURT OF MIRTH.

Air, Mrs Hamilton of Wishaw.

The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time, treble clef, and B-flat key signature. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first staff contains the beginning of the song. The second staff begins with 'Far from the giddy court of mirth, Where sick'ning follies reign, By'. The third staff continues the melody. The fourth staff concludes the piece.

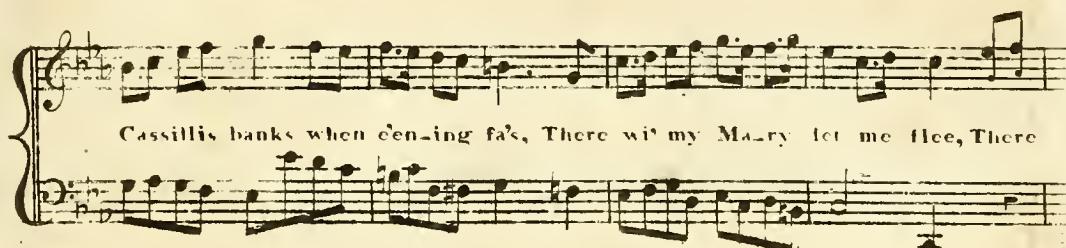
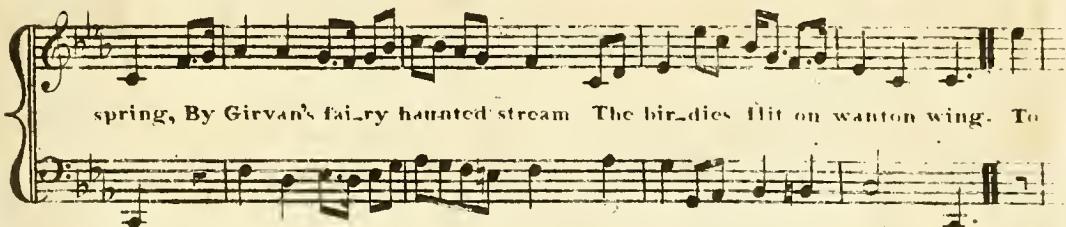
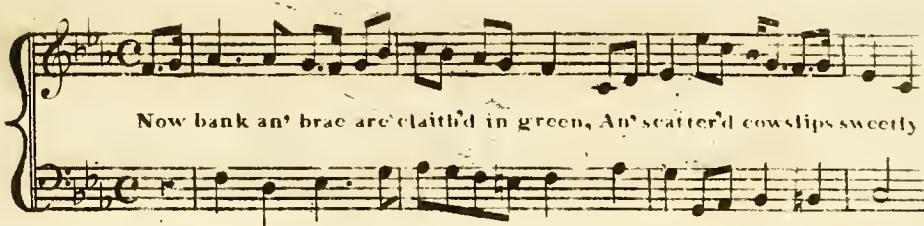
Levern's stream I wander forth To hail each silvan scene. All
 hail, ye dear romantic shades! Ye banks, ye woods, and sunny glades! Here
 oft the musing poet treads: In nature's riches great, The
 country contrasts with the town, Makes natures beauties all his own, And,
 borne on fancy's wings, looks down On empty pride and state.

By dewy dawn, or sultry noon,
 Or sober evening gray,
 I'll often quit the dismal town
 By Levern banks to stray;
 Or from the upland's mossy brow
 Enjoy the fancy-pleasing view
 Of streamlets, woods, and fields below,
 A sweetly varied scene!
 Give riches to the miser's care,
 Let folly shine in fashion's glare,
 Give me the wealth of peace and health,
 With all their happy train.

AS I CAME O'ER THE CAIRNEY MOUNT.

As I came o'er the cairney mount, And down a-mang the
 bloom-ing heath-er, Kind-ly stood the milk-ing shiel, To shel-ter
 frae the stormy wea-ther. O my bon-nie Highland lad, My
 win-some, weet-far'd Highland laddie; Wha wad mind the
 wind and rain, Sae weel row'd in his tar-tan plaid-ie?

Now Phoebus blinkit on the bent,
 And o'er the knowes the lambs were bleating;
 But he won my heart's consent
 To be his ain at the neist meeting.
 O my bonnie Highland lad,
 My winsome, weetfar'd Highland laddie;
 Wha wad mind the wind and rain,
 Sae weel row'd in his tartan plaidie?

NOW BANK AND BRAE.

The chield wha boasts o' world's walth

Is aften laird o' meikle care;

But, Mary, she is a' mine ain,

Ah! fortune canna gie me mair!

Then let me range by Cassillis banks,

Wit her-lic lassie dear to me,

And catch her ilk-a glance o' love,

The bonnie blink o' Mary's e'e

THE PRIMROSE IS BONNIE IN SPRING.

Air, The Banks of Eswal.

Slowly.

The primrose is bonnie in spring, An' the rose it is sweet in June; It's
 bonnie, whare leaves are green, I' the sun-ny af-ter - noon. It's
 bonnie when the sun gaes down, An' glints on the broom-y knowe; It's
 bonnie to see the clouds. Sae red wi' the daz-z-ling lowe.

When the night is a' sae calm,
 An' comes the sweet twilight gloom,
 Oh! it cheers my heart to meet
 My lassie amang the broom.
 When the birds, in bush an' brake,
 Do quit their blythe e'enin sang,
 Oh! what an hour to sit
 Thae gay gowden links amang.

THRO' CRUIKSTON CASTLE'S LONELY WA'S.

Air, Cruijkston Castle.

Thro' Cruijkston cas-tle's lone-ly wa's The win-try wind howls

wild and dreary; Tho' mirk the cheerless evening fas., Yet I hae
vow'd to meet my Ma-ry. Yes, Ma-ry, tho' the winds should rave wi'
jeal-ous spite to keep me frae thee, The dark-est storm-y
night I'd brave, For ae sweet se-cret mo-ment wi' thee.

Loud der Cardonald's rocky steep
Rude Cartha pours in boundless measure,
But I will ford the whirling deep
That roars between me and my treasure.
Yes, Mary, tho' the torrent rave
Wi' jealous spite to keep me frae thee,
Its deepest flood I'd bauldly brave,
For ae sweet secret moment wi' thee.

The watch-dog's howling loads the blast,
And makes the nightly wand'rer eerie,
But when the lonesome way is past,
I'll to this bosom clasp my Mary.
Yes, Mary, tho' stern winter rave
With a' his storms to keep me frae thee,
The wildest dreary night I'd brave
For ae sweet secret moment wi' thee.

THE INGLE SIDE.

It's rare to see the morning breeze Like a bonfire frae, the
sea; It's fair to see the burnie kiss The lip o' the flow'ry lea; An'
fine it is on green hill side, When hums the hinny bee; But
far-er, fair-er, fin-er far, Is the in-gle side to me.

Glens may be gilt wi' gowans rare,

The birds may fill the tree,

And haughs hae a' the scented ware

That simmer's growth can gie;

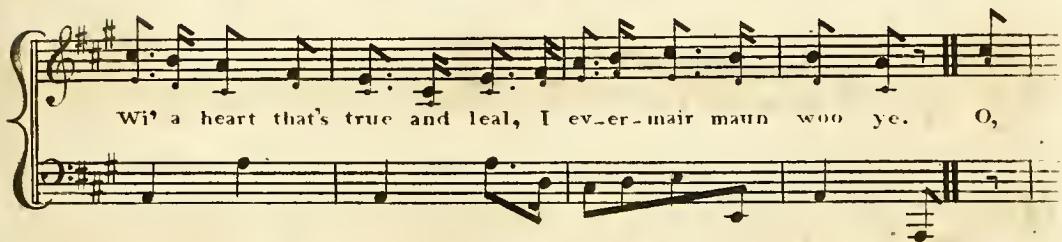
But the eanty hearth, where cronies meet,

An' the darling o' our e'e,

That maks to us a world complete!

O the ingle side's for me.

THE FLOWER O' LOCHER.

Air, M^r. J. Burns' Fancy.

It's whare the lambkins sport and play

Sae merry a' the simmer;

It's whare the birds sing a' the day

Upon the lealy timmer;

Wi' you, my love, I like to gae,

A leal, leal heart to offer,

My fancy ne'er frae you can stray,

Nor bonnie banks o' Locher.

O, lassie, ye're sae fair to see,

I aye maun loe ye dearly,

Your cheek's the rose upon the tree,

Amang the dew sae pearly,

A monarch's crown and a' I'd gie,

And miser's gowden colter,

For ae blink o' Eliza's ee

Upon the banks o' Locher.

WHAT DE YE THINK I SUD DO.

I am a young man, and I live wit my min-nie, A
 gude ho-nest luc-ky, I trow; But when-ev-er I
 speak o' tak-in a wife, She ay flies up in a
 lowe. And what do you think I sud do, gude folks? O!
 wha do ye think I sud try? For if she dies, there's
 nae-bo-dy lie-vin To mind the fowls and the kye.

There's red headed Jenny that lieses at our side,
 At shearin she aye dings them wi';
 But her vera sight mither canna abide,
 And her a wild hissie does ea?
 And what do ye think, &c.

There's M^r M^s Drunkie a guid widow woman,
 For wine makin she has the gree;
 At kirnin her daughter is surely uncommon,
 And either wad answer for me.
 And what do ye think, &c.

My mither yestreen she pouther'd my head,
 Till it was as white as the snaw;
 She tuik her auld mutch and stuffed my gravet,
 And pat in my breast prin and a';
 An' what do ye think I'm to do, gude folks?
 O! what do ye think I'm to do?
 I'm gaun to the east to a braw weddin' leas
 To meet the M^r Hullys, I trow.

Now gang awa Jamie, now gang to the bridal,
 Ye ken yere to be the best man,
 And Betty M^r Huffy she is the best maid,
 Speak up to her now like a man.
 And what do ye think o' me, now, gude folks?
 O! what do ye think o' me now?
 I ken vera weel, it's a' for the siller
 That mither wad ha'e me to woo.

I gaed to the bridal, and Betty was there,
 And wow! but she was buskit braw,
 Wi' ribbons, and lace, a' set round her face,
 And necklaces twa or three raw.
 And what do ye think o' me, now gude folks?
 O! what do ye think I suld try?
 For really I'm vext, and sairly perplext,
 When I think o' the fowls and the kye.

To please my mither, and speak up till her,
 Lang I thought afore I wad try;
 At length I spiered, if ever she heard
 That we had twa dozen o' kye?
 And what do ye think o' me, now gude folks?
 O! keep me frae Betty sae I.
 Wi' a toss o' her head, she answered indeed,
 Wha cares for you, or your kye.

THE SUN IS SETTING ON SWEET GLENGARY.

Air, Flowers are Fair.

The sun is setting on sweet Glengarry, The flow'rs are
 fair, and the leaves are green; O bonnie lassie, ye maun be my
 dearie, And the rose is sweet in the dew at e'en.

Down yon glen ye never will weary,
 The flowers are fair, and the leaves are green;
 Bonnie lassie, ye maun be my dearie,
 And the rose is sweet in the dew at e'en.

Birds are singing fu' blythe and cheery,
 The flowers are fair, and the leaves are green;
 Bonnie lassie, on bank sae brierie,
 And the rose is sweet in the dew at e'en.

In-yonder glen there's naething to fear ye,
 The flowers are fair, and the leaves are green;
 Ye canna be sad, ye canna be eerie,
 And the rose is sweet in the dew at e'en.

The water is wimpling by fu' clearly,
 The flowers are fair, and the leaves are green;
 Oa! ye sill ever be my dearie,
 And the rose is sweet in the dew at e'en.

THE WANDERER.

Air, Logan Burn.

Slowly.

The wand'ring ex-ile, doom'd to roam, Still cherishes the thought of
 home, Not all the toils that round him stand, Can wean him from his native land.
 In ev'ry pleasure, ev'ry care, Still mem'ry points and lingers there, And
 for-tune's fas-ci-na-ting hand, En-dears him to his na-tive land.

Whilst whirlwinds blow and tempests rise,
 And thunders shake the troubled skies,
 His feet are on a foreign strand,
 His heart is in his native land.
 Whilst all is calm and peaceful seen,
 And nought disturbs the blue serene,
 He cannot yield to joys command,
 An exile from his native land.

But when, the storms of fortune past,
 The wish'd-for haven gain'd at last,
 With what delight his waving hand
 Enraptur'd hails his native land.
 Here tarry all his soul holds dear,
 And all his fancy loves is here,
 There are his friends his childhood plan'd
 And this his lov'd, his native land.

CAULD BLAWS THE WIN'.

Air, The forsaken mither.

Slow

The musical score consists of three staves of music for piano and voice. The top staff shows a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and common time. The middle staff shows a bass clef, a key signature of one flat, and common time. The bottom staff shows a bass clef, a key signature of one flat, and common time. The lyrics are written below each staff. The first two staves begin with the same melody, while the third staff begins with a different melody.

Cauld blaws 'the win', the sough-in' wintry win', And the
wan leaf is fallin' frae the tree; But cauld'er my babe is thy
cruel father's heart, Who brak a' his plighted vows to me,

Sleep sound, my babe, my bonnie bonnie babe,
An' blythe may thou lift thy waukenin' e'e;
But never again can this waefu' bosom ken
The peace that kind Heaven may gie to thee.

Oh! I maun thole the bitter, bitter scorn,
O' them wha ance kindly smil'd on me;
An' I maun lea' my hame and parents dear,
To wander the world in misery.

THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS.

With
Spirit.

Does haughty Gaul invasion threat? Then let the loons beware, Sir; There's

wood_en walls upo_n our seas, And vol_u_n_teers on shore, Sir. The
 Nith shall rin to Cor-sin-con, The Crif-fel sink in Sol-way, Ere
 we per-mit a for-eign foe On Brit-ish ground to rally. Well
 neder per-mit a for-eign foe On Brit-ish ground to rally.

Chorus.

O let us not like snarling curs,
 In wrangling be divided,
 Till, slap! come in an unco loun,
 And wi' a rung decide it:
 Be Britain still to Britain true,
 Amang oursels united:
 For never but by British hands
 Maun British wrangs be righted
 For never but, &c.

The kettle o' the kirk and state,
 Perhaps a clout may fail int';
 But deil a foreign tinkler loun
 Shall ever eat a nail int':
 Our father's blude the kettle bought!
 And wha wad dare to spoil it?
 By Heavens! the sacrilegious dog
 Shall fuel be to boil it!
 By Heavens, &c.

The wretch that would a tyrant own,
 And the wretch his true-sworn brother,
 Who would set the mob aboon the throne,
 May they be tied together.
 Who will not sing, 'God save the king!'
 Shall hang as high's the steeple;
 But while we sing, 'God save the king,'
 We'll ne'er forget the people.
 But while we sing, &c.

*THE COVENANTERS LAMENT.*Air, *The Martyr's Grave.*

There's nae covenant now, Lassie, There's nae covenant now; The-
solemn league and covenant Are al[so] brok_en through. There's

nae Ren-wick now, Las-sie, There's nae good Car-gill, Nor

hol-y sab-bath preach-ing Up-on the Mar-tyrs hill.

It's naething but a sword, Lassie,
A bluidy bluidy ane,
Waving owre puir Scotland
For her rebellious sin.
Scotland's a' wrang, Lassie,
Scotland's a' wrang;
It's neither to the hill nor glen,
Lassie we dare gang.

The martyrs' hill's forsaken,
In simmer's dusk sae calm,
There's nae gathering now, Lassie,
To sing the e'enig psalm,
But the martyrs' grave will rise, Lassie,
Aboon'the warrior's cairn,
An' the martyr soun' will sleep, Lassie,
Aneath the waving fern.

Slow.

For I have pledg'd my virgin troth
 Brave Arthur's fate to share,
 And he has gi'en to me his heart
 Wit a' its virtues rare.
 The mind, whose every wish is pure,
 Far dearer is to me;
 And ere I'm forc'd to break my faith
 I'll lay me down and die.

So, trust me, when I swear to thee
 By a' that is on high,
 Though ye had a' this warld's gear,
 My heart ye couldna buy;
 For langest life can ne'er repay
 The love he bears to me;
 And ere I'm forc'd to break my troth
 I'll lay me down and die.

My love, she's but a lassie yet, My love she's but a lassie yet; Well
let her stand a year or twa, She'll no be hale sae sau-ey yet. I
rue the day I sought her, O, I rue the day I sought her, O, Wha
gets her need-na say he's wood But he may say he's bought her, O.

WAS EVER HEART SAE FAIRLY TA'EN.

Same Air.

Was ever heart sae fairly ta'en,
By woman's wiles unwary, O,
And sae enthrall'd as mine, by aye
Sae fair and sae camsterie, O?

O dule the waefu' drinkin' o't!
And the night I fell a thinkin' o't!
When first a glossy dark blue-e'e
Thrill'd through me wi' the blinkin' o't.

I kenna if it's lack o' luve,
Or want o' wit i' the lassie yet;
Whate'er it be, the day we'll see
She'll no be just sae saucy yet.

C H F

SCOTTISH MINSTREL

A SELECTION

from the

VOCAL MELODIES OF SCOTLAND

ANCIENT & MODERN

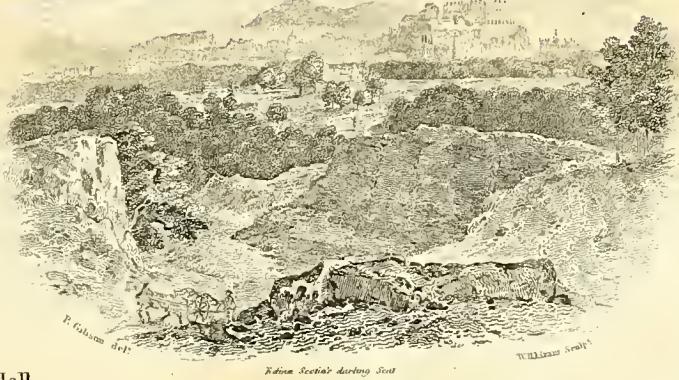
ARRANGED FOR THE

PIANO FORTE

— BY —

R. A. SMITH.

VOL. 6



Ent'd at Stat. Hall.

Price 8/-

EDINBURGH

*Published & Sold by ROB^T. PURDIE at his Music & Musical Instrument
Warehouse N^o 70 Princes Street.*

ADVERTISEMENT TO VOLUME SIXTH.

THE Editors of the SCOTISH MINSTREL intimated, in an Advertisement prefixed to the Fifth Volume, that their collected materials were far from being exhausted, and, at the same time, announced their intention to add another Volume to the Work. This they have now accomplished, and they flatter themselves, that, in point of interest and in value, it will lose nothing by a comparison with those which have preceded it. They have no longer to contend with many of the disadvantages which they experienced at the commencement of their labours; the distance of Mr Smith from Edinburgh, for instance, which rendered the necessary communication with him at once difficult and troublesome, having been obviated since his continued residence on the spot. Had they in like manner enjoyed the same advantage throughout the whole of the previous Volumes, they are confident they would not now have occasion to apologize for some occasional, although trivial, errors which had escaped their notice during the course of the publication. Should they, however, be called upon, at any after period, to send forth an improved edition of the Scotish Minstrel, they trust they will be enabled not merely to free it from being liable to such a charge, but, in many other respects, to render it still more deserving of the favourable regard which it has so liberally experienced, and to put it in competition with any existing Collection of the Melodies of Scotland.

As it seems as natural for Editors to say something for themselves, when about to take leave of the Public, as it is customary to bespeak its favour, they will avail themselves of this opportunity to say a few words in behalf of *their* favourite MINSTREL. Like all his brethren, he is delighted with the *layes* of former times,—of which, among other *ferly things*,

“ Some be of war and some of wa,
Some of joy and mirth also,
And some of treachery and of guile,
And old adventures that *fell the while*,
And many there are of *fayrie*,
But most of love forsooth there be.”*

* See the introductory lines to the curious old legend, entitled *Lai le Freine*, composed by *Marie de France*, about the year 1240, of which there is an English translation of nearly a coeval date, familiar to the lovers of old metrical romance.

But fond as the Minstrel is of *auld sangis*, and ballads, and liltis, and rants of every description, he is, in an especial manner, partial to the legends of his native land, which are dear to every Scotch heart. In this Volume, the Reader will perceive, that *he* has been again gleaning from the same mountain-wilds, and musing “at the grey-stone of the martyr :”

“ Sequestered haunts ! so still, so fair,
That holy faith might worship there—
The shaggy gerse and brown heath wave
O'er many a nameless warrior's grave.”

Yet, though the lyre of the Minstrel has often “thrilled the deepest notes of woe,” when singing of a broken covenant, and the cruel persecution of his fathers, not less ardent has been his admiration of the firm and devoted conduct of the supporters of *hereditary right*, or his sympathy with loyalty in misfortune and exile. If, at times, *he* has been led astray by his feelings, whilst listening to the heart-stirring *pibroch*, and catching the wild notes of the *Gathering*, he can only reply, in the words of the “ Shepherd of the Forest,”

“ Somehow my heart, with its covenant-tie,
Was knit to the Hielands, I cou'dna tell why.”

Of these very interesting remains the Minstrel has been fortunate in being able to preserve many which otherwise might have been suffered to perish. *He* has been equally assiduous in searching after fragments which relate to either the one party or the other,—whether they be such as concern those who, in the times of the fiery persecution, displayed as much resignation under suffering as boldness in the hour of danger, or of those who, nearer our own days, actuated by feelings which no generous heart will condemn, evinced the like heroic firmness and resolution, although called forth in a cause less fortunate and less holy, but over which integrity of principle, unshaken loyalty, and attachment to a hopeless cause in the midst of adversity, have contributed to shed so much lustre.

In concluding their labours, the Editors feel it as a duty binding on them, in a public manner to express the obligations they are under to the various contributors who have taken an interest in the publication. To many of them they are prevented from acknowledging the favours they have conferred, in consequence of their being ignorant of the quarters from whence they came, whilst others of their friends have thought fit to impose on them injunctions to silence. In such cases they can merely express, in general terms, how much they are indebted to their kindness ; and if, in any instance, they have not availed themselves of such con-

tributions, they are not the less grateful for their gratuitous assistance.* In particular, the Editors would have felt happy in being permitted to enumerate the many original and beautiful verses that adorn their pages, for which they are indebted to the author of the much-admired song, “The Land of the Leal” (vol. 3), —but they fear to wound a delicacy which shrinks from all observation. Such reserve, however, they apprehend, does not apply in every instance; and they beg to return their best acknowledgments to the Ettrick Shepherd for his kind services, in

* We cannot forbear noticing *one lilt*, sent us anonymously, for the old tune of “Brose and Butter,” as, whatever may be thought of the song, the melody is, we believe, nearly as great a favourite with some of our friends as it was with Charles II.; and we are sure our readers will readily excuse our insertion of an anecdote which has been brought to our remembrance, wishing, as we do, that, when they are in any difficulties, they may know how to use the power of musical association to as good purpose as the laird of Cockpen.

CHARLES II. AND THE LAIRD OF COCKPEN.*

During the time of Oliver Cromwell’s Protectorship, the principal residence of Charles II. was at the court of his sister in Holland. The laird of Cockpen, a staunch adherent to the House of Stuart, followed the prince thither, and attached himself to Charles’ household. Cockpen, from his skill and proficiency in music, very much contributed to divert his royal master, by the impressive manner in which he played the favourite airs of his native country; but none pleased Charles so well as the tune of “Brose and Butter.” So partial was he to this air, that with “Brose and Butter” sounding in his ears he was lulled asleep at night, and with “Brose and Butter” awaked from his morning slumber. At the Restoration, Cockpen returned to Scotland, where he found that, in consequence of his attachment to the royal cause, his estate had been attainted. Many were the applications he made to have it put again in his possession, but all to no purpose. He at length went to London, but was coldly received by the courtiers, put off with fair promises, and in all his attempts to gain an audience of the king, he was baffled and thwarted. Having formed an intimacy, as a musician, with the organist of the kings’ chapel, he solicited, and obtained, as a special favour, permission to perform on the organ before his majesty, at the royal chapel. Cockpen exerted his talents to the utmost, thinking to attract the attention of Charles, but all his efforts were unavailing. On the conclusion of the service, instead of a common voluntary, in a fit of despair he struck up “Brose and Butter,” which no sooner caught the ear of the king than he flew to the organ-gallery. The regular organist perceiving the vivid flashes of Charles’ eye, was seized with such a panic, that he fell on his knees and protested his innocence. “It was not me, please your majesty, it was not me!”—“You! you!” exclaimed the enraptured monarch, as he hastily passed him,—“You never could play any thing like it in your life.”—Then addressing his old associate in exile,—“Odds fish, Cockpen! I thought you would have made me dance.”—“I could have dauced to ‘Brose and Butter’ once with a light heart too,” replied the performer,—“but my adherence to your majesty’s interest has bereft me of the lands of Cockpen.”—“You shall dance,” said Charles,—“you shall dance, and be laird of Cockpen yet.”—Accordingly the laird was immediately put in possession of his inheritance.

* Baron Cockburn’s hereditary property.

having furnished them with many of the wild flowers gathered from the hills and valleys of his pastoral district,—and they assure him, that they prize his thymy sweets more highly than the cultured plants of a regular parterre. To several of Mr Smith's personal friends the Minstrel is likewise under no inconsiderable obligations; and the Editors have much pleasure in offering their best thanks to Mr Motherwell of Paisley, for the permission he has so obligingly granted them, of publishing several choice pieces from his scarce and valuable MSS., amongst which they beg particularly to notice the fine Jacobite song, “Ye bonnie Haughs” (page 77, vol. 5), and the interesting ballad of the Mermayden (page 80 of the present Volume), with their original melodies. They have also to present thanks to Mr Robert Allan of Kilbarchan, who favoured them with many excellent original songs, as well as old fragments recovered by him from among the peasantry in the West of Scotland; and, in like manner, to Mr Daniel Weir of Greenock, and Mr William Chalmers of Paisley, from both of whom they have received several songs of considerable merit.

The Editors must now take leave of the SCOTTISH MINSTREL, having used their best endeavours to render the volumes worthy of a place in the library, as well as to appear in the drawing-room. In attempting to form an extensive collection of the national airs of their country, the task has been a source to them of no inconsiderable degree of pleasure; and they have the satisfaction of considering, that the principles upon which they have uniformly proceeded, and in conformity with which the work was originally projected, are such as entitle them, at least, to the approbation of those who join a regard to morality and virtuous enjoyment with the desire to encourage the exertions of native genius.

EDINBURGH, JANUARY 1824.

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NAE GENTEE DAMES, THO' E'ER SAE FAIR.

Air, The Denks dang o'er my Daddie,

Nae gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair, Shall ev-er be my mu-ses
 ate; Their titles a' are emp-ty show, Gie me my Highland lassie, O. With-
 in the glen sae bushy O, A-boon the plain sae rashy O,
 set me down wi' right good will, To sing my Highland lassie, O.

O were yon hills and vallies mine,
 Yon palace, and yon gardens fine!
 The world then the love should know
 I bear my Highland lassie, O.
 Within the glen, &c.

But fickle fortune frowns on me,
 And I maun cross the raging sea;
 But while my crimson currents flow,
 I'll love my Highland lassie, O.
 Within the glen, &c.

Altho' thro' foreign climes I range,
 I know her heart will never change;
 For her bosom burns with honour's glow,
 My faithful Highland lassie, O.
 Within the glen, &c.

For her I'll dare the billows' roar,
 For her I'll trace a distant shore,
 That Indian wealth may lustre throw
 Around my Highland lassie, O.
 Within the glen, &c.

She has my heart, she has my hand,
 By sacred truth and honor's band!
 'Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
 I'm thine my highland lassie, O.
 Farewell, the glen sae bushy, O,
 Farewell, the plain sae rashy, O;
 To other lands I now must go
 To sing my Highland lassie, O.

IT IS NAE, JEAN, THY BONNIE FACE.

It is nae, Jean, thy bonnie face, Nor shape that I ad-

mire, Al tho' thy beauty and thy grace Might weel a-wink desire.

Something in ilka part o' thee, To praise, to love, I find, But

dear as is thy form to me, Still dearer is thy mind.

Nae mair ungen'rous wish I hae,
Nor stronger in my breast,
Than if I canna mak thee sae,
At least to see thee blest.
Content am I, if Heaven shall give
But happiness to thee;
And as wi' thee I'd wish to live,
For thee I'd bear to die.

EPPIE MACNAB.

O mind ye nae, mind ye nae, Eppie Mac-nab, It's no sae lang-

syne yet, O Eppie Mac-nab; Sin' yere een they shone bright, And yere
 heart it tap light, Gin y'd seen but the shadow o' blythe Jock Rab. But
 weary now, weary now's wae Jock Rab; O weary now,
 weary now's wae Jock Rab; My joy and my pride I lo'ed
 aye like a bride, She's fause and for-saaken her ain Jock Rab.

O wae worth the lordling, my Eppie Macnab!
O wae worth the lordling, my Eppie Macnab!

His fancy ye'll tyne,

Ye maun nae mair be mine,

And the world's a waste to your ain Jock Rab.

O weary now, &c.

An' ye saw your wee bairnies now, Eppie Macnab,
Your mitherless bairnies now, Eppie Macnab,

They greet, and think shame,

Gin they hear but your name,

And they wring the heart's blude frae your ain Jock Rab.

O weary now, &c.

ON A BANK OF FLOWERS.

Jacobite.

Lively.

On a bank of flowers ae simmer's day, Whare lads and lasses meet,



Whare weary rue it never grew, And the thyme was passing sweet. Tam

fill'd his glass, and pledg'd his lass, And Charlie's health a-round did pass; Hur-

ra, hurra, they cried, and ev'ry ane replied, We'll fight for our lawfu' king.

New-fangled lads, in their black cockauds,

Cast a gloom, like the darkness o' night,

True-hearted lads, wi' their white cockauds,

Cheer up like the morning light!

Then fill your glass, and pledge your lass,

That Charlie's health around may pass;

Hurra, hurra, they cried, and ev'ry ane replied,

We'll fight for our lawfu' king.

THE WIDOW'S LULLABY.

Slow

Rest, lovely babe, on mother's knee,
Rest, lovely babe, on mother's knee,
And ery na sae to fill wi' wae
The heart that on - ly beats for thee.
Thou
hast, my babe, nae fa-ther now,
To care for thee when I am gone;
And
I ha'e ne'er a friend sae true,
As would my bonnie ba-by own.

Rest, lovely babe, &c.
Oh! ance, and I could little think
A lot sae hard would e'er be thine,
As thus a mother's tears to drink!
For, baby, thou hast drunk o' mine.

Rest, lovely babe, &c.
O smile, my babe; for sic a smile
Thy father aye put on to me;
O smile, my babe; and look the while,
For thou look'st wi' thy father's e'e.

Rest, lovely babe, &c.
O that this widow'd heart would beat
'Till thou in years badst upward grown!
That I might learn thy future fate,
Nor leave thee in the world alone.

FAREWELL TO FUNERY.

The wind is fair, the day is fine, And swiftly swiftly runs the
time; I see the boat, I know her sign, That waits me far from Fun-ney,

A thousand, thousand tender ties,
Unite my country and my sighs;
My heart within me almost dies,
To think of leaving Funery.

Oft with infant steps I've roll'd,
Where Fingal's castle stood of old,
And listen'd, while the shepherds told
An ancient tale of Funery.

Oft have I sat at close of day,
Where Ossian sung his martial lay,
And view'd the sun's last setting ray,
Wandering on Dununerry.

Alt-na-Caillach, gentle stream!
That murmurs softly by the green;
What happy, joyous days, I've seen
Beside the stream of Funery.

And must I leave those happy scenes!
Oh! see them spread the swelling sail;
Adieu! a while, my native plains,
I must depart from Funery.

NITHSDALE'S WELCOME HAME.

Air, Maxwell's Strathspey.

The noble Maxwells, and their powers, Are coming o'er the border, And

they'll gae big Ter-re-a-gles, towers And set them a' in order. And

they de-clare, Ter-re-a-gles fair, For their a-bode they chuse it; There's

no a heart in a' the land, But's light-er at the news o't. And

they de-clare, Ter-re-a-gles fair, For their a-bode they chuse it; There's

no a heart in a' the land, But's light-er at the news o't.

Tho' stars in skies may disappear,
And angry tempests gather;
The happy hour may soon be near
That brings us' pleasant weather;
The weary night o' care and grief
May ha'e a joyfu' morrow,
So dawning day has brought relief,
Farewell our night o' sorrow.

I'LL DRINK A HEALTH TO CHARLIE.

Air, John Blunt.

Lively

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in D major. The tempo is marked 'Lively'. The lyrics 'I'll drink a health to Charlie, O, I'll drink a health to' are written above the top staff, and 'Charlie, An' a' the lads wi' white cockaудs, That are awa' wi' Charlie.' are written below the bottom staff. The music features eighth-note patterns and a recurring eighth-note chord.

The day is come for Charlie, O,
 The day is come for Charlie;
 He's ta'en the field, an' a' maun yield
 To Scotland and to Charlie.

Here's heart an' han' for Charlie, O,
 Here's heart an' han' for Charlie;
 There's no a whig, tho' e'er sae big,
 Will draw forment prince Charlie.

Cope's run awa' frae Charlie, O,
 Cope's run awa' frae Charlie;
 He's run awa by morning's daw,
 He durst na' meet prince Charlie.

My blessing be on Charlie, O,
 My blessing be on Charlie,
 An' may nae loon e'er wear the crown
 That but belongs to Charlie.

I'll drink a health to Charlie, O,
 I'll drink a health to Charlie,
 An' a' the lads wi' white cockaудs,
 That are awa' wi' Charlie.

THE UNCO GRAVE.

Gaelic Air.

Slow.

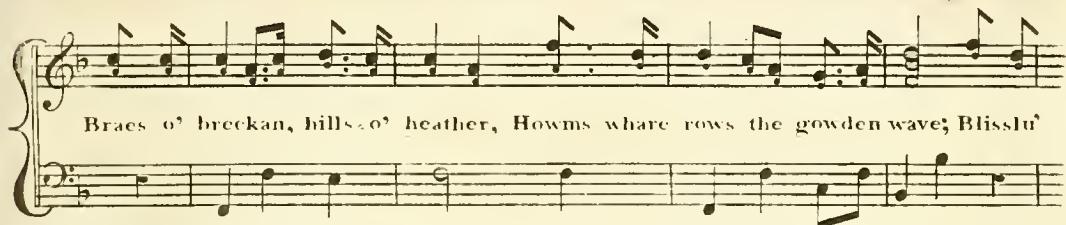
Bonnie Clouden, as ye wan_d're, Hills, an' heughs, an' muirs a -



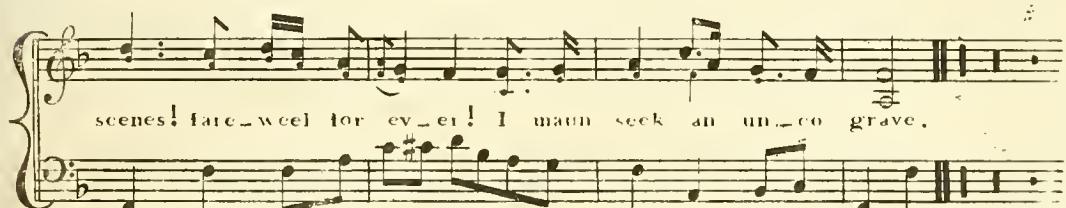
mang, Ilka knowe an' green me_an_d're, Learn my sad, my dulefu' sang!



Braes o' breckan, hills o' heather, Howms whare rows the gowden wave; Blissfu'



scenes! fare_wel for ev_er! I maun seek an unco grave,



Sair I pled, tho' late, unfriendly,
Stang'd my heart wi' waes and dues,
That some faithfu' hand might kindly
Layt amang my native mools.
Cronies dear, wha late an' early,
Ay to soothe my sorrows strave,
Think on ane wha lo'es you dearly,
Doom'd to seek an unco grave.

Torn awa frae Scotia's mountains,
Far frae a' that's dear to dwell,
Maks my een twa gushin' fountains,
Dings a dirk in my puir saul,
Braes o' breckan, hills o' heather,
Howms whare rows the gowden wave,
Blissfu' scenes, farewell for ever,
I maun seek an unco grave!

THE MAY OF THE GLEN.

Old.

There was a May wond' in yon glen, With a heigh ho, the green hollan

tree, And she had woo-ers nine or ten, And the broom it bloom'd sae bonnie

* * * * *

But him she lo'ed did prove untrue,
With a heigh ho, the green hollan tree,
Whilk caus'd the May fu' sair to rue,
And the broom nae mair bloom'd bonnie..

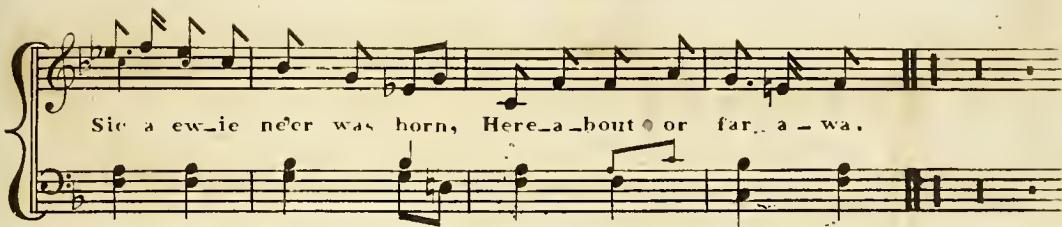
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THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKED HORN.

O were I able to re-hearce, My ew-ie's praise in proper verse, I'd

sound it out as loud and fierce, As ever pi-per's drone cou'd blaw. My

ew-ie wi' the crook-ed horn, Weel de-serv'd baith garse and corn,



I neither needed tar nor keil,
To mark her upo' hip or heel;
Her crooked horn it did as weel,
To ken her by amang them a'.
The ewie, &c.

Cauld or hunger never dang her,
Wind or rain eou'd never wrang her;
Ance she lay a owk, an' langer,
Out aneath a wreath o' snaw.
The ewie, &c.

When other ewies lap the dyke,
And ate the kait for a' the tyke,
My ewie never play'd the like,
But teas'd about the barn yard wa'.
The ewie, &c.

A better, nor a thriftier beast,
Nae honest man could weet hae wist;
For, silly thing, she never mist
To hae ilk year a lamb or twa.
The ewie, &c.

The first she had I gae to Jock,
To be to him a kind o' stock,
And now the laddie has a flock
Of mair than thirty head to ea'.
The ewie, &c.

The neest I gae to Jean, and now
The bairn's sae braw, has fauld sae fu',
That lads sae thick come her to woo,
They're fain to sleep on hay or straw.
The ewie, &c.

I looked ay at even for her,
For fear the sumart might devour her,
Or some mishanter had come o'er her,
Gin the beastie bade awa'.
The ewie, &c.

O, a' ye bards beneath Kinghorn,
Call up your muses, let them mourn,
Our ewie wi' the crooked horn,
Is stown frae us, and sell'd, and a'!
The ewie, &c.

Yet monday last, for a' my keeping,
I canna speak it without greeting,
A villain came when I was sleeping,
And staw my ewie, horn, and a'.
The ewie, &c.

I sought her sair upo' the morn,
And down beneath a buss o' thorn
I got my ewie's crooked horn,
But ah! my ewie was awa'!
The ewie, &c.

But an I had the loon that did it,
I ha'e sworn as weet as said it,
Tho' a' the world should forbid it,
I wad gie his neck a throw.
The ewie, &c.

I never met wi' sic a turn
As this, since ever I was born,
My ewie wi' the crooked horn,
Puir silly ewie, stown awa'.
The ewie, &c.

O had she died of crook or cauld,
As ewies die when they are auld,
It wadna been, by mony fauld,
Sae sair a heart to ane o's a'.
The ewie, &c.

For a' the clraith that we ha'e worn,
Frag her and her's sae often shorn;
The loss of her we cou'd ha'e borne,
Had fair strae death tane her awa'.
The ewie, &c.

But, silly thing, to lose her life,
Aneath a greedy villain's knife.
I'm really feard that our goodwife
Sall never win aboon't ava'.
The ewie, &c.

Lively

My heart is a breaking dear tittle! Some counsel unto me come
len'; To anger them a' is a pity, But what will I do wi' Tam Glen.

I'm thinking, wi' sic a lraw fellow,
In poortith I might mak a ten';
What care I in riches to swallow,
If I mauna marry Tam Glen!

There's Lowrie, the laird o' Drumeller,
"Gude day to you, brute" he comes ben;
He brags and he blaws o' his siller
But when will he dance like Tam Glen.

My minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me,
But wha can think sic o' Tam Glen.

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten;
But, if it's ordain'd I maun take him,
O, wha will I get but Tam Glen!

Yestreen, at the valentines' dealing,
My heart to my mou' gied a sten,
For thrice I drew aye without failin',
And thrice it was written Tam Glen.

The last Halloween I was waukin'
My droukit sark sleeve, as ye ken,
His likeness cam up the house staikin',
And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen.

Come counsel, dear tittle, don't tarry,
I'll gie you my bonnie black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

ORAN-NAOIG, or THE SONG OF DEATH.

Gaelic Air.

Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies! Now gay with the
 broad setting sun; Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties! Our
 race of existence is run. Thou grim king of terrors! Thou
 life's gloomy foe! Go frighten the coward and slave, Go teach them to
 tremble, fell tyrant, but know, No terrors hast thou to the brave.

Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,

Nor saves ev'n the wreck of a name!

Thou strik'st the young hero, a glorious mark!

He falls in the blaze of his fame.

In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands

Our king and our country to save;

While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,

O, who would not die with the brave!

MY LOVE, COME LET US WANDER.

Gaelic Air.

Cheerful { My Love come let us wan_dер, Where Ra'ven's streams* me_

an-der, And where, in sim-ple gran-deur, The dai-sy decks the plain.

Peace and joy our hours will measure; Come, oh come, my soul's best treasure!

Then how sweet, and then how chear-ie, Ra'ven's braes will be, my dear-ie.

The silver moon is beaming,
On Clyde her light is streaming,
And, while the world is dreaming,

We'll talk of love, my dear.

None, my Jean, will share this bosom,
Where thine image loves to blossom,
And no storm will ever sever
That dear flower, or part us ever.

*Raven's stream, in the neighbourhood of Greenock.

THE BLACK HAIR'D LADDIE.

Air, An gilleadh dūth ciar dūth.

A-lack, my sad heart! how it throbs wi' its sor-row; I

ne'er can a_wa wi' the thoughts o' to_mor_row; My fa_ther he
 bar_gain'd to part wi' his Flora, My black-hair'd dear lad_die, O
 tak me a_wa! My black-hair'd dear lad_die, O tak me a_wa!

I flee frae the grey-headed laird an' my father,
 I flee to my shepherd, wha trips ower the heather;
 We aye were lu' glad when at e'en we'd forgather;
 My black-hair'd dear laddie, O tak me awa.
 My black-hair'd, &c.

The story is tauld, an' her father's confounded;
 The ha' wi' his rage an' rampagin' resounded;
 The horn, an' the shout's spreadin' clamour, far sounded,
 To tell wha the shepherd had carried awa.
 To tell, &c.

Ower hill, stream, an' valley, through bramble an' brecken,
 They flew till the fugitives were overtaken;
 They've torn them asunder, their tender hearts breakin';
 The black-hair'd poor shepherd they drove him awa.
 The black-hair'd, &c.

The shepherd he look'd in a sad sort o' languish,
 An' Flora, ower_come, in a heart breakin' anguish,
 Exclaim'd "Frosty-headed laird ne'er shall extinguish
 My love for the laddie they've driven awa?"
 My love, &c.

Then Flora, my life's saul, refrain thy sad sorrow,
 Nor heed ye the purposed plan o' tomorrow,
 The dotard is doited, the shepherd's dear Flora,
 Ere morning's grey dawnin' will hae thee awa.
 Ere morning's, &c.

The alterations in the words of this copy by the Author D. Tough.

ALTON WATER.

Flow gently, sweet Alton, among thy green braes; Flow gently, fit-

sing thee a song in thy praise; My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring

stream; Flow gently, sweet Alton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds thro' the glen;
Ye wild-whistling blackbirds, in yon thorny den;
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear;
I charge you, disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Alton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear-winding rills;
There daily I wander, as noon rises high,
My flock and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green vallies below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
There oft, as mild ev'ning weeps over the tea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Alton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Alton, among thy green braes;
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Alton, disturb not her dream.

THE SHIPWRECK.

Air, The Mariners Dirge.

Slow,

Ye lost companions of distress, adieu! Your toils, and

pains, and dangers are no more; The tempest now shall howl un-

heard by you, While ocean smites in vain the trembling shore.

On you the blast, surcharged with rain and snow,
 In winter's dismal nights no more shall beat;
 Untelt by you the vertic sun may glow,
 And scorch the panting earth with baneful heat.

The thundering drum, the trumpet's swelling strain
 Unheard, shall form the long embattled line;
 Unheard, the deep foundations of the main
 Shall tumble, when the hostile squadrons join.

What though no funeral pomp, no borrowed tear,
 Your hour of death to gazing crowds shall tell,
 Nor weeping friends attend your sable bier,
 Who sadly listen to the passing bell!

What though no sculptur'd pile your name displays,
 Like those who perish in their country's cause!
 What though no epic muse in living lays,
 Records your dreadful daring with applause!

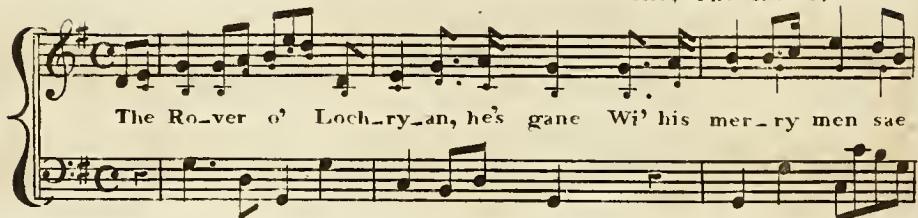
Yet shall remembrance from Oblivion's veil
 Relieve your scene, and sigh with grief sincere,
 And soft compassion, at your tragic tale,
 In silent tribute pay her kindred tear.

THE ROVER O' LOCHRYAN.

Air, The Rover.

With
Spirit.

The Rover o' Lochryan, he's gane Wi' his mer-ry men sae



brave: Their hearts are o' the steel, an' a bet-ter keel Ne'er

bowld' owre the back o' a wave, It's no when the Loch lies

dead in its trough, When nae-thing dis-turbs it a-va; But the

rack, an' the ride o' the rest-less tide, Or the splash o' the grey sea-maw.

2d Verse.

It's no when the yawl an' the light skiffs crawl Owre the breast o' the

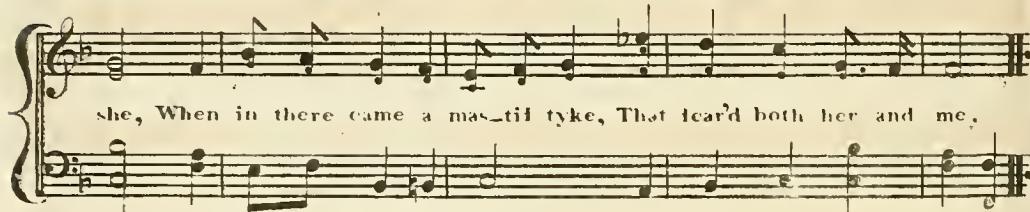
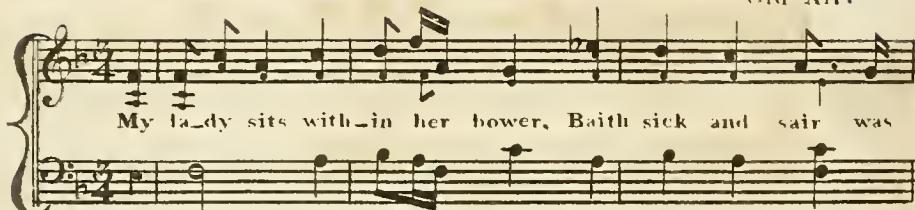
silier sea, That I look to the west for the bark I lo'e best, An' the
 Rover that's dear to me. But when that the clud lays its
 cheeks to the flud, An' the sea lays its shouther to the shore; When the
 win' sings high, an' the sea-whaups cry As they rise frae the whitening roar.

It's then that I look to the thickening rook,
 An' watch by the midnight tide;
 I ken the wind brings my rover hame,
 An' the sea that he glories to ride.
 O merry he sits 'mang his jovial crew,
 Wi' the helm-heft in his hand,
 An' he sings aloud to his boys in blue
 As his e'es' upon Galloway's land—

"Unstent an' slack each reef and tack,
 Gie her sail, boys, while it may sit;
 She has roard thro' a heavier sea afore,
 An' she'll roar thro' a heavier yet.
 When landsmen sleep, or wake an' creep,
 In the tempest's angry moan,
 We dash thro' the drift, an' sing to the lift
 O' the wave, that heaves us on?"

MY LADY SITS WITHIN HER BOWER.*

Old Air.



O Nero is thy name I said,
And weel nam'd may ye be,
Or yed ne'er ha'e bitten my Lady's finger,
Or foughтен sac sore wi' me.

O hold your peace, you little pug,
For what use can ye be,
But to lie in a lady's lap,
Or catch a mouse or flee.

I know I am of little stature,
And far far less than thee;
But had I strength to my goodwill
A dead dog ye should be.

My father was an Earl's dog;
My mother a Knight's was she,
And it ill becomes a mastif tyke,
To bite or snarl at me.

O had I here my master dear!
A gallant young squire is he;
He would soon pepper your black sides,
And rid the house of thee.

O Betty, call to me my page,
Make haste and gar him flee,
That he may force this surly tyke
Out owre the Earn to flee.

The little page he came, he ran,
A great big besom had he,
And soon he forcd this surly tyke
Out owre the Earn to flee.

Come all ye mickle mastif tykes,
A warning take by me!
Ne'er meddle wi' little gentle dogs
That's born of high degree.

For I ha'e liv'd in this castle
These seven years and near three,
But such misfortunes ne'er befel
Since Prim they called me.

* This song, with its melody, was written from the singing of MRS. MAXWELL SEN^t of Brediland.

MY NATIVE ISLE.

Air, General Robertson of Lawar.

Moderately
Slow.

And must I leave my native Isle; Fair friendship's eye, affection's smile; The

mountain sport, the angler's wile, The birch and weeping willow. The

highland glen, the healthy gale, The gloaming glee, the evening tale; And,

must I leave my native vale, And brave the boisterous billow.

How sweet to climb the mountain high,
While dawning gilds the eastern sky;
Or in the shade at noon to lie
Upon the fell so airy.

And, when the sun is sinking low,
Thro' woodland walks to wander slow;
Or kindly in my plaid to rowe
My gentle rosy Mary.

My native Isle! I love thee well;
I love thee more than I can tell;
Accept my last, my sad farewell!

In thee I may not tarry,
What makes my bosom heave so high?
What makes the dew-drop gild mine eye?
Alas! that dew would quickly dry,
If 'twere not for my Mary.

O youth! thou season light and gay,
How soon thy pleasures melt away!
Like dream dispell'd by dawning day,
Or waking wild vagary.
The thrush shall quit the woodland dale,
The lav'rock cease the dawn to hail,
Ere I forget my native vale,
Or my sweet lovely Mary.

SAW YE NE'ER A LAVELY LASSIE.

Saw ye ne'er a lane-ly lassie, Thinkin, gin she were a wife, The
 sun o' joy wad ne'er gae down, But warm and cheer her a' her life.

Saw ye ne'er a weary wi-fy, Think-in, gin she were a lass,
 She wad aye be blythe and heart-y, Lightly as the day wad pass.

Wives and lasses, young and aged,
 Think na on each ither's fate;
 Ilka aye it has it crosses;
 Mortal joy was ne'er complete,
 Ilka aye it has its blessings;
 Peevish dinna pass them hye;
 Seek them out like bonny berries,
 Tho' among the thorns they lie.

* * * * *
 'TIS NAE VERY LANG SIN-SYNE.

'Tis nae ver-y lang sin-syne, That I had a lad o' my ain, But

now he's a-wa to an-ither, And left me a' my lane. The
lass he is court-ing has siller, An' I hae nane at a'; It's
nought but the love o' the tocher, That's taen my laddie a-wa.

But I'm blyth that my heart's my ain,
And I'll keep it a' my life,
Until that I meet wi' a lad
Wha has sense to wale a good wife.
For though I say't myself,
That shou'd nae say't, tis true,
The lad that gets me for a wife
He'll ne'er hae occasion to rue.

I gang ay fou clean and fou tosh,
As a' the neighbours can tell,
Though I've seldom a gown on my back
But sic as I spin myself;
And when I am clad in my kourtsey,
I think myself as braw
As Susie, wi' a' her pearlings,
That's tane my laddie awa'.

But I wish they were buckled together,
And may they live happy for life;
Tho' Willie does slight me, and's left me,
The chield he deserves a good wife.
But O! I'm blyth that I've miss'd him,
As blyth as I weel can be;
For ane that's, sae keen o' the siller
Will never agree wi' me.

But, as the truth is, I'm hearty,
I hate to be scrimpit or scant;
The wee thing I hae I'll mak use o't,
And nae a'ne about me shall want.
For I'm a good guide o' the world,
I ken when to haud and to gie;
For whinging and cringing for siller
Will never agree wi' me.

Contentment is better than riches,
An' he wha has that has enough;
The master is seldom sae happy
As Robin, that drives the plough.
But if a young lad wou'd cast up,
To mak me his partner for life;
If the chield has the sense to be happy,
He'll fa' on his feet for a wife.

PAISLEY LASSES.

Air, Ayrshire Lasses.

Lively.

O ha'e ye seen our lasses yet, Our lasses trig and bonnie, O, Sae

blythe, sae neat, sae smiling sweet, They're nev'er match'd by ony, O. The

heart sae free, the piercing ee, The smile that a' surpasses, O; The

nymphs a'roun' maun a' look down Com-pard' wi' Paisley Lasses, O.

When Love had fix'd his throne on earth,

Midst beauty's fond caresses, O,

His hours below mov'd dull and slow

Unless 'mang Paisley Lasses, O.

The witching face, in ev'ry place,

Like ghaists, our peace harasses, O;

But still we chace the lovely race

O' bonnie Paisley Lasses, O.

I see the belle, wi' silk and lace,

Wi' scornfu' ee she passes, O;

But studied grace maun aye gie place

To bonnie Paisley Lasses, O.

Then, while in friendship's social ha'

We push aroun' the glasses, O;

Let's drink to them that charm us a';

The bonnie Paisley Lasses, O.

WHEN I UPON THY BOSOM LEAN.

Air, Scots Recluse.

When I up_on thy bo_som lean, And fond_ly clasp thee a' my
ain, I glo_ry in the sa_cred ties That made us ane, wha ance were twain. A
mu_tual flame in _spirex us baith, The ten_der look, the melting kiss; Evn
years shall ne'er de_stroy our love, But on_ly gi'e us change o' bliss.

Hae I a wish? it's a' for thee;

I ken thy wish is me to please;

Our moments pass sae smooth away,

That numbers on us look and gaze,

Weel pleas'd they see our happy'days,

Nor envy's sel' finds aught to blame;

And aye when weary cares arise

Thy bosom still shall be my hame.

I'll lay me there, and take my rest,

And if that aught disturb my dear,

I'll bid her laugh her cares away,

And beg her not to drap a tear.

Hae I a joy? it's a' her ain;

United still her heart and mine,

They're like the woodbine round the tree,

That's twin'd till death shall them disjoin.

THE YOUNG LAIRD AND EDINBURGH KATIE.

Air, Edinburgh Kate.

Now wat ye wha I met yestreen, Coming down the street, my jo? My
 mis_tress in her tar_tan screen, Fu' bon_ny, braw, and sweet, my jo. "My
 dear?" quoth I, "thanks to the night, That nev_er wish'd a lov_er ill, Since
 ye're out o' your mith_er's sight, Let's tak a walk up to the hill!"

"O Katie, wilt thou gang wi' me,
 And leave the dinsome town awhile?
 The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,
 And a' the simmer's gaun to smile:
 The mavis, lintie, and the lark,
 The bleating lambs, and whistling hind,
 In ilka dale, green shaw, and park,
 Will nourish health, and glad your mind?"

"Soon as the clear goodman of day
 Bends down this morning draught o'dew,
 We'll gae to some burn-side and play,
 And gather flowers to buskyour brow;
 We'll pou the daisies on the green,
 The lucken gowans frae the bog;
 Between hands now and then we'll lean,
 And sport upon the velvet bog?"

"There's up into a pleasant glen,
 A wee piece frae my father's tower,
 A canny, saft, and flowery den,
 Where circling birks have form'd a bower.
 Whene'er the sun grows high and warm,
 We'll to that cauler shade remove,
 There sit, secure from ev'ry harm,
 And breathe our constant vows o' love?"

KATIE'S ANSWER.

Air, My mither's aye glowrin o'er me.

Lively.

My mither's aye glowr'in o'er me, Tho' she did the same be-

fore me; I can-na get leave to look to my love, Or else she is

like to devour me. Right fain wad I tak yere of fer, Sweet

Sir, but I'll tine my dochter; Then, San dy, ye'll fret, And

wyte yere poor Kate, When'e'er ye keek in your toom cof fer.

For tho' my father has plenty
Of siller, and plenishing dainty,
Yet he's unco swer
To twin wi' his gear,
And sae we had need to be tenty.
Tutor my parents wi' caution,
Be wylie in ilka motion;
Brag weel o yere land,
And there's my leal hand,
Win them, I'll be at your devotion.

TWAS ON A CAULD, CAULD WINTRY MORN.

Air, Clavers' Visit.

Slow.

'Twas on a cauld, cauld wintry morn, When heaps o' drittin'

snow Lay roun' our bourooch, and raise up A-against our halyan wa'.

My father sat wi' a thoughtfu' e'e,
His years fourscore and twa;
But he had sworn to the covenant,
The solemn league, and a'.

"Lassie," quo' he, "your brethren three
Are in the camp, whare nane
But wha for the haly covenant
Their solenn aith hae ta'en?"

"Lassie," quo' he, "their traval's sair,
An' we sit lowne an' caling
Bring down, bring down the haly beuk,
We'll sing the mornin' psalm?"

An' we sang the mornin' psalm, until
The tears drapt frae our e'e;
My father pray'd for the camp 'o' God,
I for my brethren three.

My father raise, wi' a wistfu' e'e,
An' look'd o'er dale an' down,
"Lassie," quo' he, "the eruel gledd
Unto our nest hath flown?"

* * * * *

Clavers, an' a' his wicked men,
Our bourooch pranc'd it roun';
Wi' awfu' aiths they drew their swords,
* * * * *

"My father, could na thy grey hairs
Their bluidy hands restrain?
Na, na, their hearts too hardend were,
* * * * *

But their is ane in heaven aboon,
That sic ill deeds can see.

* * * * *

The memory of Claverhouse is universally detested in Scotland, from the cruelties he inflicted on the persecuted Presbyterians.

THE HILLS O' GALLOWA.

Air, The Lass amang the Breckan.

Among the birks, sae blythe an' gay I met my Julia hameward gaun; The
 lin-ties chauntit on the spray, The lam-mies loup-it on the lawn; On
 il-ka swaird the hay was mawn; The braes wi' gowans buskit braw; An'-
 gloamin's plaid o' grey was thrawn Out o'er the hills o' Gal-lo-wa.

Wi' music wild the woodlands rang,
 And fragrance wing'd alang the lee,
 When down we sat, the flowers amang,
 Upon the banks o' stately Dee:
 My Julia's arms encircled me;
 Then sweetly slade the hours awa,
 Till dawning coost a glimmerin' ee
 Upon the hills o' Gallowa.

"It isna owsen, sheep, an' kye,
 It isna gowd, it isna gear,
 This lifted e'e wad ha'e quo' I,
 "This warld's drumlie gloom to cheer;
 But gie to me my Julia dear,
 Ye powers, wha rowe this earthen ba';
 An' O sae blythe through life I'll steer
 Amang the hills o' Gallowa.

"When gloamin' daunders up the hill,
 An' our guideman ca's hame the cows,
 Wi' her I'll trace the mossy rill
 That through the rashes dimpled rows;
 Or tint amang the serogyg knowes,
 My birken pipe I'll sweetly blaw,
 An' sing the streams, the straths, an' howes,
 The hills an' dales, o' Gallowa.

"An' when auld Scotland's heathy hills,
 Her rural nymphs an' jovial swains,
 Her flow'ry wilds an' wimplin' rills,
 Awake nae mair my canty strains.
 Where friendship dwells an' freedom reigns,
 Where heather blooms an' moor-cocks craw,
 O dig my grave, an' lay my banes
 Amang the hills o' Gallowa!"

HERE'S HIS HEALTH IN WATER.

Lively.

Altho' his back be at the wa', An_oth_er was the fay't-or; Al-



tho' his back be at the wa', Yet here's his health in water. He

gat the skaith, he gan the scorn, I lo'e him still the bet_ter; Tho'

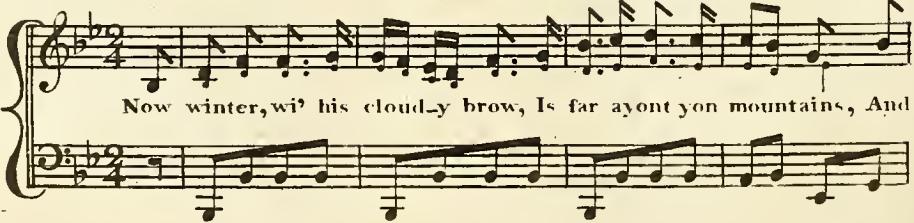
in a muir I hide for_lorn, I'll drink his health in wa_ter; Al-

tho' his back be at the wa', Yet here's his health in wa_ter.

NOW WINTER, WI' HIS CLOUDY BROW.

Air, Forneth House.

Now winter, wi' his cloudy brow, Is far ayont yon mountains, And



spring beholds her azure sky Re-lected in the foun-tains. Now
 on the bud-ding, slae-thorn bank She spreads her early blossom, And
 woos the mir-ly-breast-ed birds To nestle in her bo-som; But
 late-ly a' was clad wi' snow, Sae dark-some dull an' dreary, Now
 lave-rocks sing to hail the spring, An' na-ture all is cheer-y.

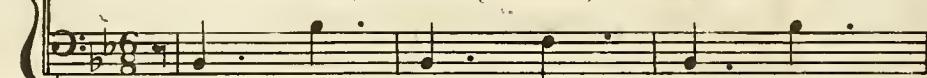
Then let us leave the town, my love,
 An' seek our country dwelling,
 Where waving woods, and spreading How's
 On ev'ry side are smiling.
 We'll tread again the daisied green,
 Where first your beauty mov'd me;
 We'll trace again the woodland scene,
 Where first ye own'd ye lov'd me;
 We soon will view the roses blaw,
 In a' the charms o' lancy;
 For doubly dear these pleasures a',
 When shard' with you, my Nancy.

OCTOBER WINDS WI' BITING BREATH.

Air, O my Love's bonnie,

Moderately
Slow.

Oe_to_ber winds, wi' bit_ing breath, Now nip the leaves that's



yellow fad_ing; Nae gow_ans glint up_on the green, A_las! they're

coer'd wi' winter's clea_ding. As thro' the woods I mus_i ng gang, Nae

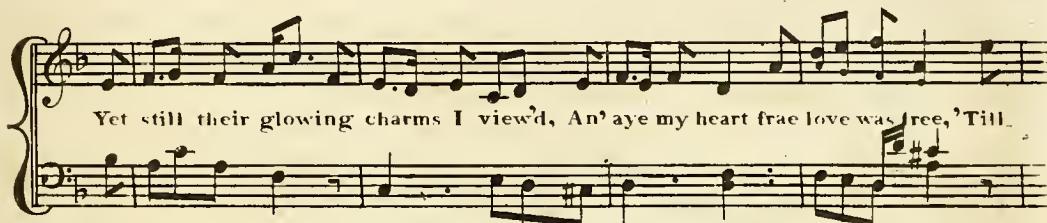
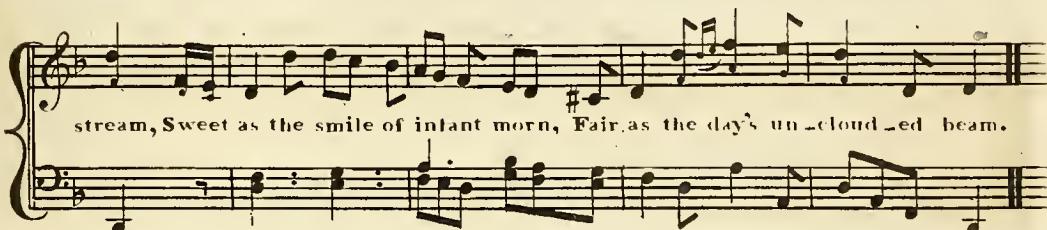
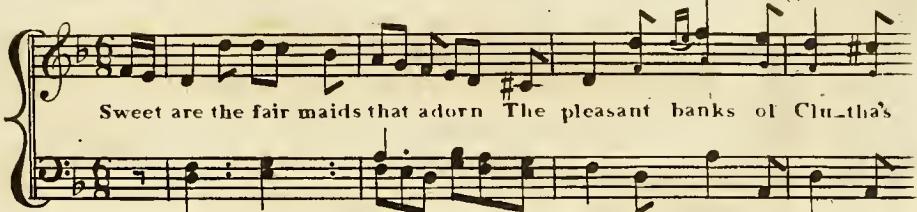
bird_ies cheer me frae the bush_ies, Save lit_tle Ro_bin'

lane_ly sang, Wild warb_ling where the bur_nie gush_ies.

The sun is jogging down the brae,
 Dimly through the mist he's shining,
 And craneugh hoar creeps o'er the grass,
 As day resigns his throne to e'ening.
 Oft let me walk at twilight grey,
 To view the face of dying nature,
 Till spring again, wi' mantle green,
 Delights the heart o' ilka creature.

MARY'S SMILES.

Air, Return my heart again.



The rosy cheek may charm an hour,
But short's the pleasure it can gie;
For beauty fades like ony flower,
Or palls upo' the lover's ee.
But virtue smiles aye sweet an' young,
Her beauties neither fade nor flee;
Thus Mary's charms my breast aye warms,
An' keeps the heart shē's won frae me.

O! what is wealth, an' what is fame?
Like beauty they may fade away;
An' what is friendship but a dream,
A vision aft that leads astray?
Sae then let fortune smile or frown,
Friends prove unkind, or faithfu' be,
Still Mary's smiles, an' winning wyles,
Will clear the heart shē's won frae me.

I'LL O'ER THE MUIR TO MAGGY O.

Brisk.

I'll o'er the muir to Maggy, O, I'll o'er the muir to Maggy, O, When
done wi' wark, tho' e'er sae dark, I'll o'er the muir to Maggy, O. When the
sun sinks down the western sky, When daun'rin' hameward comes the kye, When the
vail of even be-dims the eye, I'll o'er the muir to Maggy, O.

I'll o'er the muir to Maggy, O,
I'll o'er the muir to Maggy, O;
I'll pass the den, and thro' the glen,
Syne o'er the muir to Maggy, O.
When day is past I tak my kent,
And hie me o'er the heather bent;
I feel sic joy, and blythe content,
While o'er the muir wi' Maggy, O.

CULLODEN, or LOCHIEL'S FAREWELL.

Air, Fingal's Lament.

Slowly.

Culloden, on thy swarthy brow Spring no wild flow'rs nor verdure

Fair; Thou feal'st not summer's genial glow, More than the freez-ing wintry air.

For once thou drank'st the he-ro's blood, And war's un-hal-low'd footstepshore, Thy

deeds, un-ho-ly, na-ture view'd, Then fled and curs'd thee ev-er-more.

From Beauly's wild and woodland glens,
How proudly Lovat's banners soar!
How fierce the plaided Highland clans
Rush onward with the broad claymore!
Those hearts that high with honour heaves,
The volleying thunder there laid low!
Or scatter'd like the forest leaves,
When wintry winds begin to blow!

To his blue hills, that rose in view,
As o'er the deep his galley bore,
He often look'd, and cried, "Adieu!
I'll never see Lochaber more!"
Though now thy wounds I cannot heal,
My dear, my injur'd native land!—
In other climes thy foe shall feel
The weight of Cam'ron's deadly brand.

Where now thy honours, brave Lochiel!
The braided plume's torn from thy brow!
What must thy haughty spirit feel,
When skulking like the mountain roe!
While wild-birds chant from Lochy's bow'r,
On April eve, their loves and joys,
The Lord of Lochy's loftiest tow'r
To foreign lands an exile flies.

"Land of proud hearts and mountains grey!
Where Fingal fought and Ossian sung!
Mourn dark Culloden's fateful day,
That from thy chiefs the laurel wrung.
Where once they rul'd, and roam'd at will,
Free as their own dark mountain game,
Their sons are slaves, yet keenly feel
A longing for their fathers' fame.

"Shades of the mighty and the brave!
Who, faithful to your Stuart, fell?
No trophies mark your common grave,
Nor dirges to your mem'ry swell.
But generous hearts will weep your fate,
When far has roll'd the tide of time;
And bards unborn shall renovate
Your fading fame in loftiest rhyme?"

MARY.

Highland Air.

Slow

It's dowie in the hint o' hairst, At the wa-gang o' the swallow, When the
 win's grow cauld, when the burns grow bauld, And the wuds are hingin' yellow.
 But, O! its dowier far, to see The wa-gang o' her the heart gangs wi', The
 deadset o' a shining e'e, That darkens the weary warl on thee!

There was mickle lave atween us twa —
 O! twa could ne'er be fonder;
 An' the thing on yird was never made
 That could hae gart us sunder.
 But the way o' Heaven's aboon a' ken —
 An' we maun bear what it likes to sen —
 It's comfort tho' to weary men,
 That the warst o' this warl's woes maun en'.

There's mony things that come an' gae —
 Just kent and just forgotten —
 An' the flowers that busk a bonnie brae,
 Gin anither year lie rotten.
 But the last look o' that lovely e'e —
 An' the dying grip she gae to me —
 They're settled like eternity —
 O, Mary! that I were wi' thee!

WILT' THOU GANG WI' ME.

37

Air, Barus, Barm.

Mod:

Wilt thou gang wi' me, my ain dearest lassie, To yon-der

hills 'mang the blooming heather. Where, as we ramble, the wild deer will

gam-bol, Sae light an' sae free, as they bound to-gether.

Bright beams the sun in the glow o' the morning,

As softly murmurs the clear wimplin fountain;

The featherie breekan the green wood is deckin';

O, sweet is the shade on the side o' the mountain.

The warm purple haze comes up the strath glowing,

Leaving the dew sparkling clear on ilk blossom;

The Lark warbles cheerie, nae fear maks it eerie,

As gaily it spreads to the breeze its fair bosom.

The bonnie wee gowan adorns the green loanin';

The sweet yellow primrose blooms fair i' the valley;

A' round us looks smiling; but naething sae wilie,

As the blythe look o' my ain bonny Aillie.

Now surly winter's fled o'er the black ocean,

Come, my dear lassie, tak share o' my plaidie;

The heather-bells blooming, the breeze sweet perfuming,

Will cheer, as ye see, by your ain Hielan' laddie!

LOCH-NA-GARR.

A-way, ye gay land-sca-pes, ye gar-den-s of ros-es, In

you let the min-ion-s of lux-u-ry rove; Re-store me the

rocks where the snow-flake re-pos-es, If still they are sac-re-d to

free-dom and love. Yet, Cae-le-do-nia, dear are thy moun-tains,

Round their white sum-mits tho' ele-ment-s war, Tho' ca-ta-racts foam 'stead of

Lentando. Adagio.

smooth-flow-ing foun-tains, I sigh for the val-ley of dark Loch-na-garr.

Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd,
 My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;
 On chieftains departed my memory ponder'd,
 As daily I stray'd thro' the pine-cover'd glade.



I sought not my home 'till the day's dying glory
 Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star,
 For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story
 Disclos'd by the natives of dark Loch-na-garr.



Shades of the dead, have I not heard your voices
 Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale?
 Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
 And rides on the wind o'er his own Highland vale,
 Round Loch-na-garr while the stormy mist gathers,
 Winter presides in his cold icy car;



Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers!
 They dwell mid the tempests of dark Loch-na-garr.

Ill starr'd, tho' brave, did no vision foreboding
 Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause?
 Ah! were ye then destined to die at Culloden,
 Tho' victory crown'd not your fall with applause?
 Still were ye happy in death's earthy slumbers;
 You rest with your clan in the eaves of Brae-mar;
 The pibroch resounds, to the piper's loud numbers,
 Your deeds to the echoes of wild Loch-na-garr.

Years have roll'd on, Loch-na-garr, since I left you!
 Years must elapse ere I see you again;
 Tho' nature of verdure and flowers ha' bereft you,
 Yet still thou art dearer than Albion's plain.
 England, thy beauties are tame and domestic
 To one who has rov'd on the mountains afar!
 Oh! for the crags that are wild and majestic,
 The steep-frowning glories of dark Loch-na-garr!

O GIE MY LOVE BROSE, BROSE.

Air, Brose and Butter.

Chorus.

Lively.

For Charlie he drew the braid sword,
For Charlie he lost house and haddin',
For Charlie he fought on the sward,
For Charlie he bled at Culloden.
O gie my love brose, brose, &c.

The chief that was true to his Prince
May yet ha'e a name and a steadin',
But the whigums that had little mense,
Will dree the weird o' their reidin'.
O gie my love brose, brose, &c.

WHEN SILENT TIME WI' LIGHTLY FOOT.

Air, The Traveller's Return.

When si-lent time, wi' light-ly foot, Had trode on thirty years, My
 na-tive land I sought a-gain, Wi' mon-ey hopes and fears: "Wha
 kens gin the dear friends I left Will still con-tin-ue mine; Or
 gin I e'er a-gain shall meet The joys I left lang-syne?"

As I drew near my ancient pile,
 My heart beat a' the way,
 Ilk place I paß'd seem'd yet to speak
 Of some dear former day;
 Those days that follow'd me afar,
 Those happy days o' mine,
 Which made me thiok the joys at hand
 Were naething to lang syne.

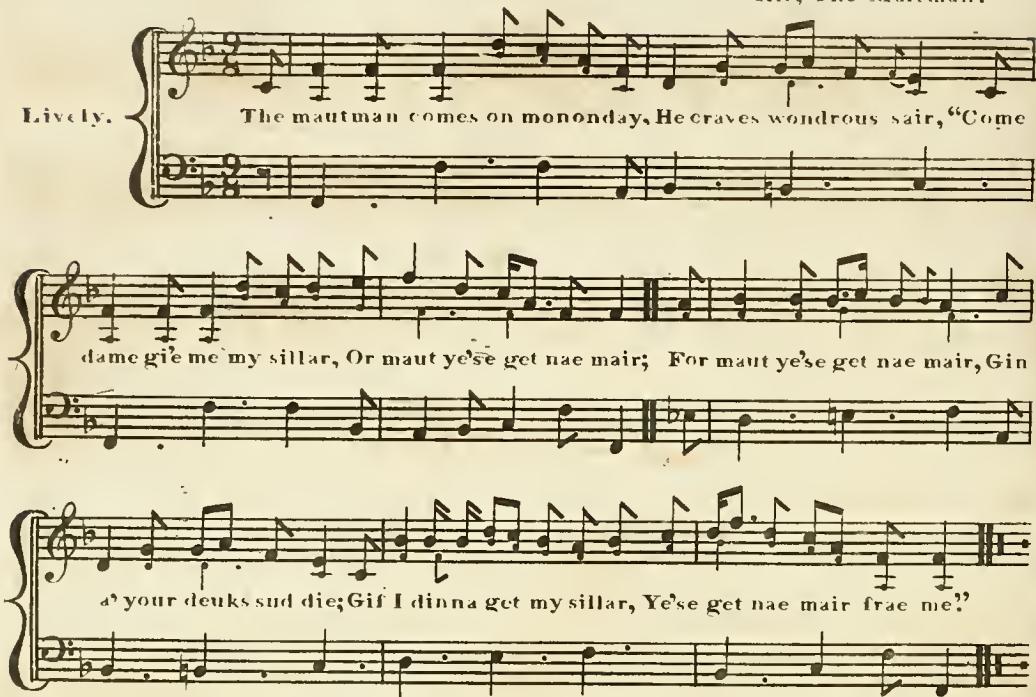
My ivy'd tow'rs now met my een,
 Where minstrels us'd to blaw;
 Nae friend stept forth wi' open arms,
 Nae weel-kend face I saw;
 Till Donald totter'd to the door,
 Whom I left in his prime,
 And grat to see the lad come back,
 He bore about lang syne.

A new-sprung race o' motley kind,
 Would now their welcome pay;
 Wha shudder'd at my gothic wä's,
 And wish'd my groves away;
 "Cut, cut," they cry'd, "yon gloomy trees,
 Lay low yon mournfu' pine!"
 "Ah no! your fathers' names grow there—
 Memorials o' lang syne?

THE MAUTMAN COMES ON MONONDAY.

Air, The Mautman.

Lively.

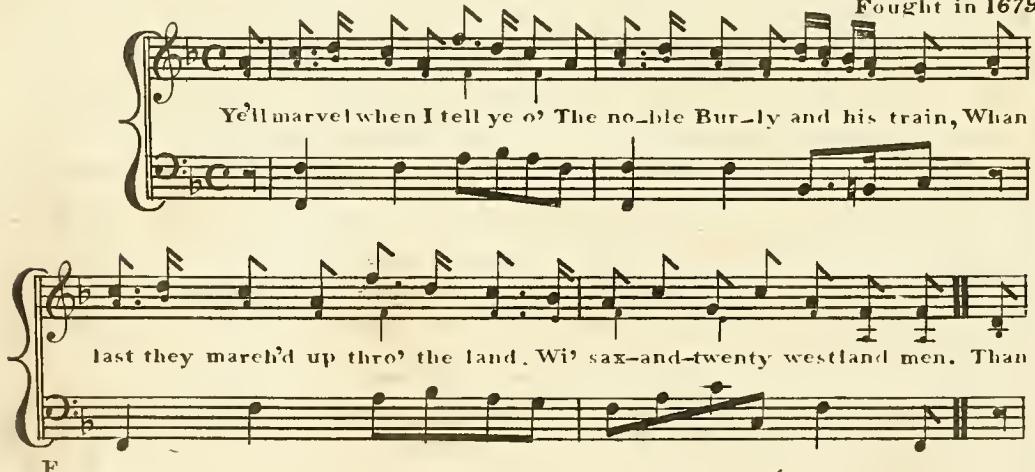


The mautman comes on mononday, He craves wondrous sair, "Come
dame gie me my sillar, Or maut ye'se get nae mair; For maut ye'se get nae mair, Gin
a' your deuks sud die; Gif I dinna get my sillar, Ye'se get nae mair frae me."

"Gudeman, O dinna be vaunty,
The time's no far, I trow,
That we'll be blyth an' canty,
An' we'll get maut enew;
For Charlie he's on the sea,
An' soon will be on shore,
An' there's some may fear an' dree,
For we'll get maut galore.

BAT'TLE OF LOUDONHILL.

Fought in 1679.



Yell marvel when I tell ye o' The noble Burly and his train, Whan
last they march'd up thro' the land, Wi' sax-and-twenty westland men. Than

they I ne'er o'braver heard, For they had a' baith wit and skill, And
that I think they prov'd right weel, As they gaed owre by Loudon-Hill.

'We'll prosper at the gospel lads,
That are unto the west countrie,
Ay wicked Clavers to demean,
And aye an ill dead may he die,
For he's drawn up i' battle rank,
And that baith soon and hastilie,
But they wha live till summer cum,
Some bludie days for this will see.

But up spak cruel Clavers then,
Wi' hastic wit, and wicked skill,
"Gie fire on yon westlan men,
I think it is my sovereign's will!"
But up bespake his Cornet then,
"Its be wi' nae consent o' me,
I ken I'll ne'er come back again,
And mony mae as weal as me."

"There is not ane o' a' you men,
But wha is worthy ither three,
There is nae ane amang them a'
That in his cause will stap to die.
And as for Burly, him I knew,
He's ane o' honor, birth, and fame,
Gie him a sword unto his hand,
He'll fight thysel and ither ten."

Then up cam Burly bauld and stout,
Wi's little train o' westland men,
Wha, mair than either ance or twice,
In Edinborough confind had been.
They hae been up to London sent,
And yet they're cum safely down;
Sax troop o' horsemen they hae beat,
And chased them into Glasgow toun.

Up spak wicked Clavers then,
I wat his heart it raise fu' hie,
And he has cryed that a' may hear,
"Man, ye hae sair deceived me!
I never kend the like afore,
Na never since I cam frae home,
That ye sac cowardly here should prove,
And yet cum o' a noble Graeme!"

But up bespake his Cornet then,
"Since that it is your honours will,
Mysel shall be the foremost man,
That will gie fire on Loudon Hill.
At your command I'll lead them on,
But yet wi' nae consent o' me,
For weel I ken I'll ne'er return,
And mony mair as weel as me!"

Then up he drew in battle rank,
I wat he had a bonny train;
But the first time that bullets flew,
Aye, he lost twenty o' his men.
Then back he cam the way he gaed,
I wat right soon and suddenlie;
He gae command amang his men,
And sent them back and bade them flee.

WHEN GLOAMIN SPREADS HER MANTLE GREY.

Air, Gordon Castle.

When gloamin spreads her mantle grey, And saft the dews o' eenin fa; I
wend my solitairy way, By Auchinames' auld castle wa? * 'Twas
there I spent lite's youthfu' day; But ah! how soon that day has past; Like
flow'rs that bloom but to decay, And wither in the chil'ning blast.

O happy days! what joy was mine,
While straying o'er thy beauteous wild,
Or on yon sedgy bank reclined,
When morning dawn'd serenely mild.
The charm has fled! fond fancy's dream
And youth's fantastic days are o'er,
Shot-like the meteor's transient gleam,
That just appears, and is no more.

*The Barony of Auchinames lies on the south side of the village of Kilbarchan, in the County of Renfrew. The Crawford family, some of whom are well known in the history of Scotland, still hold the superiority. The old Castle, the walls of which were about nine feet in thickness, stood for many years a fine ruin; but it has lately been demolished for the purpose of building fences, and a farm-house, which now stands upon its site. It was on one of the inmates, Nelly, that Robert Semple of Beltrees wrote the beautiful Scots song "She rose and let me in."

LENACHAN'S FAREWELL.

Air, "Ho cha neil mulad oirn;" or The Emigrant's adieu

Fare thee weel, my native cot, Bothy o' the birken tree!

Sair the heart, and hard the lot, O' the lad that parts wi' thee.

My good grandsire's hand thee rear'd, Then thy wicker work was full;

Mo-ny a Campbell's glen he clear'd, Hit the buck, and hough'd the bull.

In thy green and grassy crook
Mair lies hid than crusted stanes;
In thy bien and weirdly nook
Lie some stout Clan-Gillian banes.
Thou wast aye the kinsman's hame,
Routh and welcome was his fare;
But if serf or Saxon came,
He cross'd Murich's hirst nae mair.

Never hand in thee yet bred
Kendna how the sword to wield;
Never heart of thine had dread
O' the toray or the field:
Ne'er on straw, mat, bulk, or bed,
Son of thine lay down to die;
Every lad within thee bred,
Died beneath heaven's open e'e.

Charlie Stuart he cam here,
For our king, as right became;
Wha could shun the Bruce's heir?
Wha could tyne our royal name?
Firm to stand, and free to fa',
Forth we march'd right valiantlie,
Gane is Scotland's king and law!
Woe to the Highlands and to me!

Freeman, yet I'll scorn to fret,
Here nae langer I maun stay;
But, when I my hame forget,
May my heart forget to play!
Fare thee weel, my father's cot,
Bothy o' the birken tree!
Sair the heart, and hard the lot,
O' the lad that parts wi' thee.

FLY WE TO SOME DESART ISLE.

Gaelic Air.

Slow.

Fly we to some de-sart Isle, There we'll pass our days together,
Shun the world's de-lusive smile, Wand'ring ten-ants of the heath-er.
Shelter'd in some lone-ly glen, Far remov'd from mortal ken, For-
get the sel-fish ways of men, Nor feel a wish be-yond each oth-er.

Tho' my friends deride me still,
Jamie, I'll disown thee never;
Let them scorn me as they will,
I'll be thine — and thine for ever!
What are a' my kin to me,
A' their pride of pedigree?
What were life, if wanting thee?
And what were death, if we maun sever?

QUEEN MARY'S ESCAPE FROM LOCH-LEVEN CASTLE.

Highland Boat Air.

Put off, put off, and row with speed, For now is the

time and the hour of need! To oars, to oars, and trim the bark, Nor

Scot-land's Queen be a war-der's mark! Yon light, that plays round the

cas-tle's mot, Is on-ly the war-der's ran-dom shot; Put off, put off, and

row with speed, For now is the time and the hour of need!

Those pond'rous keys shall the kelpies keep,
And lodge in their caverns dark and deep;
Nor shall Loch-Leven's towers or hall,
Hold thee, our lovely lady, in thrall;
Or be the haunt of traitors, sold,
While Scotland has hands and hearts so bold;
Then steersman, steersman, on with speed,
For now is the time and the hour of need!

Hark! the alarm bell hath rung,
And the warder's voice hath treason sung!
The echoes to the falconets' roar,
Chime sweetly to the dashing oar;
Let tower, and hall, and battlements gleam,
We steer by the light of the taper's beam;
For Scotland and Mary, on with speed,
Now, now is the time and the hour of need!

O WHAT CAN MAKE MY ANNIE SIGH.

Air, O where wad bonnie Annie lye,

Mod:

O! what can mak my Annie sigh? O! what can mak my Annie cry? Why
 does the big tear dim thine eye, My life, my love, my dearie? What
 tho' I sail a-cross the sea! What tho' I bid fare-well to thee! With-
 in my breast thou still shall be, My life, my love, my dear-ie.

"But when thou'rt far out-o'er the sea,
 A fairer face, and pawkie e'e,
 May steal that love ye've pledged to me,
 An' thou forget thy dearie?"

"O never doubt, my Annie fair,
 O never doubt my truth sincere;
 I'll never fill that breast wi' care,
 My life, my love, my dearie!"

"When lightnings dart frae every cloud,
 And pealing thunders roar aloud,
 And rushing pours the rainy flood,
 Thy Annie will be eerie?"

"When tempests rend the darkning sky,
 When rolling billows burst and fly,
 When death an' horror meet ilk eye,
 I'll think upon my dearie."

Modern Set.

Here a-wa, there a-wa, wandering Willie. Here a-wa, there a-wa,
 haud a-wa hame; Come to my bosom, my ain on-ly dearie. Tell me, thou
 bring'st me my Wil-lie the same. Winter winds blew loud an' cauld at our pass-ing,
 Fears for my Wil-lie brought tears in my e'e; Welcome now sim-mer, and
 wel-come my Wil-lie, The sim-mer to na-ture, my Wil-lie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers!

How your dread howling a-lover alarms!

Wauken, ye breezes; row gently, ye billows,

And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.
But, oh! if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,

Flow still between us, thou wide-roaring main,
May I never see it, may I never trow it,

But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.

MY BARK IS NOW UPON THE WAVE.

Air, O May, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet.

The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time, treble clef, and G major. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first two staves begin with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The third and fourth staves begin with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are:

My bark is now up-on' the wave That bears me from thy dwelling; I
 reckless hear the loud winds rave, And see the white foam swelling: Tho'
 fate has forc'd me from thy arms, My truth shall ne-ver va-ry; I'll
 think-on thee and all the charms, O' bon-nie green Glen-ga-ry.

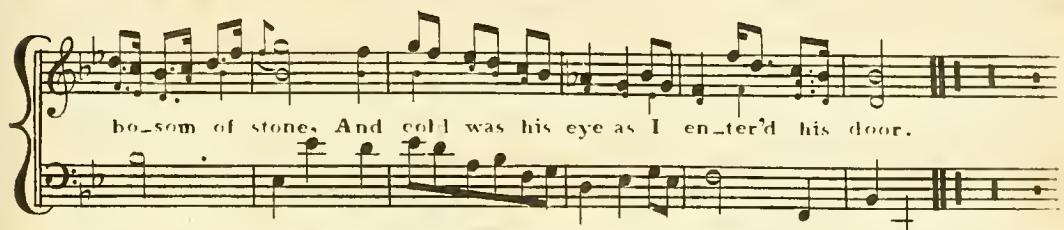
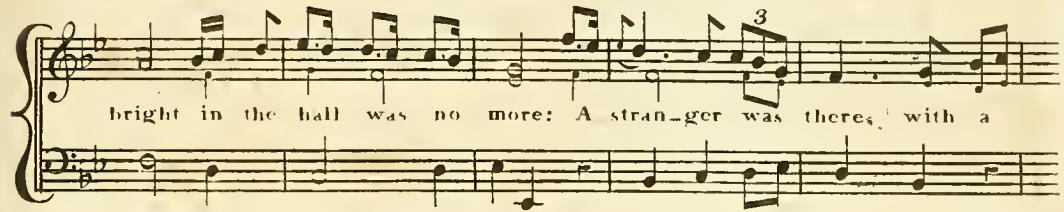
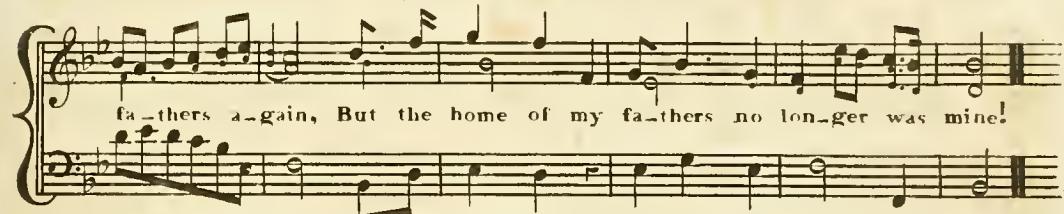
Let Lowland maids, in silken sheen,
 Outshine the blooming Flora,
 Give me, in tartan plaid, at e'en,
 My bonnie Highland Nora:
 For her I've climb'd the mountain's height,
 And roam'd the summits airy,
 For ay her smile could cheer the night
 In bonnie green Glengary.

THE HOME OF MY FATHERS.

Air, Highland Lamentation.

The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time, bass clef, and A major. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The lyrics are:

Sub-dued by mis-fortunes, and bow'd down with pain, I sought on the



'Twas his, deaf to pity, to tenderness dead,
The fallen to crush, and the humble to spurn;
But I staid not his scorn,—from his mansion I fled,
And my beating heart vow'd never more to return.
When home shall receive me, one home yet I know,
O'er its gloomy recess see the pine branches wave;
'Tis the tomb of my fathers!—The world is my foe,
And all my inheritance now is a grave.

'Tis the tomb of my fathers, the grey-moistend walls
Declining to earth, speak, emphatic decay;
The gate off its hinges, and half-opening, calls
"Approach, most unhappy, thy dwelling of clay!"
Alas! thou sole dwelling of all I hold dear,
How little this meeting once augur'd my breast!
From a wanderer accept, oh, my fathers! this tear;
Receive him, the last of your race, to your rest!

Slowly

Wha's this, wi' voice o' mus.ie sweet, Sae early wakes the weary wight? O
 weel I ken them by their sough, The wand'ring Minstrels o' the night.
 O weel ken I their bonnie tilts, Their sweet.est notes o' me-lo-dy, Fu'
 alt they've thrill'd out thro' my soul, And gart the tear fill it ka ee.

O, sweetest minstrels! weet your pipe, Your fremit tilts I downa bide,
 A tender soothin' note to blaw; They never yield a charm for me;
 Syne souf the "Broom o' Cowdenknowes," Unlike our ain, by nature made,
 Or "Rostlin Castle's" ruined wa. Unlike the salt delight they gie;
 They bring to mind the happy days, For weel I ween they warm the breast,
 Fu' aft I've spent wi' Jenny dear, Though sair oppressed wi' poortith cauld;
 Ah! now ye touch the very note, An' sae an auld man's heart they cheer,
 That gars me sigh, and drap a tear. He tines the thought that he is auld.

O, sweetest minstrels! halt a wee,
 Anither tilt afore ye gang;
 An' syne I'll close my waukrile ee,
 Enraptured wi' your bonny sang.
 They're gane! the moon begins to dawn:
 They're weary paidlin through the weet;
 They're gane! but on my ravished ear,
 The dying sounds yet thrill fu' sweet.

THE AGED CHIEFTAIN'S LAMENT.

53

Gaelic Air.

Chorus.

Slow.

It's wae wi' me when the sun gaes down! It's wae wi' me when the

sun gaes down! They burnt my ha' on a bonnie summer een, And it's

wae wi' me when the sun gaes down! Where is my clan? and where is my

kin, When I was thret-ty years and twa? I took ower frith, and I

look ower faul', But my clan and kin are a' awa.

It's wae wi' me, &c.

Where is my clan? and where is my kin,

That drew their swords at Charlie's ca?

Frac the southland came a deadlie blast,

And my clan and kin are a' awa.

It's wae wi' me, &c.

Where is my clan? and where is my kin?

And, Cumberland, whare is my bonnie ha'?

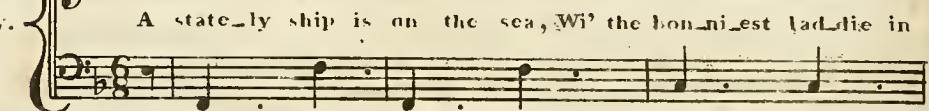
O wae be aye upon thee and thine!

My clan and kin are a' awa.

A STATELY SHIP IS ON THE SEA.

Jacobite.

Lively. A state_l_y ship is on the sea, Wi' the bon_niest laddie in



Chris_ten_die. The laddie is gude, the laddie is fair, To Scot_land's



crown he is the heir, An' he's wel_come, the bon_nie laddie.

There's no a lady but likes him weel; He's a sapling rare o' royaltie,
 There's no a heart but he can steal; The purest stem in Christendie,
 He may na speak but a word or twa, An' Scotland's heart is aye the same,
 An' the bravest clan will up an' draw An' to his ha' an' ancient hame
 To fight for the bonnie laddie. She'll welcome the bonnie laddie.

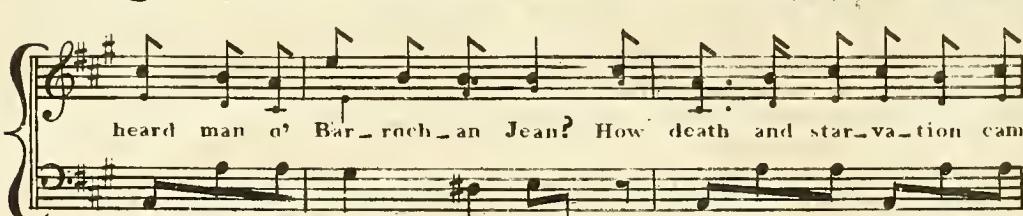
BARROCHAN JEAN.

Air, Gallowa Tam.

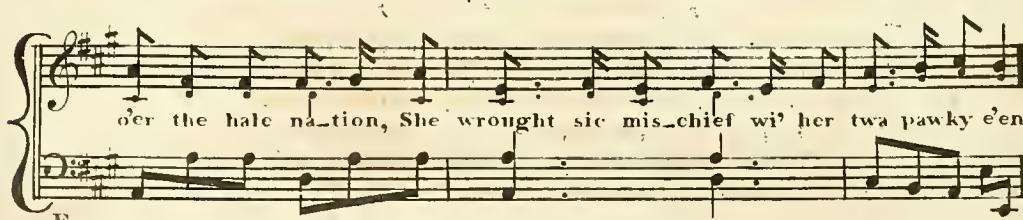
Lively. 'Tis bin-na ye heard man o' Bar-roch-an Jean? And bin-na ye



heard man o' Bar-roch-an Jean? How death and star_vation cam



o'er the hale na-tion, She wrought sic mis-chief wi' her twa pawky e'en?



The lads and the lasses were dy-ing in diz-ens, The tane kill'd wi'
 love, and the tither wi' spleen; The plough-ing, the saw-ing, the
 shear-ing, the maw-ing; A' wark was for-got-ten for Bar-roch-an Jean.

Frae the south and the north, o'er the Tweed and the Forth,
 Sic coming and ganging there never was seen;
 The comers were cheery, the gangers were bleary,
 Despairing, or hoping for Barrochan Jean.
 The earlins at hame were a' gairning and graining,
 The bairns were a greeting frae morning till e'en;
 They gat nought for crowdy but ruants boil'd to sowdie,
 For naething gat growing for Barrochan Jean.

The docters declared, it was past their describ-ing;
 The minis-ters said, 'twas a judgment for sin;
 But they lookit sae blae, and their hearts were sae wae,
 I was sure they were dy-ing for Barrochan Jean.
 The burns on road-sides were a' dry wi' their drink-ing,
 Yet a' wadna stoken the drouth i' their skin;
 A' around the peat-stacks, and against the dyke-backs,
 E'en the winds were a' sighing, sweet Barrochan Jean.

The timmer ran done wi' the making o' coffins,
 Kirk-yards o' their swaird were a' howkit fu' clean;
 Dead lovers were packit like herring in barrels,
 Sie thousands were dy-ing for Barrochan Jean.
 But mony braw thanks to the laird o' Glen-brodie,
 The grass owre their graffs is now bonny and green,
 He staw the proud heart of our wanton young lady,
 And spoild a' the charms o' her twa pawky e'en.

YE'RE WELCUM YOUNG PRINCE.

Air—Charlie's Welcome

With
Energy.

Ye're welcum, young Prince, to the land of your fa-thers; Ye're
 welcum, richt welcum, to il-ka leal Scott; We'll stand by ye sick-er in
 bat-tle's het bick-er; We'll cleave to your cause aye, and share in your lot.

Sing, waly! ye whigs, wha devour Charlie's bigging;
 The Hielands are up, and the Lawlands are steering;
 And hetly, I ween, they'll be at ye bedeen,
 Wi' fire, gun, and braid sword, some sma' things a-speering.

Blaw up our bagpipes, the slogan o' terror!
 Schaw to the blue skies the banner o' Charlie;
 Guid faith, wi' our claymores we'll pay them some auld scores,
 And ea' for acquaintance some morning fu' early.

CALLUM-A-GLENN.

Air, Malcolm of the Glen.

Slow
and with
Feeling.

Was ever old warrior of suff'ring so weary? Was ev'er the
 wild beast so bay'd in his den? The south-ron blood-hounds lie in

kennel so near me, That death would be freedom to Callum-a-Glen. My

sons are all slain, and my daughters have left me! No child to pro-

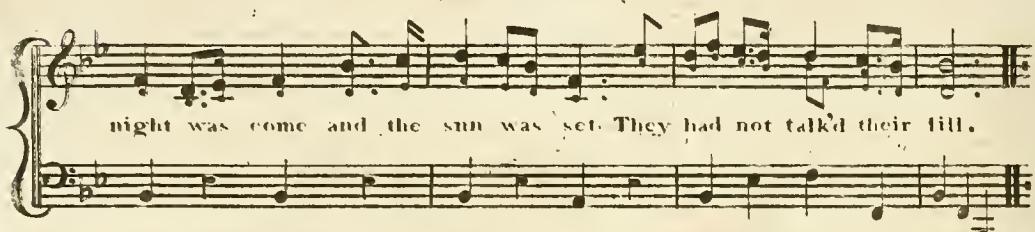
teet me, where once there were ten! My chief they have slain, and of

stay they've ber-eft me, And woe to the grey hairs of Cal-lum-a-glen!

The homes of my kinsmen are blazing to heaven,
The bright sun of morning has blush'd at the view!
The moon has stood still on the verge of the even;
To wipe from her pale cheek the tint of the dew!
For the dew it lies red on the vales of Lochaber,
It sprinkles the cot, and it flows in the pen!
The pride of my country is fallen for ever!
Death, hast thou no shaft for old Callum-a-Glen?

The sun in his glory has look'd on our sorrow!
The stars have wept blood over hamlet and lea!
O, is there no day-spring for Scotland? no morrow
Of bright renovation for souls of the free?
Yes: one above all has beheld our devotion,
Our valour and faith are not hid from his ken;
The day is abiding of stern retribution
On all the proud foes of old Callum-a-Glen!

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET.



Lord Thomas said a word in jest,
Fair Annet took it ill.
Ah! I will never wed a wife
Against my ain friends' will.

Gif ye will never wed a wife,
A wife will ne'er wed ye.
Sae he is hame to tell his mother,
And kneel'd down on his knee.

O rede, O rede, mither, he says,
A gude rede gie to me;
O soll I tak the nut-browne maid,
And let fair Annet be?

The nut-browne bride has gowd and gear,
Fair Annet she's gat nane,
And the little bewtie fair Annet has,
O it will soon be gane.

And he has to his brither gane:
Now, brither, rede ye me,
Ah! soll I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And let fair Annet be?

The nut-browne bride has oxen, brother,
The nut-browne bride has kye;
I wad hae ye marrie the nut-browne bride,
And east fair Annet by.

Her oxen may die in the house, billy,
And her kye into the byre.
And I sall hae naething to myself
But a fat fadge by the fire.

And he has till his sister gane:
Now, sister, rede ye me,
O soll I marrie the nut-browne-bride,
And set fair Annet free?

Ise rede ye tak fair Annet, Thomas,
And let the browne bride alone,
Lest ye should sigh, and say, alas!
What is this we brought hame?

No, I will tak my mither's counsel,
And marrie me out o' hand,
And I will tak the nut-browne bride,
Fair Annet may leave the land.

Up then rose fair Annet's father,
Twa hours or it were day,
And he is gane into the bower
Wherein fair Annet lay.

Rise up, rise up fair Annet, he says,
Put on your silken sheen;
Let us gae to St. Marie's kirk,
And see that rich wedden.

My maids gae to my dressing-room,
And dress to me my hair;
Whare e'er ye laid a plait before,
See ye lay ten times mair.

My maids gae to my dressing-room,
And dress to me my smock,
The one half is o' the holland fine,
The other o' needle work.

The horse fair Annet rode upon,
He amblit like the wind,
Wi' siller he was shod before,
Wi' burning gowd behind.

Four-and-twenty siller bells,
Were a' tied till his mane,
Wi' ae tift o' the norland wind.
They tinkled aye by aye.

Four-and-twenty gay gude knights
Rade by fair Annet's side,
And four-and-twenty fair ladies,
As gin she had bin a bride.

And when she cam to Marie's kirk,
She sat on Marie's stean;
The cleaving that fair Annet had on
It skinkled in their een.

And whan she cam into the kirke,
She skimmer'd like the sun;
The belt that was about her waist
Was a' wi' pearles bedone.

She sat her by the nut-browne bride,
And her een they were sae clear,
Lord Thomas he clear forgot the bride,
When fair Annet drew near.

And ay they grew, and ay they threw,
As they wad fain be neare,
And by this ye may ken right weel,
They wer twa livers deare.

He had a rose into his hand,
He gae it kisses three,
And reaching by the nut-browne bride,
Laid it on fair Annet's knee.

Up then spak the nut-browne bride,
She spak wi' meikle spite,
And whair gat ye that rose-water
That does mak ye sae white?

That rose-water was made for me—
Was made for me my lane,
And I did get that rose-water
Whare ye wull neir get nane.

The bride she drew a long bodkin
Frae out her gay head gear,
And strake fair Annet to the heart,
That word spak never mair.

Lord Thomas saw fair Annet wax pale,
And marvelit what mote be;
But whan he saw her dear heart's blude,
A' wood wroth waxed he.

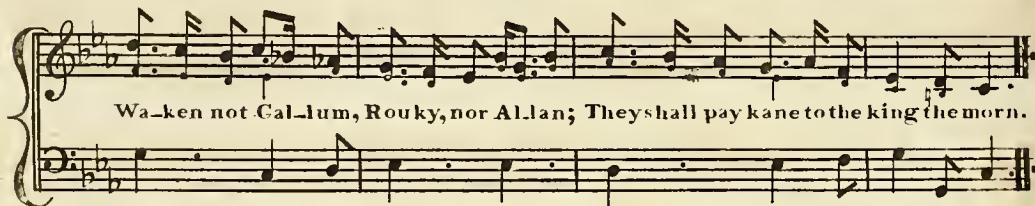
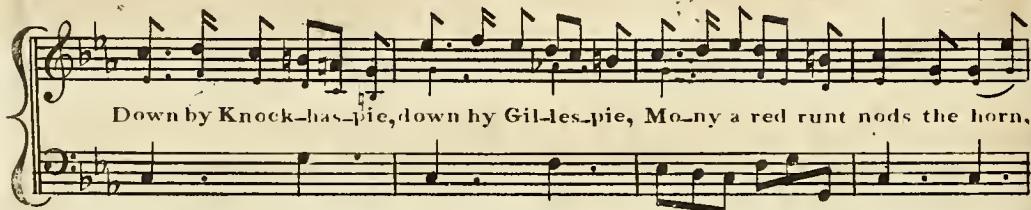
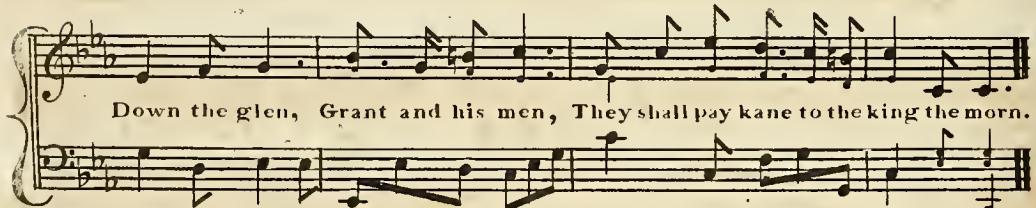
He drew his dagger that was sae sharp,
That was sae sharp and meet,
And drove it into the nut-browne bride,
That fell deid at his feet.

Now stay for me, dear Annet, he said,
Now stay, my dear, he cried,
Then strake the dagger until his heart,
And fell deid by her side.

Lord Thomas was buried without kirk wa',
Fair Annet within the quiere,
And o' the tane their grew a birk,
The other a bonny briere.

KANE TO THE KING.

Air, Brigus mhic ruaridh.



Round the rock, down by the knoek,
 Monnaughty, Tannachty, Moy, and Glentrive,
 Brodie, and Balloch, and Ballindalloch,
 They shall pay kane to the king belyve.
 Let bark and brevin blaze o'er Strathaven,
 When the red bullok is over the hourn;
 Then shall the maiden dread, low on her pillow laid,
 Who's to pay kane to the king the morn.

Down the glen, true Highlandmen,
 Ronald, and Donald, and rantin Roy,
 Gather and drive, spare not Glentrive,
 But gently deal with the lady of Moy.
 Appin can carry through, so can Glengary too.
 And fairly they'll part to the hoof and the horn;
 But Keppoch and Dunain too, they must be look'd unto,
 Ere they pay kane to the king the morn.

Rouse the steer, out of his lair,
 Keep his red nose to the west away;
 Mark for the seven, or sword of heaven;
 And loud is the midnight sough o' the Spey.
 When the brown cock rows day upon the mottled brae,
 Then shall our gallant prince hail the horn
 That tells both to wood and cleuch, over all Badenoch,
 Who's to pay kane to the king the morn.

OH HON O RI.

Gaelic Air.

When I see the plover rising,
 Or the curlew wheeling,
 Then I trow some bonnie lad
 Is coming to my sheeling.
 Why should I sit an' sigh,
 While the green wood blooms sae bonnie?
 Laverocks sing, flowrets spring,
 A' but me are cheery.

My wee cot is blest and happy;
 Oh 'tis neat an' cleanly!
 Sweet the brier that blooms beside it;
 Kind the heart that's lanely.
 Come away, come away,
 Herd, or hind, or boatman laddie,
 I ha'e cow, kid, and ewe,
 Gowd and gear, to gain ye.

THE CORBIE AND THE CRAW.

The Corbie wi' his rou-py throat, Cried frae the leaf-less
tree, "Come o'er the loch, come o'er the loch, Come o'er the loch to me!"

The Craw put up his sooty head,
And look'd ower the nest whare he lay,
And gied a Haaff wi' his rousty wings,
And cried 'where te? where te?'

Corbie. "Te pike a dead man that's lying
Ahint yon meikle stane?"

Craw. "Is he fat, is he fat, is he fat, is he fat?
If no, we may let him alone?"

Corbie. "He cam frae merry England, to steal
The sheep, and kill the deer?"

Craw. "I'll come, I'll come, for an Englishman
Is aye the best o' cheer?"

Corbie. "O we may breakfast on his breast,
And on his back may dine;
For the Jave a' fled to their ain countrie,
And they've ne'er been back, sinsyne?"

ROCK AND A WEE PICKLE TOW.

Old Set.

There was an auld wife had a wee pickle tow, And she wad gae
try the spinning o't; But lout-tin' her down, her rock took a low, And

that was an ill begin-ning o'. The auld luc-ky flyt-ed at sic-a-like
rate, But a' she could do it wad hae its ain gate; at last she sat
down on't, and bit-ter-ly grat, For e'er hav-ing tried the spin-ning o'.

I ha'e been a wife these three-score o' years,
And never did try the spinning o';
But how I was sark'd, foul fa' them that spiers,
To mind me o' the beginning o'.
The women are now a days turned sac braw,
That ilk ane maun hae a sark, some maun hae twa;
But better the world was when feint ane ava
To hinder the first beginning o'.

Foul fa' them that ever advis'd me to spin!
It minds me o' the beginnig o';
I need might have ended as I had begun
And never have try'd the spinning o'.
But she's a wise wife wha kens her ain wierd,
I thought anes a day it wad never be spier'd,
How let you the low tack the rock by the beard,
When you gaed to try the spinning o'.

The spinning, the spinning, it gars my heart sab,
To think on the ill begining o'!
I took't in my head to make me a wab,
And this was the first beginning o'.
But had I nine daughters as I ha'e but three,
The safest and soundest advice I wad gie,
That they wad frae spinning still keep their hands free,
For fear of an ill beginning o'.

But if they, in spite of my counsel, wad run
The dreary sad task o' the spinning o',
Let them find a loun seat light up by the sun,
Sync venture on the beginning o'!
For wha's done as I've done, alake and avow!
To busk up a rock at the cheek o' a low;
They'll say that I had little wit in my pow;
The meikle deil tak the spinning o'!

Ye brier-y bields, where roses blaw! Ye flow-ry fells, an'
 sun-ny braes! Whase scrog-gie bo-soms fos-ter'd a' The pleasures
 o' my youth-fu' days. A-mang your leaf-y sim-mer claes, And
 blus-hin' blooms, the ze-phyr flies, Syne wings a-wa, and wan-ton
 plays A-round the grave — A-round the grave where Julia lies.

Nae mair your bonnie birken bowers, It is na beauty's fairest bloom,
 Your streamlets fair, and woodlands gay, It isna maiden charms consign'd,
 Can cheer the weary winged hours And hurried to an early tomb,
 As up the glen I joyless stray: That wrings my heart and clouds my mind;
 For a' my hopes hae flown away, But sparkling wit, and sense retain'd,
 And, when they reach'd their native skies, And spotless truth without disguise,
 Left me, amid the world o' wae, Makes me with sighs enrich the wind —
 To weet the grave where Julia lies. That fans the grave where Julia lies.

BESSY AND HER SPINNING WHEEL.

Air, Stirling Vale.

O leeze me on my spinning wheel! And leeze me on my rock and reel! Frae
tap to tae that cleeds me bein, And haps me fiel and warm at e'en. I'll
sit me down, and sing and spin, While laigh descends the simmer sun, Blest
wi' content, and milk and meal, O leeze me on my spinning wheel!

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
And meet below my theekit cot;
The scented birk and hawthorn white,
Across the pool their arms unite.
Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
And little fishes' ealler rest;
The sun blinks kindly on the biel'
Where blythe I turn my spinning-wheel.

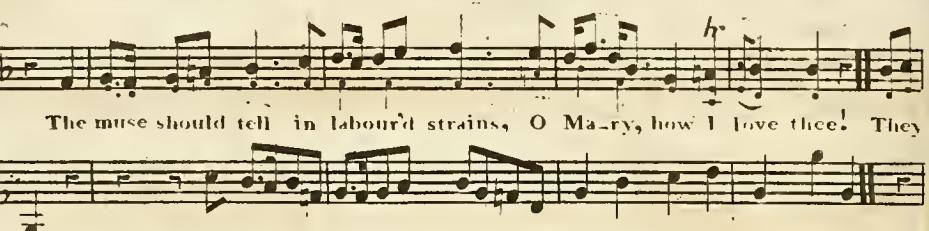
On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
And echo cons the dolefu' tale;
The lintwhite in the hazel braes,
Delighted, rival ither's lays;
The craik amang the claver grey,
The paerrick whirring o'er the ley,
The swallow jinkin' roun' my shiel',
Amuse me at my spinning-wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
Aboon distress, below envy,
O wha wad leave this humble state,
For a' the pride o' a' the great!
Amid their flairing idle toys,
Amid their cumbrous dinsome joys,
Can they the peace and pleasure feel
Of Bessy at her spinning-wheel?

COULD AUGHT OF SONG.



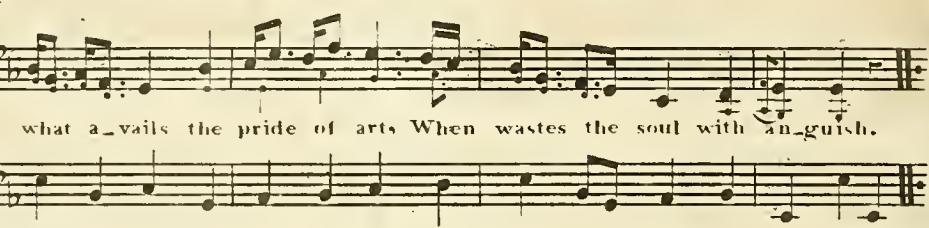
Could aught of song de-clare my pains, Could artful numbers move thee,



The muse should tell in labour'd strains, O Ma-ry, how I love thee! They



who but feign a wounded heart, May teach the lyre to lan-guish; But



what avails the pride of arts, When wastes the soul with an-guish.

Then let the sudden bursting sigh,

The heart-felt pang discover;

And in the keen, yet tender eye,

O read th' imploring lover!

For well I know thy gentle mind

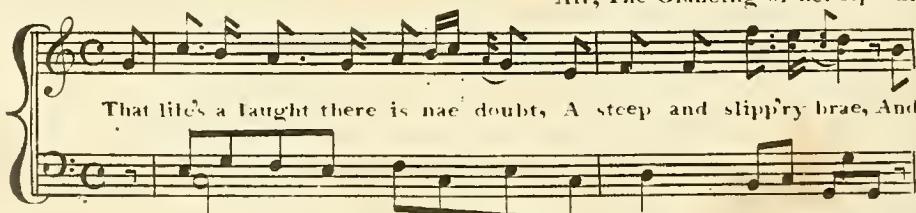
Disdains art's gay disguising,

Beyond what fancy e'er refin'd

The voice of nature prizes.

LIFE'S A FAUGHT.

Air, The Glancing of her Apron.



That life's a faught there is nae doubt, A steep and slippery brae, And

wis-dom's sel, wi' a its rules, Will af-ten find it sae. The
 true-est heart that e'er was made, May find a deadly sae, And
 brok-en aiths, and faith-less vows, Gie loy-ers mickle wae.

When poortith looks wi' sour disdain,
 It frights a body sair,
 And gars them think they neer will meet
 Delight or pleasure mair.
 But tho' the heart be-er sad,
 And prest wi' joyless care,
 Hope lightly steps in-at the last,
 To fley awa' despair.

For love o' wealth let misers toil,
 And fret baith late and air,
 A cheerfu' heart has aye enough,
 And whiles a mité to spare:
 A leal true heart's a gilt frae heav'n,
 A gift that is maist rare;
 It is a treasure o' itsel',
 And lightens ilka care.

But there's ae thing amang the lave,
 To keep the heart in tune,
 And but for that the weary spleen
 Wad plague us late and soon;
 A bonnie lass, a canty wife,
 For sic is nature's law;
 Without that charmer o' our lives,
 There's scarce a charm ava.

Let wealth and pride exalt themsel's,
 And boast o' what they hae;
 Compard wi' truth and honesty,
 They are na worth a strae.
 The honest heart keeps aye aboon,
 Whate'er the world may say,
 And laughs, and turns its shafts to scorn,
 That ithers would dismay.

Sae let us mak' life's burden light,
 And drive ilk care awa';
 Contentment is a dainty feast,
 Altho' in hamely ha';
 It gies a charm to ilka thing,
 And mak's it look fu' braw,
 The spendthrift, and the miser fird,
 It soars aboon them a'.

ON WI' THE TARTAN.

Music by R. A. Smith.

With
Feeling.

Can ye lo'e, my dear lassie, The hills wild and free, Where the

song of the shepherd Gars a ring wit' glee? Or the steep rocky glens, Where the

With animation.

wild falcons bide? Then on wi' the tartan, An' sy let us ride!

Can ye lo'e the knowes, lassie,
That ne'er war in riggs?
Or the bonnie lowne knowes,
Where the sweet Robin biggs?
Or the sang o' the Lintie,
When wooing his bride?
Then on wi' the tartan,
An' sy let us ride!

Can ye lo'e the burn, lassie,
That loups amang hilns?
Or the bonnie green holms,
Whare it cannily rins?
Wi' a cantie bit housie,
Sae snug by its side?
Then on wi' the tartan,
An' sy let us ride!

'NEATH THE WAVE THY LOVER SLEEPS.

Gaelic Air.

'Neath the wave thy lover sleeps, And cold, cold is his pillow;

O'er his bed no maiden weeps, Where rolls the white billow. And

though the winds have sunk to rest Upon the Ocean's troubled breast, Yet

^{2d Vers.}

still, oh! still there's left behind A rest-less storm in Ellen's mind. Her

heart is on yon dark'ning wave, Where all she lov'd is ly-ing, And

where, a-round her William's grave, The sea-bird is cry-ing. And

oft on Ju-das lone-ly shore, Where sur-ges beat and bil-lows roar, She

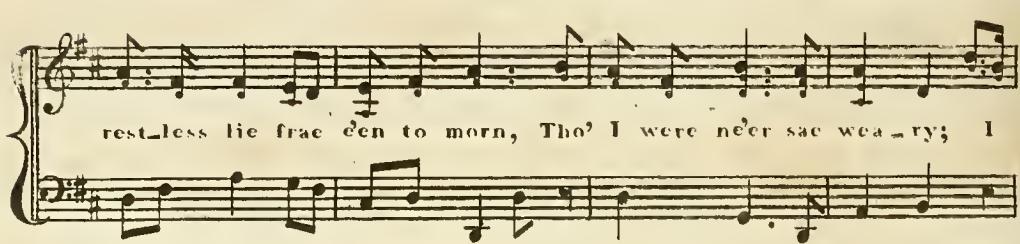
sat—but grief has nipt her bloom, And there they made young Ellen's tomb.

HOW LANG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT.

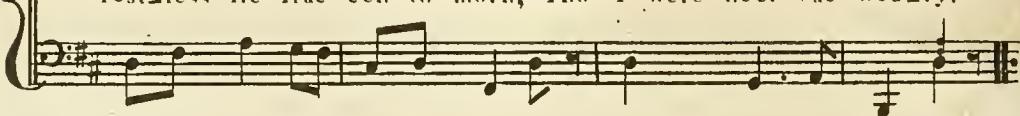
Gaelic Air.



How lang and dreary is the night, When I am frae my dearie, I



rest-less lie frae e'en to morn, Tho' I were ne'er sae weary; I



rest-less lie frae e'en to morn, Tho' I were ne'er sae weary.

When I think on the lightsome days

I spent wi' thee, my dearie;

And now what seas between us roar,

How can I be but eerie,

And now what seas, &c.

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,

The joyless day how dreary!

It was nae sae ye glinted by,

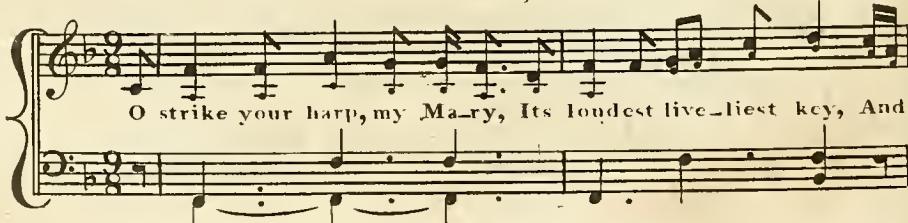
When I was wi' my dearie.

It was nae sae, &c.

O STRIKE YOUR HARP, MY MARY.

Air, Cameron's welcome home.

Lively.



O strike your harp, my Ma-ry, Its loudest live-liest key, And

join the sounding Cor-re-i In its wild me-lo-die. For
burn, and breeze, and bil-low, Their sang are a' the same, And
ev'-ry wav-ing wil-low Sounds, "Cameron's wel-come hame."

O list yon thrush, my Mary,
That warbles on the pine!
Its strain so light and airy,
Accords in joy with thine:
The lark that soars to heaven,
The sea-bird on the faem,
Are singing from morn 'till even,
Brave Cameron's welcome hame.

D'y'e mind, my ain dear Mary,
When we hid in the tree,
And saw our Auchnacary,
All flaming fearfully?
The fire was red, red glaring,
And ruefu' was the pine
And aye you cried despairing,
My father's ha's are gane!

The day is dawned in heaven,
For which we a' thought lang;
The good, the just, is given
To right our nation's wrang;
My ain dear Auchnacary,
I hae thought lang for thee,
O sing to your harp, my Mary,
And sound its bonniest key.

I said, my ain wee Mary,
D'y'e see yon cloud sae dun,
That sails aboon the carry,
And hides the weary sun?
Behind yon cloud sae dreary,
Beyond and far within,
There's ane, my dear wee Mary,
That views this deadly sin.

He sees this ruefu' reavery,
The rage of dastard knave;
He saw our deeds of bravery,
And he'll reward the brave.
Though a' we had was given
For loyalty and faith,
I still had hopes that heaven
Would right the heroes' scaith.

WHEN CHARLIE TO THE HIGHLANDS CAME.

Air, The bonnie mill dams o' Balgonie.

Slow.

When Charlie to the Highlands came It was a' joy and

gladness, We trow'd-na that our hearts sae soon Wad broken be wi' sadness.

O why did heaven sae on us frown,
And break our hearts wi' sorrow!
O it will never smile again,
And bring a gladsome morrow!

Our hame is now the barren rock,
As if by heaven forsaken;
Our shelter, and our canopy,
The heather and the braken.

Our dwellings, and our outlay gear,
Lie smoking, and in ruin!
Our bravest youths, like mountain deer,
The fog is oft pursuing.

Oh! we maun wander far and near,
And foreign lands maun bide in;
Our bonnie glens, we loed sae dear,
We daur nae langer bide in.

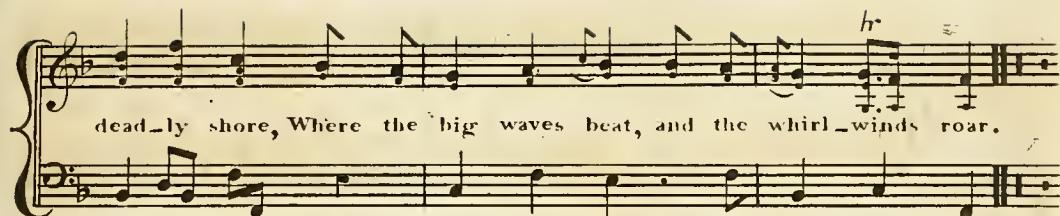
AWAY, AWAY FROM THE DEADLY SHORE.

Mod:

A-way, a-way from the deadly shore, Where the big waves beat, and the

whirlwinds roar; Where the mariners whit-end bones do float, With their

broken oar, and their broken boat. A-way, a-way from the



The Mermaid sits on the sea-girt rock,
And smiling she woos the tempest's shock;
The breakers heave, and the surge it sweeps,
And with creeping locks her watch she keeps;
Away, away from the deadly shore,
Where the big waves beat, and the whirlwinds roar.

She braids her hair with wreck and with weed,
And bids the mariner's bark to speed,
As high it is tost, or dips in the wave,
She beckons them to her sea-weed cave:
Away, away from the deadly shore,
Where the big waves beat, and the whirlwinds roar.

Her cave was ne'er lighted by moonlight beam,
Nor cheer'd by the morning's rudy team;
Her light is the monsters' eyes which glare,
And the dead man's lamp that's lighted there:
Away, away from the deadly shore,
Where the big waves beat, and the whirlwinds roar.

The darkening mist is around her hung,
And the dead sea-bell hath the kelpies rung;
'Tis hollow and wild, 'tis a sound so sad,
As would wake the dead from their oozy bed:
Away, away from the deadly shore,
Where the big waves beat, and the whirlwinds roar.

Her evening chime is that deep-ton'd bell,
That rings the struggling mariners' knell,
And sounds in their ears so loud and long,
Like the lullaby of a deathless song:
Away, away from the deadly shore,
Where the big waves beat, and the whirlwinds roar.

The lightnings flash from the ebon cloud,
And the thunder's peal is deep and loud;
Nor an earthly voice, nor an earthly sound
Is heard, but the spirits that sing around;
Away, away from the deadly shore,
Where the big waves beat, and the whirlwinds roar.

On the brow of the wave to the vault of heaven,
The bark is tost, it is onward driven!
By the dim dead-lights to the wide sea keep,
It is death it is wreck ere the Mermaid sleep!
Away, away from the deadly shore,
Where the big waves beat, and the whirlwinds roar.

IN FAR DISTANT CLIMES.

Air, Good morrow fair Mistress.

With
Feeling.

In far distant climes, when the tear gushes o'er For home, love, and
 friendships that charm us no more; Oh! what on the exile's dark
 sorrows can shine, Like the rapture that glows at the songs of lang-syne.

The music of Scotia is sweet midst the scene;
 But, ah! could you hear it when seas roll between;
 'Tis then, and then only, the soul can divine —
 The music that dwells in the songs of langsyne.

The spirit, when torn from earth's objects of love,
 Loses all its regrets in the chorus above;
 So in exile we cannot but cease to repine,
 When it hallows with extacy songs of langsyne.

THE QUEEN O' THE LOTHIANS.

The Queen o' the Lothians cam cruisin to Fife, Fal de ral, fal de ral,
 lai-ro, To see gin a wo-er wad tak her for life, Sing hey fal fal,

F



She had na been lang at the brow o' the hill, — Fal, &c.
Till Jockie cam down for to visit Lochnell, — Sing hey, &c.

He took the aunt to the neuk o' the ha', — Fal, &c.
Whare naebody heard, and whare naebody saw, — Sing hey, &c.

Madam, he says, I've thought on your advice — Fal, &c.
I wad marry your niece, but I'm fley'd sh'ell be nice, — Sing hey, &c.

Jockie, she says, the wark's done to your hand, — Fal, &c.
I've spoke to my niece, and she's at your command, — Sing hey, &c.

But troth, Madam, I canna woo, — Fal, &c.
For aft I ha'e tried it, and aye I fa' throu; — Sing hey, &c.

But, O dear Madam, and ye wad begin, — Fal, &c.
For I'm as fley'd to do it, as it were a sin, — Sing hey, &c.

Jenny cam in, and Jockie ran out, — Fal, &c.
Madam, she says, what hae ye been about, — Sing hey, &c.

Jenny, she says, I've been workin for you, — Fal, &c.
For what do ye think, Jockie's come here to woo, — Sing hey, &c.

Now Jenny tak care, and dash na the lad, — Fal, &c.
For offers like him are na ay to be had, — Sing hey, &c.

Madam, I'll tak the advice o' the wise, — Fal, &c.
I ken the lad's worth, and I own he's a prize, — Sing hey, &c.

Then she cries butt the house, Jockie come here, — Fal, &c.
Ye've naeething to do but the question to spier, — Sing hey, &c.

The question was spier'd, and the bargain was struck, — Fal, &c.
The neebors cam ins and wish'd them gude luck, — Sing hey, &c.

WILLIE'S RARE.

Old melody.*

Willie's rare, and Willie's fair, And Willie's wond'rrous bonnie, And

Willie hecht to marry me, Gin e'er he married o-nny.

Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,
The night I'll make it narrow;
For a' the live-lang winter's night
I lie twin'd o' my marrow.

O! cam you by yon water side?
Pud you the rose or lily?
Or, cam you by yon meadow green?
Or, saw you my sweet Willie?

She sought him east, she sought him west,
She sought him braid and narrow,
And in the clifting o' a craig,
She fand him drown'd in Yarrow.

* Written from the singing of Mr W^m Chalmer's, Paisley.

CONNEL AND FLORA.

Gaelic Air.

Slow
and
Expressive

Dark lours the night o'er the wide stormy main, But mild ro-sy

morn will rise cheer-ful a-gain. Yes, morn will re-turn and re-

visit our shore, But Connell returns to his Flora no more.

2d Verse.

Ye light fleeting spirits, that glide o'er the steep, O would you but
walt me across the wide deep! There fearless I'd mix in the
battle's loud roar, To die with my Connell, and leave him no more.

3d Verse.

See o'er yon mountain the dark cloud of death, And Connell's lone
cottage lies low on the heath; Ah! bloody and pale, on a
far distant shore, He lies, to return to his Flora no more.

ON THEE, ELIZA, DWELL MY THOUGHTS.

Air, In yon garden fine & gay.

Slow.

On thee, Eliza, dwell my thoughts, While straying 'neath the moon's pale



beam; At midnight, in my wand'ring sleep, I see thy form in fancy's dream.

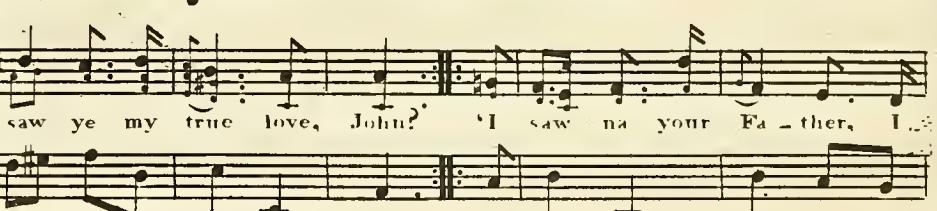
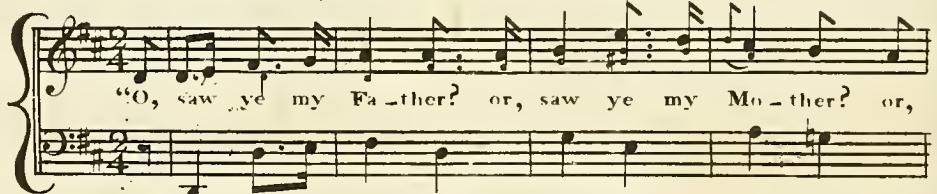


I see thee in the rosy morn,
Approach as loose-robd beauty's queen;
The morning smiles, but thou art lost;
Too soon is fled the sylvan scene!

Still fancy fondly dwells on thee,
And adds another day of care;
What bliss were mine could fancy paint
Thee true, as she can paint thee fair!

O fly, ye dear deceitful dreams!
Ye silken cords that bind the heart;—
Canst thou, Eliza, these intwine,
And smile and triumph in the smart?

O, SAW YE MY FATHER?



"It's now ten at night, and the stars gie nae light,
And the bells they ring, ding dong;
He's met wi' some delay, that causeth him to stay,
But he will be here ere lang?"

The surlyauld carldidnaeathingbutsnarl,
And Johnny's face it grew red;
Yet tho' he often sigh'd, he ne'er a word replied
Till all were asleep in bed.

Up Johnny rose, and to the door he goes,
And gently he tirled the pin;
The lassie taking tent, unto the door she went,
And she open'd, and let him in.

"And are you come at last? and do I hold you fast?
And is my Johnny true?"
I ha'e nae time to tell, but sae lang's I lo'e mysel,
Sae lang shall I lo'e you?

WHERE ARE THE JOYS?

Where are the joys I have met in the morning,
That danc'd to the lark's early song?
Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring,
At evening, the wild woods among.

No more a-winding the course of yon river,
And marking sweet flow'rets sae fair;
No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
But sorrow and sad sighing care.

Is it that summer's forsaking our vallies,
And grim surly winter is near?
No, no, the bees, humming around their gay roses,
Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,
Yet long, long too well, have I known,
All that has caused this wreck in my bosom
Is Jeanie, fair Jeanie, alone.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
Nor hope dare a comfort bestow,
Come then, enamour'd, and fond of my anguish,
Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.

GO TO BERWICK, JOHNNIE.

Lively.

Go to Berwick, Johnnie, Bring her frae the border; Yon sweet

bonnie lassie, Let her gae nae farder. English louns will twine ye O' the

lovely treasure; But we'll let them ken, A sword wi' them we'll measure.

Go to Berwick, Johnnie,
 And regain your honour;
 Drive them o'er the Tweed,
 And shaw our Scottish banner.
 I am Rab the King,
 And ye are Jock my brither;
 But, before we lose her,
 We'll a' there thegither.

THE MERMAYDE.

'The nicht is mirk, and the wind blaws schill, And the white faem weets my

bree, And my mind misgives me, gay maid'en, That the land we sall ne'er see?

Then up and spak the mer-may-den, And she spak blythe and free, "I never
 said to my bonnie bryd-groom, That on land we suld weddit be.

"Oh! I never said that aye erthlie preest
 Our bridal blessing should gie,
 And I never said that a landwart houir
 Should hold my luve and me?"

"And whare is that preest, my bonnie maiden,
 If aye erthlie wicht is na he?"

"Oh! the wind will soogh, and the sea will rair,
 When weddit we twa sall be?"

"And whare is that houir, my bonnie maiden,
 If on land it suld na be?"

"Oh! my blythe houir is low," said the mermayden,
 "In the bonnie green hou's o' the sea:
 My gay houir is biggit o' the gude ships' keels,

And the banes o' the drown'd at sea;
 The fishe are the deer that fill my parks,
 And the water waste my drurie.

And my houir is sklaitit wi' the big blue wave,
 And paved wi' the yellow sand,
 And in my chalmers grow bonnie white flowers
 That never grew on land.

And have ye e'er seen, my bonnie brydgroom,
 A leman on earth that wuld gie
 Aikar for aikar o' the red plough'd land,
 As I'll gie to thee o' the sea?"

The mune will rise in half aye hour,
 And the wee bricht sterns will shine;
 Then we'll sink to my houir 'neath the wan water
 Full fifty fathom and nine."
 A wild, wild skreiche, gied the fey brydgroom,
 And a lound, lound lauch, the bryde;
 For the mune rase up, and the twa sank down
 Under the silver'd tide.

THE WREATH.*

Music by MRS Campbell.

Mod:with
Expression

I stood on the spot where his lyre is unstrung, Where cold is the bosom it

fird! I wept o'er the bones of the sov'reign of song, The Minstrel whom nature inspir'd!

I pluck'd a green wreath from the Bard's hallow'd tomb,
But it was not the wreath of his fame;
No, the wreath of his fame shall unfadingly bloom
In the glory that circles his name!

Yes, Burns, while the children of Scotia shall weave
A sigh o'er the grave of the bard!
To thee, native minstrel, affection shall weave
A wreath of eternal regard!

*Written at the suggestion of a Lady, who had visited the grave of Burns, and gathered some wild flowers from the turf which covered his mortal remains.

COCK UP YOUR BEAVER.

Lively

When first my brave John-nie, lad, came to this town, He had a blue

bon-net that wan-tened the crown; But now he has got-ten a

hat and a feath-er; Hey, brave John-nie, lad, cock up your beaver!

Cock up your beaver, and cock it fu' sprush; Well o'er the
 border and gie them a brush: There's some body there we'll teach better be-
 ha_vour; Hey, brave Johnnie, lad, cock up your beaver!

Cock it up right, and fauld it nae down,
 And cock the white rose on the band o' the crown;
 Cock it on the right side, no on the wrang,
 And yese be at Carlisle or it be lang.
 There's somebody there that likes slinking and slav'ry;
 Somebody there that likes knapping and knav'ry;
 But somebody's coming will make them to waver;
 Hey, brave Johnnie, lad, cock up your beaver!

Sawney was bred wi' a broker o' wigs;
 But now he's gaun southward to lather the whigs;
 And he's to set up as their shopman and shaver;
 Hey, brave Johnnie, lad, cock up your beaver!
 Jockie was bred for a tanner, ye ken,
 But now he's gaun southward to curry goodmen,
 With Andrew Ferrara for barker and cleaver;
 Hey, brave Johnnie, lad, cock up your beaver!

Donald was bred for a lifter o' kye,
 A stealer o' deer, and a drover forbye;
 But now he's gaun over the border a blink,
 And he's to get red gowd to bundle and clink.
 There's Donald the drover, and Duncan the caird,
 And Sawney the shaver, and Logie the laird;
 These are lads that will flinch frae you never;
 Hey, brave Johnnie, lad, cock up your beaver!

SURE MY JEAN IS BEAUTY'S BLOSSOM.

Air, Peerless Jeanie.

Sure my Jean is beau-ty's blossom, Blawing sweet in ilka airt;

Lovely tenant o' my bosom, Frae that bow'r she'll ne'er depart.

Sweet's the charms her looks dis-cover, In her breast what beauties lie;

Frae a fond and con-stant lov'er, Breath-ing mony a heart felt sigh.

I ha'e seen the floweret springin',
Gaily on the sunny lea;
I ha'e heard the mavis singin'
Sweetly on the hawthorn tree:
But, my Jeanie, peerless dearie!
She's the flower attracts mine ee;
Whan she tunes her voice sae cheerie,
She's the mavis dear to me!

AT WILLIE'S WEDDING ON THE GREEN.

Air, Jenny dang the Weaver.

At Willie's wedding on the green, The lassies, bonny witches, Where

a' drest out in a-prons clean, And braw white sunday mutches. Auld
Maggy bade the lads tak tent, But Jock wad not be_lieve her; But
soon the cuij his folly kent, For Jen_ny dang the weaver.

Chorus.

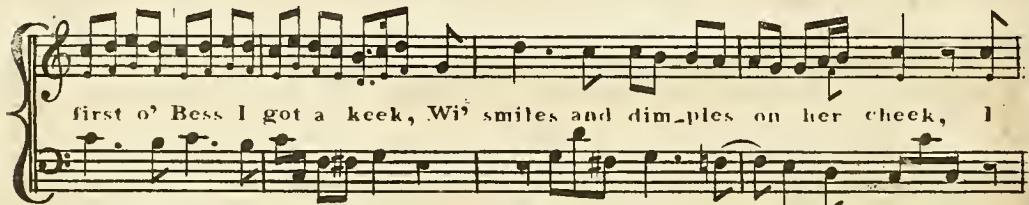
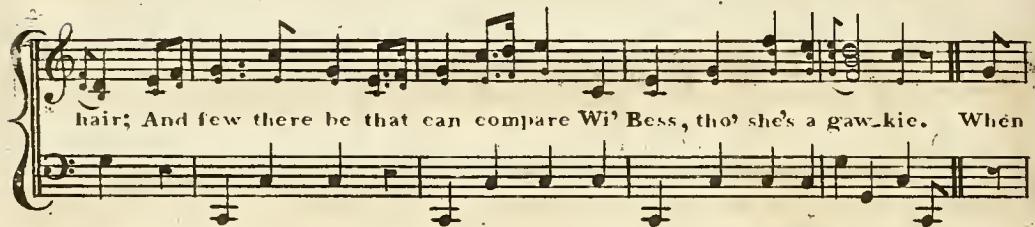
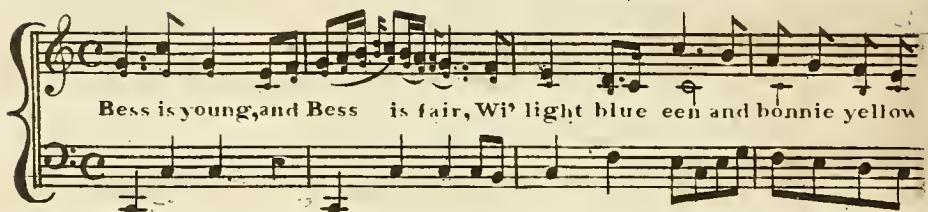
Jen_ny dang, dang, dang, Jen_ny dang the weaver, But
soon the cuij his folly kent, For Jen_ny dang the weaver.

At ilka country danee or reel,
Wi' her he wad be gabbin';
When she sat down, he sat down,
And to her wad be gabbin';
Where e'er she gade, baith butt and ben, He hum'd and haw'd, the lass cried feugh;
The cuij wou'd never leave her,
Ay keckling like a clockin' hen,
But Jenny dang the weaver.
Jenny dang, &c.

Quo' he, "my lass to speak my mind,
In troth I need na swither,
Ye've bonny een, and if ye're kind,
I needna seek another?"
He hum'd and haw'd, the lass cried feugh;
And bade the cuij no deave her;
Syne snapt her fingers, tap and leugh
And dang the silly weaver.
— And Jenny dang, &c.

BESS IS YOUNG AND BESS IS FAIR.

Air, Bess the Gawkie.



Bess should like a picture be,
Nailed to a wa' whar a' might see,
And muckle thought o' she wad be
And no kent for a gawkie.

Oh, steek your mouth then, cousin dear,
And nae mair havers let us hear;
Oh steek your mouth, and never fear,
Yese no be ca'd a gawkie.

WH'LL BE KING BUT CHARLIE.



ships o' war ha'e just come in, An' landed royal Charlie. Come thro' the
heather, around him gather, Ye're a' the welcomer ear-ly; A-round him cling wi'-
a' your kin, For wh'll be King but Charlie. Come thro' the heather, a'-
round him gather, Come Ronald, come Donald, come a'- the-gather, An'
crown your rightfu' lawfu' King, For wh'll be King but Charlie.

The Highland clans wi'sword in hand,
Frae John o' Groat's to Airly,
Ha'e to a man declar'd to stand,
Or fa', wi' royal Charlie.
Come thro' the heather, &c.

The Lowlands a', baith great an' sma',
Wi' mony a Lord an' Laird, ha'e
Declar'd for Scotia's King an' law,
An' speir ye, wha but Charlie.
Come thro' the heather, &c.

There's ne'er a lass in a' the land,
But vows baith late an' early,
To man she'll ne'er gie heart or hand,
Wha wadna fecht for Charlie.
Come thro' the heather, &c.

Then, here's a health to Charlie's cause,
An' be't compleat an' early,
His very name our heart's blood warms,
To arms for royal Charlie.
Come thro' the heather, &c.

WILT THOU GO WI' ME.

Air, Tibbie Dunbar.

Slowly.

O wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar; O wilt thou go

D: #: 8

wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar. Wilt thou ride on a horse, or be

D: #: 8

drawn in a Car, Or walk by my side, O sweet Tibbie Dunbar.

2d Verse.

D: #: 8

I carena thy daddie, his lands and his mon-ey, I carena thy

D: #: 8

kin, sae high and sae lord-ly. But say thou wilt ha'e me for

D: #: 8

better for waur, And come in thy coat-ie, sweet Tibbie Dunbar.

SCHIR GORMALYN AND THE REID WOULFF.

Air, The Reid Woulff at the warldis end.*

Lythe and listen feiris al, In quhat manere, thirlit in thralle, Was
ane swote May fair. Be ane reid Woulff, ane ugsum-fende, Liggand nie the
warldis end; Quhyll ane knicht bree did wend Thilk Woulff his hert till tere.

Then this burde bricht to bring
Frae the Woulfishalde indigne,
Did himsel boune;
His aventuris, grit to tell,
Dois mi weake witt precell,
Quhairfoir me rede you well,
His laude to roun.

* * * * *
Gude Gormalyn bene pricken onne,
Ane Squyer be him ronne,
Stalwart and fre.
Ouir forthis, holtis, and how,
Quhyll they prochen till a lowe,
Brennand bauld on ane knowe,
Meruailous till see.

“Quhair wonnis thou knicht,
In armour cleve dicht?”
Spak furth ane man.
‘I gang, quod Gormalyn,
‘Sum straunge aventur in,
Sua betide me hap and gyn,
Do quhat I can.

Quhat case has happit the,
Sith sic dolore I see
Thorow this land gude?
Quhat bene this fyrie flare,
Trubland the mokie aire,
And sua moche of dispaire,
With teiris afflude?



*Deciphered, and put into modern Notation, from an old vellum MS. in possession of Wm Motherwell Esq; a Gentleman whose indefatigable researches have rescued many a “Gem of the kind” from oblivion. Those who feel any inclination to see the remaining stanzas of this “marrow-bone for the tooth of the antiquary” may consult the pages of the “Harp of Renfrewshire” a work of considerable merit, published by Mr John Lawrence Junr of Paisley, where they will find a very interesting and ingenious account of the M S. in question.

MARY CUNNINGHAM.

Air, As I cam down by yon Castle wa'.

Oh, say na sae, Mary Cunningham! Oh, say na sae to me!

It's tauld up on your wan wan cheek, It's tauld in your troubled ee.

Give owre, give owre wi' thy words o' mirth,
There's nae mirth in your heart;
To hide the deadlie throws o' the breast,
Ye hae na yet the art.

Wild is your e'e, Mary Cunningham!
Look na sae wild on me!
I cam to tell that your ance fause luv,
Is fause nae mair to ye.

I ken ye loed him wi' that luv,
That maidens often rue;
Oh hard, hard was the heart, I wat,
That could be fause to you!

Does he loe me yet? owre late, owre late,
Ye tell the blissfu' tale!
For the deadlie drug that burns my frame
Maun sune o'er life prevail.

Forgie, forgie, Mary Cunningham!
Heavn' sair has punish'd my sin!
We'll part nae mair, but like bridegroom and bride
We'll sleep the cauld yird within.

MY PEGGY IS A YOUNG THING.

Air, The wawking o'the Fauld.

My Peggy is a young thing Just enter'd in her teens, Fair

as the day and sweet as May, Fair as the day and always gay; My

Peggy is a young thing, An' I'm not veery auld, Yet will I like to
 meet her At the wawking o' the fauld. My Peggy speaks sae sweetly When-
 ever we meet a-lane, I wish nae mair to lay my care, I wish nae mair o'
 a' that's rare; My Peggy speaks sae sweetly, To a' the lave I'm cauld; But
 she gars a' my spi_rits glow At wawking o' the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
 Whene'er I whisper love,
 That I look down on a' the tow'ns,
 That I look down upon a crown;
 My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
 It makes me blyth and bauld,
 And naething gies me sic delight
 As wawking o' the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly
 When on my pipe I play;
 By a' the rest it is contest,
 By a' the rest, that she sings best;
 My Peggy sings sae saftly,
 And in her sangs are tauld,
 With innocence, the wile o' sense,
 At wawking o' the fauld.

O FOR A NE AND TWENTY, TAM!

Chorus.

Air, The Moudiewort.

Lively.

An' O for a ne and twenty, Tam! An' hey sweet a ne an' twenty, Tam! I'll

learn my kin a rattlin sang, An I saw a ne an' twenty, Tam. They

snool me sair, an' haud me down, An' gar me look like bluntie, Tam; But

three short years will soon wheel roun', An' then comes a ne an' twenty, Tam.

Repeat the Chor.

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,
Was left me by my auntie, Tam;
At kith or kin I need-na spier,
An I saw a ne an' twenty, Tam.
An' O for, &c.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
Tho' I mysel hae plenty, Tam;
But hearst thou, laddie, there's my loof,
I'm thine at a ne an' twenty, Tam.
An' O for, &c.

BALOO, BALOO, MY WEE WEE THING.

Air, The Scottish Lullaby.*

Slowly.

Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing, O softly close thy blinkin' e'e! Ba-

loo, baloo, my wee wee thing, For thou art doubly dear to me. Thy

dad-die now is far awa, A sailor dad-die o'er the sea; But

hope aye hechts his safe re-turn To you, my bonnie lamb, an' me.

Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,
O softly close thy blinkin' e'e!
Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,
For thou art doubly dear to me.
Thy face is simple, sweet, and mild,
Like ony simmer e'enin' fa';
Thy sparkling e'e is bonnie black;
Thy neck is like the mountain snow.

Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,
O saltly close thy blinkin' e'e!
Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,
For thou art doubly dear to me.
O but thy daddie's absence lang,
Might break my dowie heart in twa,
Wert thou na left a dawtit pledge,
To steal the eerie hours awa!

*This air is generally sung in Scotland by nurses when lulling children to sleep.

THE TOD.

"Eh quo the Tod, it's a braw light night, The win's i' the wast, and the mune shines
bright; The win's i' the wast, an' the mune shines bright, An' I'll awa to the toun, O.

"I was down amang yon shepherd's scroggs,
I'd like to been worried by his dogs,
But, by my sooth! I minded his hogs
The night I cam to the toun, O!"

He's taen the grey goose by the green sleeve,
"Eh, ye auld witch! nae langer shall ye live;
Your flesh it is tender, your bones I maun prieve,
For that I cam to the toun, O!"

Up gat the auld wife out o' her bed,
And out o' the window she shot her auld head,
'Eh, gudeman! the grey goose is dead,
An' the tod has been i' the toun, O!"

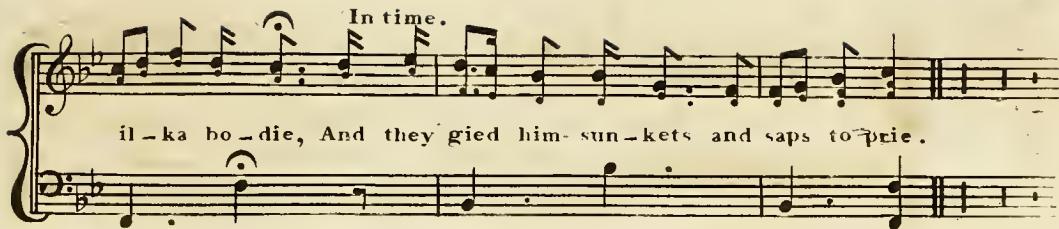
THE HUMBLE BEGGAR.

Recitative.

In time,
very slow

In Scotland there liv'd a humble beggar, Nae

house, nae hald, nor name had he; But he was weel lik-ed by



A nivefu' o' meal, and handfu' o' groats,
A daud o' a bannock, or herring bree,
Cauld parritch, or the lickings o' plates,
Wad mak him blythe as a beggar could be.

This beggar he was a humble beggar,
The feint a bit o' pride had he,
He wad a ta'en his awms in a bicker
Frae gentleman or puir bodie.

His wallets ahint and afore did hang,
In as good order as wallets could be;
A lang kail-gully hung down by his side,
And a meikle nowt-horn to rout on had he.

It happen'd ill, it happen'd waur,
It happen'd sae that he did die,
And wha do ye think was at his late-wake,
But lads and lasses of a high degree.

Some were blythe, and some were sad,
And some they play'd at Blind Harry;
But suddenly up-started the auld carle,
"I rede you! good folks, tak tent o' me."

Up gat Kate that sat i' the nook,
"Vow kimmer, and how do ye?"
Up he gat, and ca'd her limmer,
And ruggit and tuggit her cockernonie.

They houkit his grave in Duket's kirk-yard,
E'en fair fa' the companie;
But whan they were gaun to lay him i' the yird,
The feint a dead nor dead was he.

And when they brought him to Duket's kirk-yard,
He dunted on the kist, the boards did flee;
And when they were gaun to lay him i' the yird,
In fell the kist and out lap he.

He cry'd "I'm cauld, I'm unco cauld,"
Fu' fast ran the folk, and fu' fast ran he;
But he was first hame at his ain ingle-side,
And he helped to drink his ain dregie.

WILLIE WI' HIS WIG A-JEE.

Cantily.

O saw ye Willie frae the west! O saw ye Willie in his glee! O
saw ye Willie frae the west, When he had got his wig a-jee! There's
"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," He towrs it up in sic a key; O
saw ye Willie, hear-ty lad, When he had got his wig a-jee.

To hear him sing a canty air,

He lifts it o'er sae charmingly,

That in a moment aff flies care

When Willie gets his wig a-jee.

Let drones croon o'er a winter night,

A fig for them whae'er they be,

For I cou'd sit till morning light,

Wi' Willie and his wig a-jee.

BONNIE BELL.

The smiling spring comes in rejoicing, And sultry winter
 grimly flies; Now crystal clear are the falling waters, And
 bonny blue are the sunny skies. Fresh o'er the mountains breaks
 forth the morning, The evening gilds the Ocean's swell; All creatures joy
 in the sun's returning, And I rejoice in my bonnie Bell.

The flowery spring leads sunny summer,
 And yellow autumn presses near;
 Then in his turn comes gloomy winter,
 Till smiling spring again appear.
 Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
 Old time and nature their changes tell;
 But never ranging, still unchanging,
 I adore my bonnie Bell.

I'LL LAY ME ON THE WINTRY LEA.

Air, Waly, Waly. Old Set.

Slow.

The musical score consists of two staves of music in common time, key signature of B-flat major. The top staff is for the voice and the bottom staff is for the piano. The lyrics are integrated into the music. The first section of lyrics is: "I'll lay me on the wintry lea, And sleep a-midst the wind and weet, And ere an-o-ther's bride I'll be, O bring to me my winding sheet!"

What can a hapless lassie do,
 When ilka friend wad prove a loe,
 Wad gar her break her dearest vow,
 To wed wi' ane she canna lo'e!



THE BANKS OF HELICON.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time, key signature of C major. The top staff is for the voice and the middle and bottom staves are for the piano. The lyrics are integrated into the music. The first section of lyrics is: "De-clare, ye banks of He-li-con, Par-nas-su-s' hills and dales ilk one, And foun-tain Cab-al-lein, If o-nly of your Mus-es all, or Nymphis, may be per-e-gal Un-to my lady sheen. Or if the ladies

that did lave Their bo-dies by your brim, So seemly were, or yet so swave, So
 beau-ti-ful or trim. Con-tem-pill, ex - am-ple take by her pro-
 port, If o - ny so bo - nyé. A-mang you did re-sort,

No, no, Forsooth was never none,
 That with this perfect paragon
 In beauty might compare;
 The Muses would have given the gree
 To her as to the A per se,
 And peerless pearl preclare;
 With qualities and form divine,
 By nature so decored;
 As Goddess of all feminine,
 Of men to be adored;
 So blessed, that wished
 She is in all men's thought,
 As rarest and fairest
 That ever nature wrought.

"It would exceed our limits to give the rest of the words; the original is in the Pepys Collection in the University of Cambridge. The melody must have been a favourite with our ancestors; for the stanza is a very common one in the works of our early poets. Many compositions, to the tune of The Banks of Helicon, are to be found in the Bannatyne MS preserved in the library of the Faculty of Advocates at Edinburgh, compiled 1568. It is, probably, the most ancient Scots tune of which the original words remain?" Edinburgh Vocal Magazine, 1797.

THY FATHER, MY BAIRNIE.

Air, Cameronian Midnight Hymn.

Slowly

Thy Father, my bairnie, will ne'er come hame, To bless us a' wi' his
blythesome e'e! O never mair will he lift the beuk, And raise to heav'n the psalmo-
die! O never mair will he lift the beuk, And raise to heav'n the psalmodie!

They've slain thy Father, my dear lo'ed bairn!

They've slain him down in yon bonnie lea,
While he was lifting his voice to heaven,

For Scotland's weal, and for thee and me!

I listen'd lang, and I listen'd late,
For the voice sae sweet and sae dear to me!
While thou my bairn, like an Angel slept,
And the tear stood glistening in my e'e.

I listen'd lang, and I listen'd late,
For the voice sae sweet and sae dear to me!
But saif' my heart foreboded, and said,
Thy Father, my bairnie, thou'll never see.

For weel I kend o' puir Scotland's wrang,
An' a' the guilt and the treacherie!
And the han' and the sword that was lifted up,
Dooming the righteous a' to die!



WE A' WERE BLYTHE AND MERRY SHORT SYNE.

Air, The bonnie Laddie ayont the sea.

Slow.

We a' were blythe and merry short syne, Blythe blythe and merry o'er hill and
lea, And Scotland was to our hearts sae leal, The bonniest place in a' Christ-en-die.

A white, white rose, grew on yon hill tap,
The fairest flower in a' Christendie;
It was a' for a laddie wha was to come
In a bonnie boat trae yont the sea.

O lang I look'd trae yon hill tap,
For the bonnie laddie ayont the sea;
I tented the leaves o' the white, white rose,
To twine a wreath for the laddie's bree.

The wind blew south, and the wind blew north,
It brought the laddie trae yont the sea;
But the white, white rose, it has wither'd syne,
Its leaves lie scatter'd upon the lea.

The bonnie white rose has wither'd syne,
It's leaves lie scatter'd upon the lea,
And the bonnie laddie, wha cam to wear't,
Daur na bide in his ain countrie.

I'll gather the leaves o' the bonnie white rose,
And dew the buds wi' my watery ee,
I'll keep them a' for the laddie's sake,
The bonnie laddie ayont the sea.

A bonnie bird sits on yon hill tap,
It sings a' the simmers day to me,
I care na for the bonnie bird's sang,
For I think on the laddie ayont the sea.

A bonnie bird sits on yon hill tap,
It sings a' the simmers day to me,
But oh, gin its sang could wyle him back,
The bonnie laddie ayont the sea.

At even I sit on yon hill tap,
And aye I look out o'er the sea,
For oh, gin I saw the bonnie boat,

* * * * *

LOVELY MARY.

Air, Gowd in Gowpens.

Moderately
Slow, with Expression

I've seen the lily of the wold; I've seen the ope ning mari-

-gold, Their fairest hues at morn un-fold; But fairer is my Ma-ry. How

sweet the fringe of mountain burn, With op'ning flow'rs at Spring's re-

turn! How sweet the scent of flow'ry thorn! But sweeter is my Ma-ry.

Her heart is gentle, warm, and kind;

Her form's not fairer than her mind;

Two sister beauties rarely join'd,

But join'd in lovely Mary.

As music from the distant steep,

As starlight on the silent deep,

So are my passions lull'd asleep

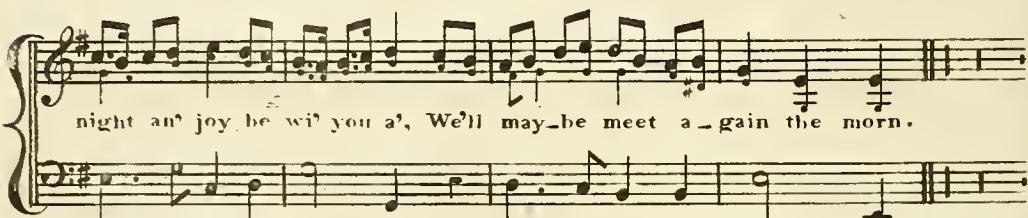
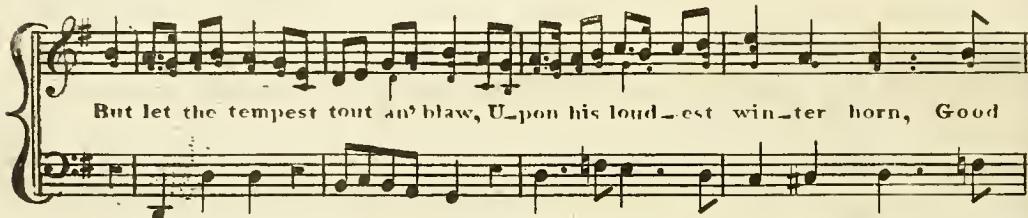
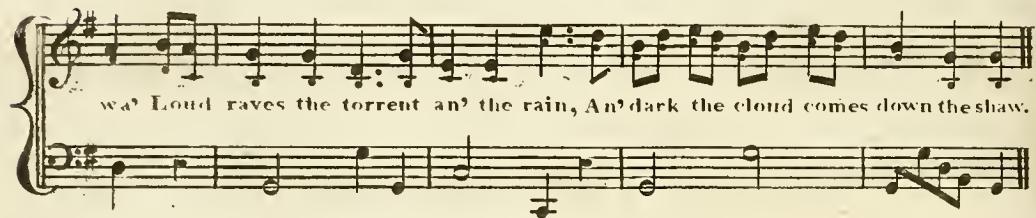
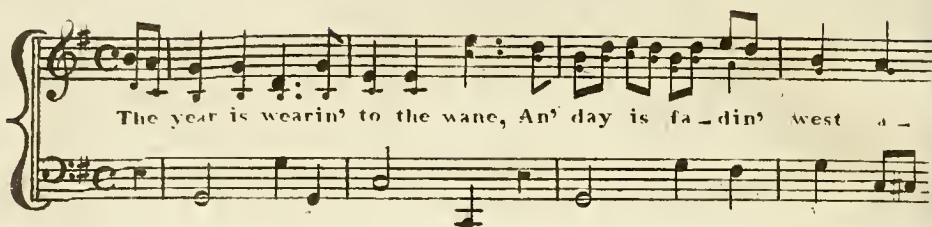
By love for bonnie Mary.

THE LAST OF THE STUARTS.

With
Melancholy
Expression

The last of the Stuarts has sunk in the grave, And their name and their
lineage is gone; And the land of the stranger a resting place gave To
him that was heir to a throne. But the noon of their glory was
soon overspread, And their sun he grew dark with dismay; And the clouds of mis-
fortune hung o-ver their head, Till their Sceptre had vanish'd away.

No more for their cause shall the trumpet be blown,
Nor their followers crowd to the field;
Their hopes were all wreck'd when Culloden was won,
And the fate of their destiny seal'd.
Cold, cold is that heart which could stand o'er his grave,
Nor think of their fate with a sigh,
That the glory of kings, like a wreck from the wave,
Here lone and deserted must lie.



O we hae wander'd far an' wide,
O'er Scotia's land of firth an' fell,
An' mony a simple flower we've culld',
An' twined them wi' the heather-hell:
We've ranged the dingle an' the dell,
The hamlet an' the baron's ha',
Now let us tak a kind farewell,
Good night an' joy be wi' you a'.

Ye hae been kind as I was keen,
And follow'd where I led the way,
Till ilka poet's lore we've seen
Of this an' mony a former-day.
If e'er I led your steps astray
Forgie your minstrel ance for a'
A tear fa's wi' his parting lay
Good night an' joy be wi' you a'.







